THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

free paper pattern

PRICE 2d.
Address: 321 Pitt Street SYDNEY

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. II. No. 11. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1934. 52 PAGES

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY 16 AUG 1934 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Pretty Yvonne,
In a bonnet of red,
Touches of ribbon and fragments of lace,
Keeping a tryst in the years that are dead,
Holding a dream in the smile on her face.

Yvonne

By P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

Where is Yvonne
In the stress of to-day,
And where does she hide while the years pass on,
Now that her curls are all frosted with grey,
Now that her brave scarlet ribbons are gone?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604917

FIRST NEWS *of the Paris* DRESS SHOWS

Dignity is the Keynote—Achieved by Gracious Lines and Rich Fabrics!

Alone among Australian newspapers, The Australian Women's Weekly provides a cable fashion service for its readers. This paper keeps a special member of its staff, Miss Muriel Segal, in London, and she regularly visits all the opening dress shows of London and Paris, and sends, by cable, all the latest fashion news, which is thus made available to our readers several weeks in advance of the news arriving by mail.

Miss Segal has just attended the Paris openings, and in the following special message by beam wireless traverses some of the most important aspects of the new season's modes.

BY BEAM WIRELESS FROM MURIEL SEGAL

SO many interests centre round changes of fashion, and they provide employment for so many people, that authentic news of the latest fashion trends is of very general importance, apart altogether from the special fashion significance of such news to women.

Especially is this news of value to Australians far distant from the great fashion centres of Paris and London, but always striving to keep in step with the very latest decrees of fashion.

Dignity is the keynote of the August openings in Paris. The newest frocks do not strive to be youthful, but to be stately. The richness of the fabrics carries out this ideal, and the whole mode takes on a new graciousness and charm.

The silhouette, which still shows the "streamline" influence, is very alluring and feminine. The contour of the bust is accentuated and the shoulder line, which, last season, was so emphasised, has undergone a complete transformation into the graceful, sloping line of Empire inspiration.

The neckline is always high in front and the decolletage definitely more modest at the back. The effort at exposure, which seemed the ideal of the past two seasons, has been abandoned.

Skirts for all occasions are longer and slimmer, and the majority of them are slit to provide freedom of movement, while preserving the streamline.

GLOVES are most interesting. The detail work in quilted stitching, lace and "windblown" fabric effects is marvellous. Some of the fabric gloves, such as colored satin gloves, are veritable triumphs. They almost invariably achieve a windblown effect in the forearm before turning back into a stitched cuff, which is also in the windblown manner.

New colors are onyx green, cedarwood, and some glorious brown and blue tonings.

Miss Vyner's Triumph

MARGARET VYNER caused a sensation at Patou's opening. She wore some miraculous hats in the most marvellous manner. She can wear the pottiest little shape or the most dignified picture hat and look devastating and delightful in either!

Among the hats Miss Vyner featured were tiny toques and tambouret shapes, quaint bonnets and amusing coachman's toppers. Some had the newest Yashmak veils, which are quite the most provocative I've seen so far. Others had quaint little lace chin straps.

Miss Vyner also modelled some wonderful "Garbo" dinner gowns, which owed their inspiration to the Queen Christina film.

THIS portrait of Miss Vyner was taken shortly before she left Sydney for Paris, where she has become Patou's leading mannequin. Miss Segal, who attended Patou's opening last week, remarks in her cable that Miss Vyner "can wear the pottiest little hat or the most dignified picture hat and look equally delightful."

"GOOD LUCK *to* LOCAL PLANE"

... Says Mrs. Bonney!

Everyone's Chance ... to Help Wonderful Venture

"The All-Australia Plane Wins the Air Race!" Imagine this notice blazoned all over the world at the conclusion of the greatest race in history.

How proud will be the people who helped the Australian plane to fly, and how ashamed the people who were too faint-hearted to contribute even a shilling to its success.

And supposing the plane does not win the race... does it matter so much? Are we Australians such bad sports that we cannot back our own plane in the air race unless it is a certain winner?

THE mere fact that there will be an Australian-designed and Australian-made plane in this tremendous international event is enough in itself to make every good Australian want to get behind it and help.

In a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly last week, Mrs. H. Bonney, the famous Queensland woman flyer, was asked to discuss the prospects of the Centenary air race.

"I admire the spirit which prompted your paper to sponsor the all-Australian plane," said Mrs. Bonney. "It is a wonderful thing that the women of Australia are being asked to stand behind the venture. I wish the plane the best of luck.

"I AM terribly keen to see Kingsford Smith's plane in flight," said Mrs. Bonney, whose exploits in the air give her a high and lonely place in the history of Australian women in aviation. "We are so isolated out here and see only the same old types of aircraft. He has the machine, apparently, and it is now up to him.

"I like Scott's chance. He has youth and marvellous stamina on his side and is a very capable pilot. That is what is going to stand to the competitors in this big test. I also like the Mollisons' chance of winning.

"Mrs. Mollison is a lucky flier and a great navigator, and they are both excellent pilots.

"A knowledge of navigation will be a big factor in the race, and those who have studied navigation will have a distinct advantage over those who will just plod along relying on maps.

"Wiley Post, although he is something of a stunt pilot, is a very courageous flier, and we must admire his 'wild and woolly' escapades. He is the only one in the race flying a 'robot' co-pilot, and we shall all be interested in his progress."

REFERRING to the route, Mrs. Bonney said that she supposed the Great Circle route would be used, although she thought there was bound to be a lot of red tape about flying over some of the foreign countries. She pointed out that those who had already traversed the route would benefit thereby.

This aspect of the race, she declared, applied chiefly to Kingsford Smith, who had done the trip so often that the route to him must be like "going from Brisbane to Southport."

You Can Assist!

"WE must not overlook the great thing for Australia that was done by Sir Macpherson Robertson when he donated the prize-money for this race," she continued. "I think he is a marvellous man, and he has given Australia the greatest advertisement she has ever had. It is a pity there are not more like him—in the sporting vein, I mean.

"The air race will be a wonderful impetus to aviation. Look what it will mean to aircraft designing! We have got a chance now of getting a fast light machine. Some people have asked if it is really worth while, implying that there are bound to be accidents which may mean death to some and sorrow to others. But it is all in the cause of progress, and the designing and planning of machines for this race have pushed the manufacture of aircraft years ahead."

Mrs. Bonney was not conversant with the details of the structure of the all-Australian plane, and so she was unable to discuss its merits, but she hits the nail on the head when she says that the race is all in the cause of progress, and that the designing and planning of machines for the race will push ahead the manufacture of aircraft.

The all-Australian plane, in particular, will be a great stride ahead in aircraft construction, and what country is better suited to produce the best in new aeroplane designs than Australia, the cradle of modern aircraft construction.

Subscriptions are coming in fast for the all-Australian plane, which is rapidly reaching the stage when it will make its first test flight. If you have not sent a donation towards this great Australian venture, send something at once care of The Australian Women's Weekly.

For readers who cannot afford very much we have established a great "Bob-in" fund, to which thousands of shillings have been subscribed. Send in your donation now and be in the race.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.
SYDNEY: 221 PITT ST. Phones: M2081 (4 lines). POSTAL ADDRESSES: Business, G.P.O. Box 4088W; Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1581K.

Our Indictment of Hospital Scandals:
What Mr. Weaver Says:
Our Answer:
... See Page 16

Where to Find

BOOKS 6
BRAINWAVES 17
BEAUTY 33
COOKERY 35
FASHION 12
FILM NEWS 22
LOUISE MACK ADVISES 36
MEDICAL 33
MOTHERS AND WIVES 28
PATTERNS 31
SPORT 43
SO THEY SAY 19

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604918

Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

—Broothorn.

WON MANY HONORS.

MRS. JAMES DYER, who is the sister of Melbourne's Lord Mayor, Sir Harold Gengoult Smith, will reach Melbourne on August 27, and remain there till early in 1935.

Mrs. Dyer, who founded the British Music Society of Victoria, and is President of Honor of our Alliance Francaise, has made her home in Paris for the past few years. She is privileged to write L.A.B. after her name, and is a Gold Medallist of the Royal Academy of Music.

Recently she received the Legion d'Honneur, and she is also an Officer d'Academie avec Palmes.

Mrs. Dyer has published the works of Couperin and other old French and British composers in her own Lyre Bird Press in Paris, and she is the Australian member of the Inter Alia Club of Paris. This is a great honor, as each country is represented by only one member.

IN NEW ROLE.

HELEN WILLS MOODY, former queen of the world's tennis courts, did not contest the championship this year, but appeared at Wimbledon in the new role of reporter. Evidently she is determined to keep in touch with the game, though, owing to an injury to her back, she had to retire from the American championships this year.

During the exciting days when she was wresting the championship from Suzanne Lengien, Helen was known as "poker face," but now she is winning fresh laurels for her beauty. The famous Parisian Art Director, Rene Huyghe, recently pronounced her "the most beautiful woman in America."

TRIUMPHED OVER BLINDNESS.

MISS GERTRUDE TEARLE, of Perth West Australia, has succeeded in obtaining her L.A.B. degree, in spite of the fact that she has been blind from birth.

Qualifying for her theory examination proved hardest. She had to take all questions down in Braille from dictation. Learning songs was accomplished by reading the Braille notes and words with one hand, and playing the air with the other. Accompaniments were learnt the same way, learning the music one hand at a time.

Last Christmas she sang in "The Messiah." The choruses were dictated to her, taken down in Braille, and then painstakingly learnt.

DESIGN *New Clothes* for MEN

NOW DON'T LAUGH! The gentleman is Dr. Jordan, a mental martyr to dress reform in England, and he is seen here demonstrating (1) a business man's suit; (2) evening dress; (3) a home lounge suit.

TWO IDEAS for dress reform which originated in the minds of women. The one with the helmet is the "ideal" soldier's uniform, not too good for trench warfare or hand-to-hand fighting we suspect, and the other is the "new" evening dress.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS was how men dressed in the medieval ages — so that men's fashions have gone under some very drastic changes during the last few hundred years, and they may yet work their way out of the present rut of conservatism.

☆ ☆ ☆

Let Us Have a Dress Reform Party for Australian Men!

THE shops are full of spring fashions for women and they are as different from those of last season as they possibly could be. Every year is a dress reform year for women, but men still go on wearing the same clothes.

England has had a Men's Dress Reform Party for some time, and it has been responsible for several changes, and has encouraged a greater freedom from convention. Several prominent women are members.

Men have proved themselves too shy and women have not taken an active interest in the subject, but The Australian Women's Weekly believes that women could influence men to adopt more sensible fashions, and is, therefore, taking this opportunity of inviting readers to send their views and suggestions.

THE "uniformity complex" possessed by most men is the most formidable obstacle in the path of dress reform, says Dr. A. C. Jordan of the Men's Dress Reform Party. Few dare to differ in any noticeable way from their fellows. They prefer to go on braving the discomforts of Victorian modes rather than face the jeers of friends and strangers or the disapproval (or worse) of employers, or of girl friends.

What Dr. Jordan says applies very much to Australia. Women and girls here are inclined to ridicule men when they try to wear anything different, and there are few men in the world who are so sensitive to feminine taunts as Australians.

So the first thing women can do to help men achieve a new and better costume is to control their mirth when their menfolk break out into shorts or some other "daring" fashion.

If your husband should screw up enough courage to come down to breakfast in a new kind of shirt which looks like a blouse and reveals his manly neck down to the shoulder-blades, do not go into peals of laughter, but say, "How handsome you look, John!"

It is only by trying that men will ever achieve any change in their costume, and their budlike attempts are constantly being nipped by the frost of female scorn.

Perhaps one of the reasons why men never seem to be able to get dress reform is because of a secret alliance among women to prevent it. A strong platform of the Men's Dress Reform Party in England is that the average man's suit, which is worn for years, and seldom cleaned, harbors enough dirt and germs to fill a large-size bucket, and that men should wear suits of strong, light, washing material, which could be washed every week or so.

Extra Work

MOTHERS and wives who do the family laundry will throw up their hands in horror at the thought of any extra washing, and they can be expected to fight this notion to the last piece of crockery.

There are other ways, however, in which male dress reform could be affected without making extra work and, of course, men who want to wear washing suits could always send them to a laundry. A light grey alpaca suit, for example, can be worn almost every day during the summer by a man working in an office, and it will need washing only once a month, which runs out at a shilling a week for the laundry. It is not a prohibitive cost for comfort.

In America many men go about without coats in the summer. They wear trousers with belts, and neat shirts. Here is a custom which women could encourage in Australia.

If the shirt could be popularised, the fashion might lead to the invention of a new kind of combination coat and shirt.

Various movements which have come into being in Europe show a tendency to this mode. Every country seems to have its "shirt" movement of some kind. There are Blue Shirts in Ireland, Black Shirts in Italy and England, Brown Shirts in Germany, Red Shirts in France and Russia, and the men who belong to these organisations seldom wear anything else except shirts and breeches.

Talking of shorts and shirts, New Zealand leads the world in its sensible fashions for schoolboys. Over there every boy to the age of 18 or 19 wears just a shirt and neat shorts with shoes and knee-stockings as his school uniform.

Attempts have been made to adopt this style for boys in Australian schools, but the ugly knickerbocker type of suit still seems to hold first place for popularity.

Bathing Trunks

THE Men's Dress Reform Party has during recent years in England taken a decisive hand in bathing fashions, and has succeeded in convincing a number of seaside councils that a bathing slip is enough covering for a man to wear for mixed bathing and sun-bathing. The Men's Dress Reform Party's list of seaside resorts that permit slips numbers more than 38 this season; the most important of recent additions to the list are Folkestone, Hastings, Ilfracombe, Ramsgate, and Worthing.

To aid matters, the Men's Dress Reform Party designed and introduced its own bathing uniform, a well-made slip in the combined Oxford and Cambridge colors, and the new "University Costume" established its popularity very quickly.

But all this is in England. America has been swept by a similar movement, and so have France and Germany, yet nothing is being done in Australia. There have been one or two furtive, self-conscious attempts by University students to start Dress Reform movements, and a few cranks have done the idea more harm than good.

No country needs dress reform as urgently as Australia. Here we have a continent which is semi-tropical, and we ape the fashions of a cold country like England, where dress reformers are crying out that men wear too many clothes.

The mistake that most dress reform pioneers make is in attempting to make drastic changes too quickly—and the idea of putting all men into shorts has probably done more harm to dress reform than any other suggestion.

Men's fashions have changed in the past, and they will change again, but the change will be gradual.

To find out what Australian women think of men's clothes, we are inviting readers to send in their ideas. Describe your dress reform suit in words if you cannot draw it, and we will get one of our artists to design the ideal costume for men from the best of these ideas.

Women who would like to express their views on this subject can choose the everyday office suit, the evening dress, or the soldier's uniform on which to exercise their creative powers. All letters should be endorsed "Dress Reform."

BAD SKIN
HEADACHES
BOILS and PIMPLES
ALL YIELD TO THE MAGIC INFLUENCE OF
—because CARLISTA, taken as a small dose every day cures Constipation, clears the intestinal tract of clogging poisons and thus purifies the blood.
You will feel better immediately you begin to take CARLISTA, and very quickly you will see your skin improve, your eyes clear and brighten with health, and your step grow springy with sheer joy of living.
At least 64 average doses to the jar.
CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING SALTS
2/3 LARGE JAR
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604919

BREAD GRAB *Starts:* *Worse* TO COME: 6d. LOAF

Bakers Speed-Up Plans Following Our Exposures

Government MUST ACT Quickly!

August 13 was an unlucky day for housewives—for it signalised the commencement of the big bread grab. Unless the Government checks the bakers' plans now, there is worse in store. A sixpenny loaf is the objective.

Bakers are after the housewives' pennies, and their policy, according to their own trade journal, is one of "aggression."

The first move in this well-planned coup, which was exposed by The Australian Women's Weekly last week, aroused immediate public indignation.

"Thanks to The Australian Women's Weekly, this scandalous scheme to raise bread prices has been exposed," said Miss Portia Geach, president of the Housewives' Progressive Association.

AS revealed by The Australian Women's Weekly last week, an amazing agreement has been circulated among master bakers and millers urging the stabilisation of bread prices and providing drastic penalties for any infringements of its clauses.

Although the premature disclosures perturbed the trade, a big conference of bakers on Saturday night showed how the wind is blowing by a decision to increase bread prices immediately.

The organisers of the "price drive" were so confident of victory that they had prepared in advance the pamphlets and cards announcing the new price, and were able to distribute this printed matter immediately to every shop selling bread.

One effect of the increase has been felt at once. A good deal of trade has been diverted to the shops, housewives preferring to carry their loaves rather than have them delivered at the dearer rates.

In other cases, the threat of losing business has caused more than one baker to continue delivering at the old rates.

Bakers Perturbed

THREE main factions exist among the bakers. They are:

(1) Master Bakers' Association, the first official organisation,

(2) the Baking Employers' Assoc., a combination of big bakers outside the first association, and

(3) the smaller individual bakers, who because of their lower operating costs are a constant thorn to the two major associations.

Since the revelations in The Australian Women's Weekly last week, those engaged in the bread industry have been holding meetings almost daily to make their plans watertight. The following calendar shows how their schemes have developed in the past month:—

July 4: Baking Employers' Association appointed a "price committee" to stabilise prices.

July 5: Price committee met and endorsed a scheme calling for a type of district organisation and the co-operation of the millers—**with retaliation against price-cutting shopkeepers.**

July 10: Master Bakers' Association considered prices and infringements of award conditions by "cheap" bakeries. Decided that matter should be referred to the Premier.

July 12: Breakaway bakers approved of "price committee's" scheme, and arranged to meet millers the next day to seek their co-operation.

July 24: Conference from whole baking industry met the Minister for Labor and Industry regarding alteration to Day Baking Act. **It was shown that while costs would be lowered by such a change the public would not get cheaper bread.**

July 28: Members of the St. George (Sydney) branch of the Master Bakers' Association addressed by group of "inner area" bakers, and as a result a minimum of 4/- wholesale and 5d. cash over the counter was decided upon, each man signing the resolution.

July 31: Amazing agreement to tie up all Sydney bakers as "one big family," with drastic penalty clauses for breaches, printed and distributed.

July 31: Master Bakers' Association appointed another "stabilisation" committee. According to the bakers' trade journal, its policy will be "defence by aggression."

August 6: Bakers met to consider details of agreement to consolidate prices.

August 9: Baking employees' conference discussed effect of bakers' remarkable proposals.

August 11: Conference of bakers decided to raise bread prices immediately.

August 13: The housewives' unlucky day—higher bread prices operate.

Housewives' Protest

"THANKS to The Australian Women's Weekly, this scandalous scheme to raise bread prices has been exposed," said Miss Portia Geach, president of the Housewives' Progressive Association.

"I have boycotted the bakers this week, and I hope every other housewife will adopt this plan to show we are leaving no stone unturned to prevent exploitation of the consumers."

The Housewives' Association has protested to both Federal and State Governments, and a searching inquiry has been promised. This inquiry must be made quickly if it is to help the consumers.

At the Housewives' deputation to the Federal Attorney-General on Monday, extracts were quoted from the article in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Demonstrations in bread-making have been arranged by the association to educate housewives to make their own bread.

At the bakers' meeting on Saturday there was some opposition to the plan to increase prices, **but the "price-committee," which is a trade body not appointed by the Government,** was able to force its plans through.

The thoroughness with which the bakers have carried out their plans so far indicates that they are well prepared for the future. It is certain that their "price committees" will not stop at the present stage, and while the price in Sydney only is affected at present, eventually it is hoped to consolidate the bakers and millers throughout the State and fix the uniform price **at sixpence a loaf.** This is one of the most serious aspects of the present move, and one that the authorities must consider.

Amazing Documents

IT is imperative, in the public interest, that the full facts should be made known. The daily loaf must not become the whirligig of profits and politics.

The Australian Women's Weekly has a copy of the remarkable documents circulated among the bakers urging that they should unite as **"one big family of millers and bakers," the purpose being to raise bread prices.**

These documents will be handed to the Government if it desires them in its investigation of the "bread ring."

The housewife to-day is budgeting on a much lower income than five years ago, and any move just now to skyrocket the price of bread—or milk, meat, and other necessary commodities—should be thoroughly investigated.

The Federal Attorney-General, Mr. Latham, and the Premier, Mr. Stevens, have promised this.

This grab at the housewives' pennies has been very thoroughly organised. It has cost a good deal, but the profits make it worth while—for the bakers and millers. It means thousands of pounds a week to them in the aggregate.

Speculators' Gain

IT was also disclosed during the week that 10,000,000 bushels of wheat, representing 270,000 tons, is stacked in the silos. Most of it is held by speculators, who are hoping for a big rake-off with the increase in wheat prices.

The Silo Commissioner has decided that if all this wheat is not sold before October 1 he will exercise his legal right and sell it.

This drastic step is necessary to clear the silos for the new season's wheat. Speculators, by crowding the silos to gain big profits, have jeopardised the new season's stocks, for which there are no storage facilities.

The speculators' profits from most of this wheat will come from the housewife's purse . . . . in the form of dearer bread and flour, but the wheat farmer will not benefit one penny, since, in most cases, he sold it when prices were low.

What Bread Rise Means:

Wheat farmers will get more—if they are lucky.

Speculators and middlemen will profit on the wheat that is cramming the silos.

Millers will turn their "losses" into profits.

Bakers will enjoy higher prices.

Housewives will pay more for bread, whether they like it or not.

How It Will Be Fought:

The Housewives' Association has protested to both Federal and State Governments, and is organising a boycott of the bakers.

The Wheat Commission will probe the bread industry.

The State Government is examining the legal aspects of bakers' plans, and may appoint a board to control prices.

Prince of Fashions Is Out of Work

PAUL POIRET, once the Prince of Paris dress designers, is now drawing the dole, the cables reported this week. "Paris dressmakers have sacrificed art for the sake of easy money," he declared in 1932. His creative genius once astonished the world—now he says nobody will give him work.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604920

STORM *Music*

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

By . . . *Dornford Yates*

PHARAOH was more than warned. My shot, being fired when it was, had reported the ugly news that Dewdrop was dead. The fact that no one came down would confirm this report. And no one could have killed Dewdrop unless he had first made an end of Bugle and Rush.

The truth was in Pharaoh's hands. He knew as well as did I that someone was in the chamber, waiting to take his life.

As I say, I could have done myself violence. I was here to play the knave, and I was playing the fool.

I am bound to confess that I cannot defend my annoyance at finding that I must fight Pharaoh instead of playing the butcher as I had already done. I can only say that at that time I had no fear for myself; but since I knew very well that the man was as swift and as cunning as I was slow, I was full of apprehension lest he should escape. The bare thought of such an outcome made the sweat start on my brow. Live—after what he had done? Live—to walk out of that room and do it again?

Somebody laughed—a very unpleasant laugh.

I think it was the devil within me—the sheriff that had been sent to fetch Pharaoh's soul.

I pulled myself together, slid my pistols into my pockets, and set about hoisting Dewdrop out of my way.

Now by firing, as I had, upon him, I had cast away the element of surprise; but that was not all the mischief that I had done, for the roar of the heavy pistol had made me completely deaf.

When I had fired in the forest, so savage was the report that four or five minutes went by before my full hearing came back; but here, within four such walls, the shock of the violent explosion had appalled the drums of my ears.

To listen for Pharaoh's coming was, therefore, but waste of time, and, since he might arrive any moment, I made my preparations as swiftly as ever I could.

These were simple—there was not much I could do.

The chair on which Rush was seated I slewed to the left, so that the beam of his torch fell full on the cut in the wall. I then took Dewdrop's torch and studied the room, marking the furniture well in case I must move in the dark. Then I slid the torch into my pocket and lay down behind the great table of which I have spoken before.

This was a pedestal table of carved, grey oak. Between the two pedestals there was a knee-hole or archway three feet wide by some twenty-six inches high. Looking through this, I directly commanded the cut, while the pedestals offered good cover on either hand.

I ventured to settle myself with the greatest care, for I knew that if I possibly could I must kill my man before he had entered the room: if Pharaoh could contrive to come in, the advantage I presently held would be utterly lost, for, though we should, in a sense, be fighting on even terms, Pharaoh was an expert at murder, but I was no more than a resolute amateur.

Since the cut was so narrow, the gauntlet he had to run was extremely strict and, unless my pistol misfired, I did not see how he could do it and save his life. So I lay very still, from force of habit straining my useless ears, with my pistol-hand on the plinth of the pedestal-table and my eyes on the cut that was waiting to frame my dead.

After a little, I found myself thinking how soft the carpet was. . . .

I do not know how long I waited, but the first intimation I had of Pharaoh's approach was the sudden roar of his pistol as he fired at and shattered the torch.

I fear this tale is a record of bad mistakes, but when I was laying my ambush I made the worst of them all. I have no excuse to offer. I think a child would have seen that he must so place the torch that, while it illumined the cut, it could not itself be seen from the head of the winding stair. Be that as it may, the horrid shock and the darkness took me aback, and when I fired at the cut, I fired an instant too late. Pharaoh's answer came swift as a flash, and his bullet went through my knee-hole, to lodge in the wall beyond.

And then—silence.

We were both of us deafened, of course; and, remembering that, I at least had the sense to move.

An instant later I was standing behind Rush's chair.

And then for the first time that night I felt the stab of something I knew to be fear.

I was as good as blindfold, my ears were stopped; four walls hemmed me in, and somewhere within their compass was moving—Death. Pharaoh was trying to find me, stealing this way and that. He had only to brush against me, touch me with the tips of his fingers, and I should be — caught. His deadly swiftness of action would see to that. Any moment this might happen. Any moment the roar of his pistol might make the last sound I should hear. He might be but three feet off—now. In another instant I might feel his breath on my cheek. . . .

I began to tremble; my knees felt suddenly loose; my cousin's words came leering into my mind, "I never liked blind-man's buff." . . .

It was the remembrance of Helena that put to shame my fear: I had heard her whip Pharaoh—here, in this very room; whip him before his fellows; cut him across the face. And the whip she had used was my courage. "You fear him . . . you fear his hand." For an instant I thought upon her and strangely enough remembered the way she had of pushing her hair from her temples, as though by that pretty gesture to banish care. Then I turned refreshed to my duty, which was to take Pharaoh's life.

At once I set out to find him, with my left hand stretched before me and my pistol all ready below.

SOMEONE has said the best method of defence is attack. Be that as it may, I truly believe that my action saved my life, for Pharaoh passed me in the darkness and came upon Rush. I know this was so, for he fired upon the body, supposing it to be me, and the flame that leaped from his pistol gave me a mark to aim at, instead of lighting my face.

In a flash I had fired again—and had drawn his fire, for, before I could think, a bullet had flicked the sleeve of my pistol arm.

This showed me, once for all, that so far as snap shots were concerned, I stood no chance whatever against such a man. With such rapid and accurate fire I could not begin to compete, and, as I whipped to one side, I made up my mind that I must not fire again until I knew for certain that my bullet was going to kill. In a word, if I was to win, I must come to close quarters with Pharaoh, if not to grips.

I had now come back to the table, and, as I edged my way round it, I thought of the knee-hole below.

I think it will be admitted that in making your way to and fro in a room that is dark, your tendency is to skirt the furniture which you encounter, keeping in touch with its edge, because, I suppose, you like to be able to feel your way. After all, this is natural. Blind men move by the wall. If, then, I entered the knee-hole and let Pharaoh move to and fro, sooner or later he would skirt the pedestal-table and, though I should not hear him, if I had put out my hands, I should feel the slack of his trousers as he went by.

An instant later I was crouching beneath the archway, with my pistol on the carpet before me and my empty hands outstretched upon either side.

I had not long to wait.

When I did not return his fire, I fancy the man was uncertain whether or no I was dead. He, therefore, sought the spot from which I had fired and, finding no body there, turned and came to the table exactly as I had done. And exactly, as I had done, he began to edge his way round it.

The slack of his trousers brushed my attentive hand.

In a flash I had him by the ankles and, ripping his feet from beneath him, had brought him down on his side. Then I snatched up my pistol, thrust it into his stomach and pressed the trigger—in vain.

The magazine was empty. Slovenly to the last, Rush had never troubled to replenish his clip.

And here my instinct served me—there was no time to think.

Pharaoh had fallen to his right hand and so on his pistol arm. While this was taking his weight, he could not aim, and, though in a flash he had flung his weight to the left, in that instant my fingers had caught the wrist of his pistol hand. For a moment he fought for his freedom. Then he let himself fall on his back; but now my wits were working, and before his hand could reach his pocket, I had hold of his other wrist.

I had "scotch'd the snake, not killed it," as Shakespeare says. And I think no snake ever fought so hard for its life. It was all I could do to hold him though I was far stronger than he, for he writhed and flung and twisted, as though indeed he belonged to the serpent tribe. In vain he sought to kick me, for his legs were within the knee-hole and he could not draw back his feet. And all my weight was upon him, and I am a heavy man.

And in that instant the room was flooded with light.

For a moment I thought that some one had entered the chamber. And then I guessed that Pharaoh had turned the switches on when first he came into the room, that the switchboard itself might report the repair of the damage which he had done.

So for the first time that night I saw my enemy's face.

I think he must have known that I was his assailant, but the sight of me seemed to send him out of his mind. He fought no more as a serpent, but like the madman he looked, his face convulsed with passion and his eyes starting out of his head. Again and again he lifted me, arching his back. He wrenched his arms to and fro, as though the limbs were not his. With his heels he thrashed the woodwork confining his feet, and he did his best to reach my face with his teeth. But my "healthy, aimless existence" stood me in stead. He only did himself violence, and both of us knew, I think, that now at last he was to be brought to book—at the hand of a fool.

I often think that it was this bitter reflection that made him forget his cunning and robbed him of all control, for the game which he should have played was to offer me no resistance unless and until I attempted to change my grip. Had he played that game, I should have been hard put to it to have my way; but, as it was, he expended his strength, like a madman, upon the strait jacket in which he was now confined.

At last, to my relief, the tempest blew itself out, and he lay back, spent and panting, to take his rest; but before I could think of moving he had lifted his head once more and was staring into my eyes.

I looked back grimly enough.

He did not struggle; he simply gazed upon me, as though he would brand my image upon his memory. There was foam on his lips, I remember, and the hate in his eyes burned red.

So for perhaps ten seconds. Then the fellow spat in my face.

So a madman made a madman.

If he resisted I know not, but I used him as a lay figure from that time on.

I dashed his hand on the massive plinth of the table, to break his wrist, and when his pistol had fallen I brought his hands together and got to my knees. And then I was clear of the table and had jerked him up to his feet.

I let his broken wrist go, whipped out his second pistol and pitched it across the room.

Then I seized his throat with both hands, turned him back to the table, bent him across its corner and broke his back on the oak.

SITTING on the bench by the fireplace, I wiped my face and my hands on Helena's black silk scarf. This had been wrung and creased, and I had no doubt that Pharaoh had used it to gag her, before he had carried her off.

Now that the business was over I found it hard to believe. Yet there was Rush dead and dreadful, still in his chair. There was Dewdrop's body, with its broken face to the wall; and there was Pharaoh, still hanging as I had left him, over the edge of the table to which I owed so much. What had seemed so hard had proved easy. A little cunning, a little patience, a little luck—and the three had played into my hands. For my battle with Pharaoh I had only my folly to thank. My cousin would have shot him before he had entered the room.

I looked at my watch.

The time was twenty minutes past twelve. Not an hour had gone by since Pharaoh had "talked" from the ramparts and Dewdrop had read his message to Rush and Bugle and me. And now they were all four dead, but I was alive.

The reflection brought me up to my feet.

Alive, if you please; but I was shut in a chamber from which I could see no way out.

For twenty minutes I sought that secret door, but I could not so much as determine which were the panels that backed it, so well was it hid. I shouted and beat upon the woodwork, using Helena's name—in vain—and when I had bruised my hands and made myself hoarse I went back to the bench I had left and sat down to consider my plight.

Helena was locked in the turret—my hand in my pocket fingered her master key; but the turret, no doubt, had embrasures, and she would be found and released so soon as she could make herself heard. She had, of course, heard the *firing*, but if the thieves were fighting what did that matter to her? Let Pharaoh revenge her escape upon Bugle and Rush; or seek to blast his way out of the secret room. (Here perhaps I should say that though Helena heard the firing, the sound was so muffled that she could not be sure what it was, while so thick were the walls of Yorick that nobody else in the castle heard it at all.)

Now when Helena's release was effected and Geoffrey and the warden were found, the three would take counsel together upon her report. The position would be considered—but not for long.

Four dangerous, desperate felons were trapped in a secret room the very existence of which was known and must be known to no servants at all. If, therefore, they were to be released, my cousin and Barley and Florin must perform this most perilous office entirely alone. And what would be the object of risking three valuable lives to open that secret door? To destroy four bloody-minded convicts—the men had to die—when the chamber, left undisturbed, would work this destruction in silence and without fuss. And then, a week later, a grave could be dug in the woods, and Florin and Barley could enter and carry the corpses away.

The thing was clear. To open the room would be madness. The council would surely decide that Pharaoh and his companions must be left to die where they were.

Please turn to Page 36

Then I seized his throat with both hands, turned his back to the table, bent him across its corner, and broke his back on the oak.

Our Thrilling Serial Nears Its Climax

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604921

BACKACHE

Old Fashioned Remedy is still the most effective

Here is a simple remedy for backache, exactly the same remedy as was favoured by our grandmothers over 80 years ago, a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps.

Wolfe's Schnapps is now, as it was then, the purest of all gin spirits. It is distilled in Holland, and is distilled with genuine Italian Juniper Berries from which it derives remarkable medicinal properties. It purifies the blood stream, tones up the system and has no equal as a preventive and corrective of kidney troubles.

Wolfe's Schnapps is especially beneficial for women. The daily glass works a wonderful improvement in the general health, adds new zest to life and enables you to feel fit and well at all times.

Have a Wolfe's Schnapps to-day and every day 'for your health's sake.'

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is obtainable in large, half and quarter size bottles at all hotels.

WOLFE'S
Aromatic Schiedam
SCHNAPPS
AS GOOD FOR WOMEN AS FOR MEN
A PRODUCT OF HOLLAND
WS-30-16

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

ONE DAY'S *Happenings*

It is extraordinary how much can be lived through in a day. Miss Sylvia Thompson forces this consciousness upon one in her book, "Breakfast in Bed," even though she deals only with domestic happenings.

THE construction and form of the novel is not new, but Miss Thompson has employed it in a very entertaining manner, and one follows the daily fortunes of the people concerned with more than passing interest.

Big Ben strikes six in the dark and fog of a London morning, and life awakens in the home of Sir Frederick and Lady Nicholson with its large staff of servants; in the apartment nearby where their daughter Clare has stayed all night with her lover, Mark Petre; in the tenement where George Cudmore and his family are living the life of the very poor.

Only the domestics in the Nicholson household are aroused by the early chimes. Nine a.m. finds Lady Nicholson still sleeping the light but refreshing sleep of a woman who had been careful for fifty-eight years not to get overtired.

Sir Frederick, too, slept at the same hour. He played with politics and business, but took more seriously matters pertaining to his health, his clothes, and his fancied illnesses.

Clare lives a day of emotional struggles, arising out of her quarrel with Mark, who insists on marriage as the only possible hope of happiness and a surprising pity that is aroused in her by the revelation of the poverty and hardship of the Cudmore family.

The Cudmore household has a day of eventful happenings consequent upon the joint efforts of the husband and wife to gain employment.

When Big Ben strikes the hour of midnight most of the problems of the day have been solved—or were they just beginning in Clare's case?

"Breakfast in Bed." Sylvia Thompson. (Heinemann. Our copy, Swains.)

John Knittel's Tragic Story Of the Swiss Mountains

A story packed with dramatic tragedy and relieved with glimpses of human loves and family loyalties is "Via Mala," by John Knittel.

It is not a pleasant story, but it is one that has a gripping interest and is reminiscent of Ibsen in some of its stark passages.

THE Laurentz family lived in Via Mala, midway between Andruss and the Yzolla Pass. The grim, stark beauty of the Swiss mountains and valleys was cruel in its grandeur, and life was hard for the families who sojourned there.

Jonas Laurentz, head of the family, was a man of unbelievable cruelty. Tyrannical, a drunkard, a blasphemer, and utterly immoral, he robbed his wife and children of every hope of happiness. He ill-treated them physically, forced his son to slave at his sawmill for 16 hours a day without any payment, and scarcely provided food and shelter sufficient to keep them all alive.

But these sufferings were perhaps less torturous than the misery his family endured from the attitude of the townspeople towards them. They were ostracised, and lived constantly under the shadow of this cruel man's misdoings.

Each member of the Laurentz family carried some brand of the father's cruelty. Niclaus, the son, limped from an axe wound that had nearly cut his knee in half; Sylvelie had a useless arm through a cruel twist her father had given it; Louise bore evidence of a struggle in which her father had attempted to seduce her; and Frau Laurentz had a huge lump on her forehead—the mark of a blow from his fist.

There had been twin children, too, whose death had been caused by Jonas. He deliberately opened the window of the room in which they slept, and morning found them frozen and stiff as any icicle in the surrounding valley.

Friendship

SYLVELIE, gentle and forgiving, and very beautiful, was the only member of the family who got even temporary respite from the misery of the Laurentz household. She worked intermittently at a guest-house in the valley frequented by Herr Lauters, a famous painter.

Between Sylvelie and the aged artist existed a friendship and love that transformed the girl's whole existence. She was allowed to wait on him in the chalet where he lived during his long visits to the mountains, and he developed in her latent qualities that had no outlet in the life of her family.

The author draws a very beautiful picture of the friendship between the girl and the famous artist, and these chapters are among the best in the book.

Lauters dies in his mountain chalet. He bequeathed the house to Sylvelie, together with the pictures it contained, and a sum of five thousand francs.

She was at home when the lawyers came to inform her of her legacy. So was Jonas; and as Sylvelie was not yet of age he was empowered to operate on her bank account.

The lawyer had scarcely departed before Jonas snatched the bank-book and departed. News came to the family of his debauchery in the town after he had withdrawn all Sylvelie's money from the bank. She departed to Zurich to consult the lawyer, and during her absence Jonas returned to his home, drink-sodden and doubly cruel.

HALF-FORMULATED ideas, inspired by suggestions from Jory, an old servant man who had been cheated and ill-treated by Jonas, began to take concrete form in the mind of Niclaus. It would be an easy matter to kill Jonas, suggested Jory, and together they made their plans. They enticed Jonas to the sawmill. Jory stabbed, and after him Niclaus. Frau Laurentz and Louise came on the scene. Scarcely had Niclaus withdrawn the knife before Louise, unwilling to let him take full blame, grabbed it and plunged wildly.

Frau Laurentz stood above them.

"It was I who bore you," she said. "You shall never say I failed you at this moment," and she, too, drove the knife deep into her husband's body, falling forward with the cry, "Joni, my Joni," and pressing her withered lips on the dead man's mouth.

The Story Widens

JONAS LAURENTZ was reported missing to the town authorities, and Sylvelie, on her return, was told a fictitious story of his mysterious departure from the home. Eventually she learned the truth of what happened, and, feeling she could no longer live with her family, she departed to a nearby town, where she got employment as a waitress.

The story widens at this point, and the reader is introduced to other phases of Swiss life, political, social, and artistic, in the town where Sylvelie was employed.

Andreas, a young magistrate, frequented the cafe where Sylvelie worked, and fell in love with her.

Conscious of the background of her life, and the guilt of her family, Sylvelie refused to marry him, but eventually she was persuaded and knew a certain happiness for a year or more.

Then, by a strange turn of fate, her husband was deputed to deal with certain papers relative to the disappearance of Jonas Laurentz. He had heard something of his disappearance from Sylvelie, but the disclosures that come to him by studying the case appalled and horrified him.

He became estranged from his wife. He had satisfied himself that Jonas had been murdered, and visited the Laurentz home in the mountains.

Here, like animals at bay, and realising that their guilt was known, the family revealed to him something of all they had suffered.

His humanity triumphed, and he condoned the murder. He appended his signature to official documents that concluded investigations into the case of Jonas Laurentz, and secured for the family immunity from punishment.

He solved his own personal problems by resigning from his profession, and departed with Sylvelie and their child to a farm they owned in a nearby village.

"Via Mala" is not a bedtime story by any means, but it is fuller and richer than many of the dishes served up in modern fiction. (Hutchinsons. 8/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"The Servitors." N. C. Hunter. This story has the thinnest possible plot and consists of little else but a recital of one illness after another of either the hero or the heroine. It is written in the first person, with Gordon Garford, an actor of repute, speaking. He recounts first his own illness which resulted in a trip to Madeira to convalesce. On his return to England he was accompanied by the daughter of his hostess, and her attack of seasickness is given in detail. They become engaged, and shortly afterwards his fiancee was run over by a bus, and readers are treated to a minute account of symptoms, amputation of the leg, and various aspects of her convalescence. Gordon and Nina marry. When visiting Scotland some months later Nina again becomes ill, and dies. We leave Gordon at his home in London recovering from a bout of severe drinking and being comforted by a former mistress. (Jarrolds. Our copy, Swains.)

"Gay Hunter." J. Leslie Mitchell. A fantastic story which its author states is neither prophecy nor propaganda. It deals with a civilisation thousands of years hence. Gay Hunter and a chance acquaintance, Ledyear Houghton, agree to experiment with a theory for inducing sleep as advanced by Dunne, in "An Experiment in Time." They retire for the night, and their next consciousness is when they meet in the chilly dawn on Wiltshire Downs, both nude and lost in an unfamiliar world. They are joined soon after by one of Houghton's female acquaintances, also nude, who unknown to them has also practised the Neo-Dunne formula, and proceed to search for habitation. With the realisation that they have been projected into time and far removed from the 20th century, they set out for London, and encounter on the way men and women of the era in which they themselves now exist—strange people bereft of shackling standards and emotions, as well as of clothes. But it is not an attractive civilisation that the author depicts despite its seeming simplicity. (Heinemann. Our copy Swains.)

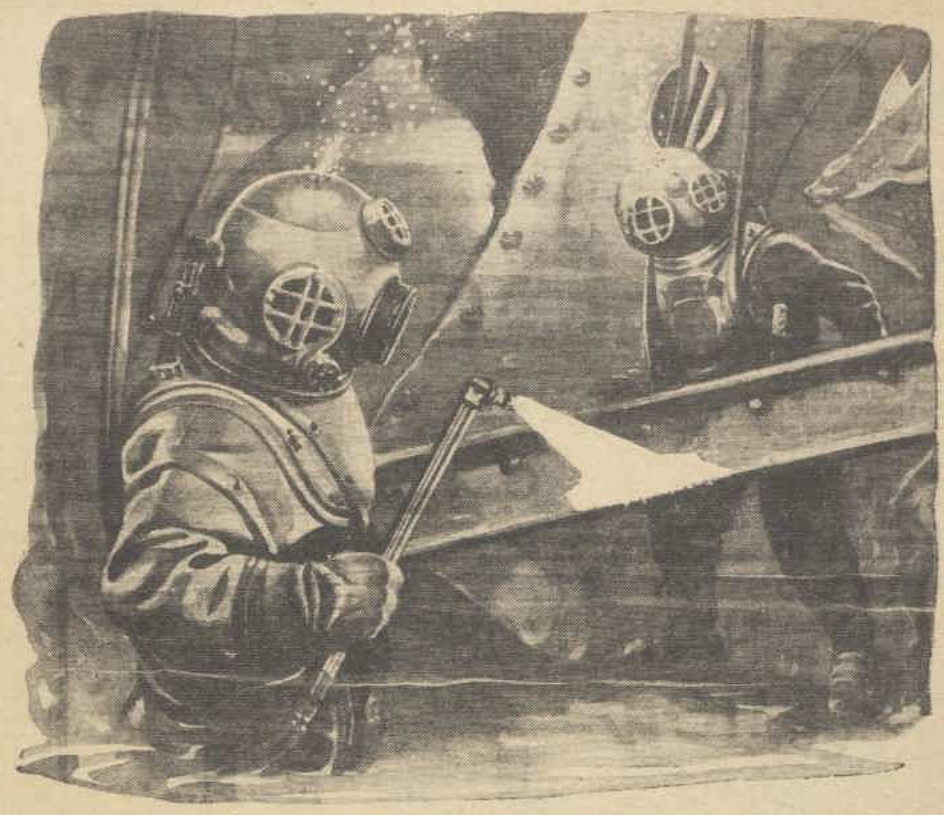
HOST ROLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Rolbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604922

WRECKAGE

VIOLA was sadly disappointed in him, Bill felt. Wrecking things, especially to a woman, must seem a meaningless way of getting a living.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS



Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

He gripped the nozzle and swung the sheet of livid flame straight at the iron girder in front of him.

Complete Short Story

IT loomed eerily, its tall sides swaying slightly with the ceaseless ebb and flow of the undercurrents. The huge sinuous weeds had not yet reached out and clung to it, but their long slimy tentacles were already groping through the twilight of the ocean like thousands of thin bony hands.

Bill Austin let his light rest on it a moment. The ghostly reflection of his underwater lamp, drifting back from the walls of the wrecked vessel, showed his face behind the thick glass "windows"—a hard, grim face, almost without expression in it.

Hard and grim . . . Well, what would you expect to see in the face of a man like Bill Austin—a man who had spent practically half a lifetime wrecking things?

Bill Austin was a "wrecker." Mostly he wrecked ships. That is to say, whenever a vessel foundered and was lying dangerously high for other shipping, it was generally Bill Austin's job to go down and make an inspection and, if practicable, proceed to have her broken up.

This job of the Portuguese Angola was going to prove a pretty tough proposition. But Bill Austin was used to tough propositions.

As a "wrecker," he realised the difficulties that faced him and his men. But the Austin Marine Wrecking Company had accepted the contract and so the work had to be put through satisfactorily.

At high tide the Portuguese ship lay deep enough in all conscience; but here, in this part of the Western Pacific, the tides were often extremely low, with the result that the wreck was a living menace to other vessels.

Here, also, the seabed was one of the most dangerous parts of the ocean for a deep-sea diver. It rose and dipped in huge black slimy hummocks, mostly filled with mud.

Of sand there was no sign, but glittering mirrors seemed to flash and swirl before his "windows" as the under-currents raced and swept and flew about him.

Hole-pitted, the ocean-bed attracted his practised eye; and he moved with a strange, awkward caution, until the weeds began to draw their soft limbs unpleasantly across his front glass. The lower parts of them twisted and curled about his feet and legs, and soon he was dragged to a standstill.

Bill Austin's face didn't alter; only, behind the glass, his eyes looked out with a cold gleam in them. Behind, and in front of him now, miniature underwater whirlpools swept. He stared at them ominously. Once a diver got too close.

His lamp lifted and the pale gleam rose against the whirl of the water. Before him lay the wreck of the Portuguese vessel. A diver would have to make his way into the wreck in order to set a charge; and Bill Austin knew that several charges would be needed to do the job properly.

The Portuguese ship lay slightly on her side, with her high, deep bows sticking up towards the surface. Her position, quite apart from the perils of this stretch of seabed, was precarious.

At any moment, Bill Austin knew, she might rise and fall again, or even turn completely over. It needed but a slight movement to cause that.

Cautiously, disentangling his lines as he went, he began his retreat from the doomed vessel. Soon he was being hauled by easy stages to the surface. It was a warm morning. The sky was clear. As he sat dragging off the heavy leaden-soled boots, his eyes casually scanned the distant shore.

IT was pale green, with deeper splashes of palms, and a thin white crescent of beach. Beyond stood the small wooden bungalow which Bill Austin and his wife had taken for a week or two, while this job was being put through. He had brought his wife along because he thought the change would do her good.

Some of the grimness slipped away from him as he rose and began to fill his pipe before going ashore.

"How does she look, Chief?" asked Kildare, who had been with the Austin Marine Wrecking Company ever since its formation.

"Fine," said Bill Austin, thinking of his wife, Viola; then he swung round and laughed. "Oh, you mean the wreck, Sam? Well, she's not looking too good. Still, we'll find a way, somehow."

"Sure," nodded Kildare, who had a vast faith and respect for the man who employed him. "Sure, we'll find a way, Chief. We always do."

"That's right," said Bill Austin seriously. "Never fell down on a job yet, eh, Sam?"

"Never," Sam grinned; and there was affection in that grin as well as respect.

Indeed, most of the men liked and respected Bill Austin. He never asked any of them to undertake a job which he himself would have turned down. Invariably, too, he was the first man to go down and make an inspection. His men appreciated his consideration as much as they did his courage.

Bill walked slowly along the beach towards the wooden bungalow. Viola was reading a magazine on the verandah. She glanced up at him, then looked down again quickly.

"Oh, hallo!" she said; and again he sensed the aloofness of her.

He smiled slightly, then stood, with a heavy frown on his face, looking down at her. She was young, very young; maybe a little too young for a man like Bill Austin. But he loved her; and his own love was deep and sincere.

And hers? Well, Bill didn't quite know yet. They hadn't been married long. She had seemed to love him enough at first. But just lately . . .

"I've just been down to take a look at the Angola," he said. "Seems to me we've a pretty tough job in hand."

She looked up at him suddenly.

"Bill, why don't you do something else for a living?"

He started in surprise.

"Something else? Why?"

"You could be a creator, instead of just a—a destroyer."

"But destroying's my job, Viola."

"Perhaps so. But a man could change his job, couldn't he?"

"I suppose he could. But why should he, if he's proving a success?"

"How can a man be a success who just goes about wrecking things?"

"Somebody has to wreck 'em."

She jumped up and went into the room behind; and Bill stood there, a little hurt and bewildered. Viola was disappointed in him. He knew that—had known it for some time now. Disappointed in him—or in the work he was doing. One or the other; or, perhaps, both.

In a way, he could understand that. Wrecking things, especially to a woman, must seem a pretty meaningless way of getting a living. All the same, that was his job.

A wrecker.

Bill Austin stood on the beach and stared across the sea towards the tug. His face, if possible, seemed rather colder and grimmer than usual. He was thinking not of the wreck of the Portuguese vessel, but of Viola, his young wife.

She didn't kiss him in quite the same way as she used to do. And somehow, even when she put her slim arms about his neck, it wasn't quite the same . . . There was a difference; and the difference was getting bigger.

So deep in thought was he that he didn't hear the man as he came stumbling down across the beach behind him. He saw only a shadow, long and grotesque, as he paused.

"You're Bill Austin?" asked the man slowly.

Bill turned. The speaker was tall. Once, too, he must have been well made and handsome. But he was no longer like that. He stood swaying in the strong sunlight, a thinly disguised leer on his face.

He was more than half-drunk. His clothes were filthy. The bearded growth that matted his face, the yellowness of the wild-looking, bloodshot eyes . . .

"That's me," said Bill shortly, and returned to his grim, silent contemplation of the ocean.

"Saw you go down yesterday."

"Did you?" said Bill shortly.

"Mighty awkward stretch of coast hereabouts."

"You're right."

"What ship is it?"

"The Angola. Portuguese. Sunk four months ago."

"Goin' to break her out, I reckon?"

"Sure," said Bill, and turned to move away; but something about the man made him pause. "Interested?" he asked, with faint sarcasm.

"Yes. Always interested in diving. Not breakin' out ships, though. I bar breakin' 'em out."

"Really?"

"Yes. Never broke one out in my life and I've been down to dozens of wrecks. All over the world. Never broke one out. See?

"I raised plenty, though. And they sailed the Seven Seas again, just as good, and maybe better, than ever they were before."

Bill looked at the man with increasing interest. "Used to be a diver, eh? What's your name?"

"Dunn—Tony Dunn. Ever heard it before?"

Bill nodded soberly. He had, of course. Why, Tony Dunn had been one of the greatest deep-sea divers of his age. Bill had heard many a fantastic story of the great diver, who had raised more ships from the bed of the sea than any other man living or dead.

And probably, just then, Bill regarded this man with greater curiosity because of the fact that he had rescued ships from oblivion while he, himself, merely completed the destruction of them.

So, for a while, they stood looking curiously at each other—the man who had made broken ships whole again and the one who had undertaken the final dismemberment of them.

And it struck Bill Austin, at that moment, that he was regarding not the wreck of any vessel, as he was so accustomed to do, but the wreck of a man . . .

"Come up to the house," said Bill suddenly.

Tony Dunn stared.

"What for?" he demanded, with a sullen expression.

"I'd like to have your views on this wreck," said Bill quietly, and the sullen look went out of Dunn's face.

"I'd like to look her over."

"Well, why not?" said Bill. "I'm going down again to-morrow."

"You mean . . .?"

"Sure," said Bill carelessly; "I reckon your opinion would be worth having, anyway. But perhaps you're not really keen on it?"

A strange look crept into Tony Dunn's face. For a moment the half-drunken stupidity left it, and Bill saw a vision of the clear-eyed, keen-featured man who was still somewhere behind.

"I'll go down with you," nodded Tony Dunn.

And Bill Austin smiled whimsically. Maybe he was acting like a fool. Maybe he was. . . .

"See you to-morrow then," he said, and put out his hand.

Viola came into the room just as Tony Dunn was going out. He looked at her an instant before he turned on his heel.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Viola.

And again Bill Austin smiled in that whimsical fashion.

"Oh, just a bit of human wreckage that I'm not trying to break out," he said.

THE sea was smooth as painted glass. The little salvage tug scarcely shivered. Bill Austin waited for Tony Dunn. He scarcely understood himself the real motive which had prompted him to ask Tony to go down with him that day.

It wasn't just mere pity. It wasn't just vulgar curiosity. He wasn't doing it in the hope of learning anything from such an experienced deep-sea diver. It was due to something else; something which was happening between him and Viola, his wife.

She had almost accused him of being just a—wrecker. Her words came back to him with a deeper meaning, a new significance: "How can a man be a success who just goes about wrecking things?"

Well, if that was the way she thought about it, it was up to him to prove to her that he wasn't just a wrecker. What he hadn't done with ships, he might be able to do with a man. . . .

That bit of human wreckage—Tony Dunn.

He clambered on board the tug as Bill stood there.

"This is Tony Dunn," said Bill to Kildare, and Kildare stared at the celebrated diver respectfully.

Tony Dunn wasn't drunk that morning. He had washed and shaved himself. He looked, somehow, different already.

They descended almost side by side. Bill touched bottom first. He switched on his electric lamp. Through their front-glasses Bill and Tony looked at each other, and then, as if it were his rightful place, Tony took the leading position.

Bill smiled faintly and followed. Tony didn't go direct towards the wreck. He reached its vicinity in a half-circle, and Bill was left some distance behind. Together, side by side, they stood looking at the wreck.

TONY'S light moved down, rested on a still solid iron girder which had been torn bodily out of the vessel. Bill saw him bend grotesquely and touch the iron, while the lights swept and flew flickeringly about them.

Then Tony straightened himself again, but somehow Bill's eyes remained fixed on that girder. He hadn't noticed it before, but Tony had seen it at once.

It was practically all that remained to support that towering hulk on the lee side. If that heavy girder were suddenly to give way. . . .

They ascended after a time. It was noon, and the Pacific sun poured purple flame across the ocean shore.

"Well?" said Bill, looking at Tony Dunn.

"You'll have to break her out from the other side," replied Tony, shrugging—"that is, if you must break her out at all."

"That's what I'm here to do."

"I know. But she could be raised, I think."

"My contract is to break her out," said Bill shortly.

Tony nodded. They went ashore together.

"Was that your wife I saw yesterday?" asked Tony.

"Yes. . . . Come along and have supper with us."

"Like this?" Tony stared down at his ragged clothing.

Bill said slowly: "A man doesn't like asking such questions—but what brought you to this?"

Please turn to Page 32

Alone?

There is a lady living in our street,
A grey old lady in a grey old house,
About her something silvery and sweet,
Quaint as her pictures, quiet as a mouse,
A grey old lady, to the neighbors known
As "Mrs. So-and-So, who lives alone."

Hers is a house of faded drapery,
And footworn carpets, and the very chairs
Have been much sat in, it is plain to see;
And, in the hall, the railing of the stairs
Is polished as no other stair in town
By many hands that have gone up and down.

This house has held all life has meant for her:
Here someone used to play, or there repose;
It is with memories the curtains stir,
And up the stairs a step familiar goes;
Yet to the neighbors she is only known
As "Mrs. So-and-So, who lives alone."

—J.B.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604923

LONELY *Lady*

"THIS, of course," said Sydney, continuing to show the snaps of his summer holiday despite the bored way George was looking at them, "was the day we all went on a picnic. This chap, standing in the middle, holding the bottle upside down, kept us in screams the whole time we were there."

"You seem to have enjoyed," said George, "chronic hysteria and not a summer holiday at all."

"Now this," continued Sydney, undismayed, "was the day we were leaving. Everyone came outside, and several of us took photographs of all the others." George perceived them in a line, hand on shoulder, and all facing one way, like a cricket team made up of eleven brothers.

He firmly placed a finger-tip to one side of the picture.

"One moment. Who," he inquired, "is that?"

"You mean the girl playing with the dog? She wasn't in it. She'd only arrived the night before, and they all thought her a bit stand-offish; in fact, when this funny chap made some very comical remark to her at breakfast, the way she looked at him made us feel we didn't want her in the picture. . . ."

"She's there alone?"

"Very much so, at present."

"I'm going on my holidays this week," said George, "and I shall change my plans. I'll go to this place, now I've seen it."

Ten-Minute Story
. . . by . . .
HYLTON CLEAVER

GEORGE had a towel about his neck, his pipe between his teeth, and he was waiting for the breakfast gong. Another young man of his own type came to stand beside George on the lawn.

"What," he said, "do you think of this place?"

"I hardly know. I only arrived last night by road."

"I came by train," said the other, "and I wouldn't have come at all but for one thing. Some friends of mine were showing me some photographs, and in one of them I noticed a girl apart. They told me nobody seemed to like her very much, but I could quite see why that was, and, as I had a few days due to me, I decided to run down and find her."

THERE'S A THRILL in "hitting the high spots" on the mountains. Crisp snow flying under your skis . . . a graceful glide and swoop and swift rush through the air . . . how exhilarating it is! Then the climb back to try it again. Happy young Australians are making the most of the snow just now.

"I am looking for the same girl," said George with a strained air of courtesy.

"No! Really?"

"In the photo I saw she was playing with a dog on the lawn, and what's been worrying me is that I can't even find the dog."

"Did you feel strangely in sympathy with her? Did you understand exactly how she felt in such dreadful company? And did you come to see if you couldn't help her to enjoy herself away from all these other people?"

"Exactly so," said George, and at that moment a car drew up outside the willows and a young man with a muffler round his neck, and no hat approached George and his new acquaintance.

"One hour and forty-five minutes from the oval. That's not bad going, and I'm here to breakfast!" He hesitated and came closer. "I wonder if you chaps could tell me something before the rest appear. Is there a girl still staying here who has hair like burnished copper, and who keeps herself a bit aloof?"

"Are you referring to the snapshot of a lady in the background playing with a dog?"

"My friends said that she seemed to prefer the dog to them. Knowing my friends, I thought, 'No wonder.'" He turned and motioned to his car. "I thought that I might take her away from all the paddling families, plain girls, and spotty youths, for one day, anyhow."

"You will have to take your turn in the proper order," George remarked. "You're number three, but as far as that goes I'm afraid she's not here any longer."

In different parts of Yule, other men were holding a similar conversation in other boarding houses.

"I came simply for that reason. My friends said she was so much by herself on the day they were leaving that they didn't even know her name. But from her looks. . . ."

"At all events," another would reply, "she's gone, and what makes it so aggravating is that she's being looked for by a crowd of people at the Lawns Hotel, and that's not the only place where she's been noticed in the background of a snapshot."

IT was a gorgeous morning. George had had one dip, but he was in the sea again at eleven o'clock. George was accustomed to long swims, and he went out some distance, then took a gradual curve and ended up in a deserted bay some little distance along the coast. Here he swam in for a rest, and was intending to sit on the rocks and sun himself when his eye was attracted in a most exhilarating way.

The rocks had hidden from his sight a girl. Only now that he landed did he behold the color of her hair, and, wiping salt water from his eyes, he slowly walked up the beach and stood before her with stunned gratification.

She was in a snug swimming suit of green; her skin was smoothly suntanned, and in her fingers she held a white swimming cap so that her hair might dry; her eyes were grey; her lips were shaped to intrigue and tantalise; her feet were small and dainty.

George said: "Did you swim from the beach at Yule, alone?"

She faced him with the sun in her eyes.

"I hope you weren't following?"

"I came for exercise. But funnily enough, I had been looking for you all over the place. When you first came here, didn't you put up at the Willows?"

"There, and at any number of other places, too."

George sat down, not so close as to be impertinent, nor so far as to be unsociable. He ran sand through his fingers and he smiled.

"Wherever my uncle chooses," said the girl.

"So your uncle's with you?"

"No, he's the town clerk here."

"He should know lots of people then."

"Oh, I'm not lonely really. I'm simply not sufficiently commercial for the job."

"Would you explain?" asked George.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I am keeping one about you at this moment. Unless my eyes give me away."

"DO you know," she asked, "the poster that shouts 'Come to Seagate!' and shows a girl in the sea, who beckons to you? And there's another of a girl standing in a pleading sort of way on a seaside station platform as if she wanted to meet your train, who says: 'Shan't I see you at Sandy Cove?'"

"I know them both," said George.

"My uncle thinks that kind of thing is out of date. People are annoyed because they know the girl's not real, and if they did go down to the place they wouldn't see anyone remotely like her."

"I never thought much of the invitation myself," admitted George. "She's always dry, even when she's in the sea."

"Exactly, and my uncle wanted reality, the personal touch, and private circulation of a picture that meant something. One lonely but nice-looking girl who always seemed to be out of everything, but could be seen in the distance amusing her lonely self as best she could, would strike home to the manly heart in earnest. You pass a poster when you are on a bus, and never notice it; but if a friend shows you his own snapshots, and you see that girl actually waiting for you so appealingly that's different. He gave me the job of doing it. . ."

George had rolled over, and he was lying on his chest with his elbows to support him.

"And when they come, of course," said she, "I've gone."

"I've found you," George insisted.

She sighed and looked away. "I have to spend nearly all my time hiding. I didn't swim here. I've got the use of a bungalow up there on the cliffs, and if I go too often into Yule I'm in fear of being spotted and pursued."

"And yet you must go to get in pictures?"

"I turn up for a little while. . . I've always 'just arrived'; there's always somebody 'just going.' That's when they take the snapshots."

He found that she was looking at him more investigatingly. Her long-lashed eyes were taking in the details of his personality. "I'm tired," she said, "of looking lonely and misunderstood. How would you like to be a good Samaritan, and come and play tennis with me? There's a court belonging to the bungalow."

By the time they reached the dry sand one hour later on their journey towards the cliffs, George was holding a sun-kissed hand, and the lonely lady was being led along with dimples in her cheek.

"And when you go!" she said in a small voice, "I think I shall resign."

(Copyright)

HAVE YOU TRIED

The new ardath de-luxe cigarettes

They are really "De-Luxe" Cigarettes . . . packed in slim, stylish, ivory-and-scarlet tins of twenties and tens, and also in fifties. If you ask your tobacconist for "Society's Cigarette," he'll know you mean—Ardath De-Luxe!

"Kind to Your Throat Soothing to Your Nerves"

TINS OF 20-1/6
TINS OF 10-9D
ALSO IN FLAT FIFTIES

Every tin wrapped in gleaming, climate-proof ENGLISH VISCACELLE to ensure that each cigarette reaches you as it leaves the factory—fresh but correctly matured.

ARDATH DE-LUXE
"SOCIETY'S CIGARETTE"

7609-7-4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604924

FOUR *Birthday* CANDLES . . for *Princess* MARGARET

Important Occasion Next Week for Empire's Darling Children

Next week will mark an important occasion for one of the Royal ladies of the Empire — Princess Margaret Rose, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, will celebrate her fourth birthday.

Birthdays, even to princesses, are occasions of joyous anticipations, and just now the little Princess Margaret, like any other child, is wondering what treats are in store for August 21—her birthday. Princess Elizabeth, her sister, is naturally interested, too.

This exclusive article gives an interesting study of the everyday life of the two children, who hold a very dear place in the hearts of the people of the Empire.

By ELISSA ST. JOHN, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE strong likeness between Princess Elizabeth and the Queen grows more noticeable every day, but Princess Margaret Rose—to give her her full name—becomes daily more and more like her charming mother in both appearance and manner.

It does not seem quite four years since we read that a second daughter had been born to the popular Royal couple at Glamis Castle, the historic home of the Duchess' parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.

The event was not only of national importance, but it had several interesting features attached to it. The Princess was the first Royal child to be born on Scottish soil since the days of the Stuarts—the last one being Charles I, who was born in Dunfermline.

It was also the first time that a Socialist Home Secretary was in attendance at a Royal birth. Mr. J. R. Clynes, who worked in a Lancashire mill at 12 years of age, had the honor of "inspecting" the baby almost immediately after birth.

"A bonnie little lass" was Mr. Clynes' verdict on the Royal infant at the time.

With her golden locks, deep blue eyes, and pink and white complexion, the Princess is indeed a beautiful child—and she is as happy as she is pretty! Her parents have seen to it that her childhood is not being spoiled by too much publicity and attention.

Princess Elizabeth, as was inevitable in the circumstances, was the recipient of great and sometimes embarrassing attention from the public for the first three or four years of her life, and it cannot be denied that despite strenuous parental efforts to combat it, it has had its effect on the Princess, whose imperious air and childish dignity charms and amuses everyone.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK and her two children, taken some time ago.

Princess Margaret, on the other hand, has practically escaped "mobbing," and the result is that she is in every respect a normal child.

She is receiving almost identically the same training as her elder sister did up to her age, but already is she showing her own individuality. Her musical sense is extraordinarily acute for one of her tender age, and when she hears a tune which pleases her she breaks into a smile and taps her feet energetically.

* * *

BETWEEN her and Princess Elizabeth there is a great love and understanding. To see the two Princesses walking hand in hand, and to note the pride and care Princess Elizabeth displays towards the younger sister, is a delightful sight.

"Here come the Thistle and the Rose," remarked a Scotch divine once as he saw the two Princesses together in the gardens of Glamis Castle. Already in the neighborhood the determined character of Princess Elizabeth is being noted!

There has not been a Princess Margaret in the British Royal Family for centuries and it is an open secret that the choice of name did not at first commend itself to the King and Queen. But in the end the patriotic Scots Duchess got her own way in the matter.

Now, their Majesties have come to love the name as much as the charming little holder of it.

* * *

BOTH the King and Queen often pay surprise visits to the nursery on the top floor of the Duke of York's home at 145 Piccadilly, and they spend more time with Princess Margaret on these occasions than they do with the Princess Elizabeth—for the simple reason that the latter young lady is generally busy with lessons.

Very shortly, Princess Margaret will be also taking up her books and if early indications count for anything, she fully inherits the keen brains of her parents. She is more tranquil in temperament than her sister but her childish eyes miss very little. She is an immense favorite with her three paternal uncles, but perhaps she likes Uncle George best of all.

Prince George never fails to bring some novel little present for his youngest niece when he calls to see her, and he even gives her sweets at forbidden times!

THIS CHARMING STUDY of the Princess Margaret Rose, by Boothroyd, The Australian Women's Weekly artist, appeared as a cover subject on January 13. The original was sent to the Duchess of York, who expressed the deepest appreciation of the drawing.

Passed on Toys

LIKE all second children, the Princess has many "passed on" toys, but she has also scores given especially to her by her royal relatives and friends. She is very fond of huge teddy bears and singing birds, and anything new and original always appeals to her.

Already she has started the saving habit and has a private "bank" of her own. It is a small enamelled tin dog and the coins are inserted through the ears!

Every morning her nurse takes her for a walk in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, and the King must be very busy indeed if he does not find time to meet his two grand-daughters on these outings.

Princess Margaret's voice is amazingly like her mother's in softness and expression, and a palmist who managed to catch a glimpse once of Princess Margaret's hands says that the lines on the childish hand strongly follow those of the Duchess.

Like her elder sister, the Princess has wonderful health, and has managed to escape most of the customary ills of childhood. This has been largely due to her mother who has a thoroughly up-to-date knowledge of child welfare.

L. W. Lower

Whose humorous articles are a popular feature of this page, is enjoying a three weeks' holiday, and will resume his articles on his return to duty.

"Some New Laughs" and "Brainwaves," the other popular features conducted by Mr. Lower, appear as usual on page 17.

GAUGE *the* Game *from* FIRST BIDS *in Contract*

The forcing take-out is by far the commonest forcing situation, and in the handling of it perfection should be easy of attainment, point out Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, in this week's article.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

ONCE partner has opened the bidding, the responding hand is in a splendid position to gauge the game-going possibilities of the partnership.

Holding 3½ H.T. he is able to account for 6 H.T. in the combined hands, and from the 4-3-6 count he knows that there is a game for the partnership provided that the best final contract is reached.

Responding hand makes a forcing take-out by calling in a different suit, one more than is necessary to overcall partner's bid. This obligates both partners to keep the bidding alive at least to game.

Such bids should not be shaded, and perfect honesty with one's forcing bids is at all times essential.

The forcing 2 bid virtually asks the question, "Partner, what honor tricks have you?" and, having none, the response will be 2 N.T. The response will tell the forcing caller what is held in terms of H.T., and always remember that when replying to a forcing bid you are talking about H.T. only.

The forcing take-out asks the original bidder a similar question, "Partner, what further honor values have you?" Your response should be accurate. Having made a minimum opening bid, the response should be the corresponding number of no-trumps. Any constructive response is to be interpreted as indicating the holding of further honor values.

By ELY CULBERTSON:

Forcing Take-Outs : Rebids

BY far the most important of all forcing bids are the forcing take-out and the forcing rebid, both of which are forcing to game. In fact, these bids have often been called the backbone of the Culbertson System.

The forcing take-out consists of a bid of one more than is necessary in a new suit by the partner of the opening bidder, and compels both partners to keep the bidding open until a game or its equivalent is reached. The following are examples:

South, 1 C; North, 2 S. South, 1 H; North, 3 D.

These bids guarantee at least 3½ honor tricks, or three honor tricks with a strong fit in partner's suit, or 3 honor tricks with a long solid suit. It will be seen that on account of this guarantee the combined hands will contain either 6 honor tricks or 5½ honor tricks with tremendous playing strength. In either case game is practically certain.

The forcing take-out should be preferred to any other bid which the responding hand can make, but the requirements should never be shaded.

EXAMPLES

If partner bids one dimaond, bid two spades, holding:

S—A K Q 7 5. H—A 8 3. D—K 4 2. C—7 5; or
S—A K 10 8. H—A Q 6 2. D—Q 9 4 3. C—5.

If partner bids one spade, bid three clubs, holding:

S—A 9 5 4. H—K 7 6. D—4. C—K Q J 10 8; or
S—A 3. H—K 2. D—6 3. C—A K Q J 8 7 5.

EXCEPTION: With a balanced hand (4-3-3-3 distribution) a forcing take-out should not be made unless the hand contains about 4 honor tricks. For instance, bid one spade rather than two spades over partner's opening bid of one diamond, holding:

S—A K 10 6. H—A 6 5. D—4 3 2. C—K 9 4.

Responses

Partner's responses to a forcing take-out should at all times be natural.

If possible, he should show another suit.

Failing this, he should rebid his own suit, if rebiddable.

If unable to make either of these bids he should raise his partner's suit if holding adequate support, or respond with three no-trumps.

On an absolutely minimum hand he should respond with a minimum number of no-trumps. If the bidding is still below game it is not necessary for him to jump the bidding in a new suit, as his partner's forcing take-out has guaranteed that the bidding will continue to game.

The Forcing Rebid

THE forcing rebid is merely a corollary of the forcing take-out. It is a bid made by the opening hand after one response from partner. For example:

South, 1 S. North, 1 N.T.; South, 3 C.

The three-club bid is forcing to game. It shows a hand containing some 4 to 5 honor tricks, depending on the distributional strength or on the cards held in partner's suit. For instance, if the bidding should go

South, 1 H; North, 1 S.
South should bid three clubs, holding

S—K 10 9 8. H—A K 7 5. D—8. C—A K 3 2.

With this hand North's spade bid has rendered South's hand so much more powerful that he can almost certainly guarantee a game in spades. The three-club bid requests more information.

The accurate use of forcing take-outs and rebids is bound to result in the exchange of more accurate inferences between partners.

(Copyright)

Banking in Australia— One of the Soundest Systems in the World

THE Australian Banking System is based on the Scottish model of branch banking, which has proved its strength and soundness over two centuries.

"Branch Banking" consists of a few large banks with many branches. Each of the nine big Australian trading banks operates over the greater part of the Commonwealth.

This system is in marked contrast to the banking structure of the United States.

In that country there are thousands of purely local banks, most of them very small. They operate in very limited territories.

Thus they lack the flexibility of the Australian system, which can effectively meet a financial setback in one part of the country from the resources of more favoured areas. In Australia, deposits lodged in well-established districts can be used to finance production in less settled areas.

But more important still, the centralized control in branch banking permits of the consolidation of banking resources from all districts. The prudent setting aside of large reserves by the Australian trading banks in prosperous times has been the major factor in maintaining financial stability during the past four years.

Bank of New South Wales.

83C

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604925

An Editorial

AUGUST 18, 1934.

A CLERGYMAN CRITICISES WOMEN

DOUBTLESS a Sir Oracle will come along one day and prove that the war and the consequent depression and unemployment were all caused by women. It is to be hoped he will not be a clergyman, for one feels that there is higher work awaiting the clergy than the fomenting of a fear complex about women at a time when the world so obviously needs the intelligent co-operation of both men and women.

Speaking to an audience of men, last week, Rev. C. Bernard Cockett, Australian Congregational minister, who is revisiting Australia from London, said he was sure the war was not fought so that women might become cheap labor, while ex-service men walked the streets for employment.

In a similar strain, charged with an emotionalism once part of the armory of the professional denunciator, but to-day useful chiefly as material for the psycho-analyst, he continued:

"We have to consider seriously what is the proper place of women. This is not that they should be painted Jezebels, copying the vices of men, and taking jobs that should be filled by men. I sometimes wonder whether woman has a right to the freedom that we have given her. There is a feeling in many countries that if she does not use her freedom a little better than she has been doing, we should take it back from her."

Traversing the subject of women wage-earners and unemployment, a pamphlet issued by the Women's United Associations, recently, pointed out that most of the industries that have expanded of recent years are concerned with the manufacture of foodstuffs and wearing apparel. These produce work that women have done from time immemorial. On the other hand, "men have invaded occupations which are historically women's. Men now bake the bread; cure the hams; work power sewing-machines; dispense medicine; cook, wait, clean, and design dresses and hats."

So, if you want to start a sex war on the unemployment issue, you can find weapons to suit both sides.

But what thinking person wants to fan stupid prejudices, which must only thwart the progress of civilisation? Even women must live, and a campaigner against their right to economic independence is merely inviting reprisals.

"Painted Jezebels, copying the vices of men"...! Well, well! But robbing woman of her right to earn a reputable living will scarcely diminish the ranks of the "painted Jezebels!"

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

Divorce on the Lay-by

LEGAL remedies for genuine injuries should not be granted to feigned grievances, so it is not surprising that Judges should become impatient over divorce petitions where they suspect collusion.

Presiding at such a case in England, recently, a Judge prophesied that the time might come when the State would "be content to limit its interest in divorce to collecting revenue from stamps upon agreements between the parties," and the "parties" might buy divorce coupons across post office counters.

Though it might do away with much false swearing and hypocrisy, this seems a degrading alternative even to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. Would we then see enterprising Savings Banks exhorting, "Brides, be wise! Start now and put your divorce on the lay-by!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Air Cities of To-morrow

FROM the soft padding of the splay-footed camel across the deserts of yesterday to the zipping of wings overhead, to-day, is quite a span of time, but events which followed in the wake of the camel train will surely be paralleled in those yet to come in the path of the plane. Inevitably, the passing of the caravan meant the establishment of cities. Where the caravan rested, trade developed. So came Constantinople, Damascus, Shanghai.

When the ship of the desert was outrivalled by ships that sailed the seven seas, came the great seaports. Venice, which "held the gorgeous East in fee," New York, Canton. Came the trains and the big distribution centres.

And now the plane will surely bring the new aviation-centred cities. To comparatively undeveloped countries such as Australia, they open wonderful possibilities. Where planes stop for re-fuelling, trading centres will spring up, and if our airports are chosen with discretion, the time is surely coming when the map of Australia will be dotted with new inland towns which will mean a strange new stirring of life in our "dead heart."

❖ ❖ ❖

The Staff of Slimness

HOW many women make martyrs of themselves in vain! Take bread, for instance. In their thousands, women with the slimming craze have been refusing to let so much as a crumb pass their hankering lips. They have sought all kinds of substitutes, most of them of the extremely parched variety, and whatever its virtue, the over-baked crust is difficult to assimilate without being guilty of a noisy crunchiness which is upsetting to prevailing notions of good manners.

All this because they thought bread was fattening. Now comes the news from the National Millers' Association of England that bread, so far from being fattening, is essential in a slimming diet, as well as being of the highest nutritive value.

Bread, in short, provides so much energy that, as well as being the staff of life, it is also the staff of slimness.

Television to the Rescue

TELEVISION, announces a cable of the week, is rapidly becoming perfected.

It has been suggested, indeed, that it will provide a satisfactory solution to the problem of the radio announcer whom we'd all rather see.

❖ ❖ ❖

What's for Dinner?

IN this age of specialists, it would go ill with families if housewives followed the general trend to learn more and more about less and less.

Think of the versatility needed to plan 365 dinners a year! No wonder the cleverest cooks sigh so often for some other animal beside the sheep and the ox on which to wreak their skill.

Such harassed housewives will read with interest of the annual banquet given by the National Acclimatisation Society in Paris recently.

At this feast they served only the exotic. No plain beef, mutton, fish or eggs, thank you. But bamboo shoots, porpoises, cranes, and now it's your pick.

If only such resources were at the command of the average housewife, cooking would lose half its terrors. The changes could be rung on such excitements as porcupine pie, fricassee of giraffe, sirloin of sea lion, gnu steak, rissoles of buffalo, and doubtless even then some men would complain that it "all tasted alike!"

TYPICAL PEASANTS of Southern Germany. All over Europe the peasants and working-class people are becoming more intelligent and are aiming at a higher standard of living. See article Col. 4.

❖ ❖ ❖

Safer Motherhood

MEDICAL science has achieved a new triumph over the dangers accompanying childbearing. At Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, a Harley St. gynaecologist has announced that "super-specialisation" in the complication of peritonitis, hitherto regarded as fatal, has resulted in the recovery of thirty per cent. of cases. Prior to this, only one case was known to recover.

This is splendid news. Doubtless, Australian maternity hospitals will soon get the benefit of the new discovery. But will the time ever come when an Australian Government will provide free transport to a maternity hospital for the outback mother-to-be, who is so isolated that neither the services of a doctor nor a nurse are available to her?

LYRICS OF LIFE

Love God

A little tin god in an empty shrine,
The fountains are dry that once gushed wine,
And the spiders have drawn their silken lace,
As curtains across the Love God's face.
No echo of laughter nor breath of sin
In the empty shrine of a God of Tin.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Why Was There Not Another World War?

By F. W. L. ESCH

When Dr. Dollfuss was killed the other week, many people thought there was going to be another war. It was said that conditions had been created which were similar to those of 1914.

HOWEVER, it is now fairly certain that there will not be war. During the last week, people who may be considered experts have refuted the possibility. Lloyd George, for example, says there will not be a major war for at least ten years.

In a leading article, the London "Times" says: "There is probably not a single country in Europe in which the common people would blindly follow their leaders into war if called upon to do so."

This point of view is of great interest. It suggests that the "common" people are becoming more intelligent; that they are beginning to think for themselves, and can no longer be appealed to in the same way as the common people of 1914.

In Australia tremendous changes in the "crowd mind" have become apparent since the world war, but it would be impossible to trace these developments to any one cause.

Books, films, radio, newspapers, and the depression have played a major part in making individuals think for themselves and helping them to do so, and films, especially, have cultivated a broader world outlook in the minds of people who were unable to see beyond their own parish limits in 1914.

This evolution of the intelligence of the "common" people is not so important in Australia, where the "crowd mind" has always been a cut above the world's average, but in Europe the development of the peasants and the working classes, has probably acted as a very real brake on the ambitions of warmongers.

Peasants of Europe

THE existence in France and Germany of strong peasant organisations, and in Eastern Europe of such bodies as the Croat Peasant Party, the Ukrainian National Democratic Organisation, the Bulgarian Peasant Party, the Rumanian National Peasant Party, each of which stands strongly for peace, must have had its effect during the recent crisis.

There is a popular notion that the peasants of Europe are still living in the Dark Ages, and so they may be in some respects, but while the "peasant mind" may not have developed so much as the Australian "crowd mind" since 1914, it has probably made sufficient progress to be able to see through the futility of war and the stupidity of war causes. Films, radio, books, and popular education have made contact with the peasant peoples of Europe, and have done their work.

During the last ten years the peasants' standard of living has been raised almost beyond comparison with what it was before the war.

Big estates have been broken up, and peasants who once lived little better than beasts are now small farmers with their own properties, and in many cases their children can be as well educated as town children.

It is true, of course, that the peasants and country people do not make a war, but war cannot be made without them, for they supply the internal food resources of a nation, and they have in their hands a trump card, namely, "food," which the future may teach them to use.

Time Will Show

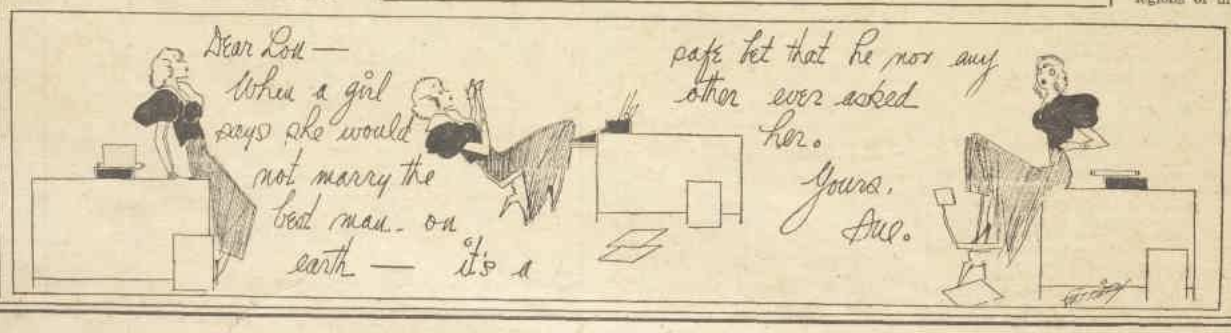
IN Soviet Russia, according to Hessell Tiltman, who has written a book on this subject of "Peasant Europe," the Bolshevists, plans had to be considerably modified before the threat of concerted action by enraged peasants, and it is significant that both Hitler and Mussolini are careful to keep on the right side of the peasant organisations.

The question then arises, is this evolution of the intelligence of the world's so-called "common" people leading to a stage when the proverb, "You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink," will be paraphrased "You can arm two nations to the teeth, but you cannot make their people fight"?

Unfortunately, the answer has to be in the negative, at present, for there are still legions of unhappy people, the unemployed in the towns and cities, the failures, the mentally sick, the unhappily married, and the bored, who would look upon another war as an exhilarating escape from their particular form of misery.

It is a race then between the growing intelligence of the average mind, and the ability of the armament combines and the War Lords to exploit the unhappiness of the unsatisfied masses, and, though time only can show which will succeed, there is hope in the thought that time is always on the side of growth.

FROM SUE TO LOU — **A Bright Girl's Letters.**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604926

WHO WILL *Meet* SUSAN?

They were all fond of good old Chubby... but nobody wanted to escort to the dance what would undoubtedly prove a white elephant ... until Susan sprang a surprise.

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by WEP

Elliott thought of the ten pounds he had so recklessly wagered on Susan's charms.

By FLORENCE OSTERN

LET it be said for Chubby Hedges that, wretched as he felt at the moment he was not thinking of himself. Stricken the day before his club's annual dance with tonsilitis, Chubby thought of his little sister, Susan, who was, perhaps, even now packing for to-morrow's gala occasion.

The club at which Chubby lived was neither large nor particularly luxurious, but the fact remained that it housed the most desirable bachelors in the town. Most of its members were young, personable, and doing something in a professional way. An invitation to its annual dance, held in the Peacock Court of the Plaza Hotel was something a young girl might look forward to months in advance. All this ran through Chubby's head as he stood blowing his nose and thinking of his sister Susan.

Everybody was energetically stuffing articles into the bag that would accompany good old Chubby to the hospital.

"Which one of you fellows," Chubby inquired in a hoarsely unnatural voice, "will meet Susan's train in the morning and take her to the dance to-morrow night?"

A chilling silence greeted his words. Not only had almost every man present asked his girl weeks in advance, but there was a decided prejudice against taking out a sister. Especially a sister nobody had ever glimpsed, and of whom even a hasty glance at the physical attributes of her near kin promised nothing.

Chubby had the telephone off the hook and was calling "Trunks."

"Which one of you fellows wants to escort Susan?" he reiterated thickly. "I'm not going to disappoint her. Besides, she's a wonderful girl."

Nobody broke the chilling silence. It was a deuce of a moment. Each man present was fond of good old Chubby—aye, would die for him if need be, but nobody could see his way clear to escorting to the dance what would undoubtedly prove a white elephant. For a relative of Chubby Hedges could be nothing less than an elephant.

Though feverish and weakened physically, Chubby had the moral strength of ten. He couldn't imagine anybody not jumping at the chance to take Susan. His watering eyes fell on Elliott Brooks, who had just completed packing.

Elliott was by far the most popular man in the club. Susan ought to like Elliott. Chubby clutched the telephone with a satisfied air.

"I'll tell Susan you'll meet her, Elliott," he croaked triumphantly. "Marietta's out of town. Why didn't I think of that before. Hallo . . . hallo . . . Susan?"

If Elliott Brooks had tried brutally to gag Chubby, even though the latter stood, as he did, in the shadow of the hospital, the rest of them would have understood. But to see a virile chap like Elliott standing futilely by, too dazed for definite action, was a sight that struck them, strong men that they were, as pathetically touching.

"Hallo . . . Susan? . . . Chubby." Chubby's wheeze was growing pronouncedly worse. "I'm ill . . . Yes, ill . . . tonsilitis. I've got to go to hospital . . . No . . . No . . . I want you to come, anyway. Elliott Brooks is going to meet you . . . Who's he? Do you mean to say you've never heard of Elliott Brooks?"

Such ignorance so horrified Chubby that he turned from the phone in disgust.

"My word, Elliott," he gasped incredulously. "Susan says she's never heard of you!" Chubby swayed back to the telephone. "Why, he's practically the most important man in the club, Susan . . . and listen. You'd better look your very best to-morrow. Elliott's particular about his women. I've seen him turn thumbs down on a girl just because her lipstick wasn't the right shade."

Elliott had reached a smugly complacent stage by the time Chubby finished negotiations with his sister.

"You needn't have told her how particular I am," he murmured modestly. "I'll wager she's pretty enough as she is."

"Susan, pretty?" Ill as Chubby was, his weak eyes shone with a fervent light. "She'll be the most beautiful girl at the dance to-morrow night. She'll make all the other girls look like nothing at all. Too bad I can't see it."

There was no more talk. It was patently evident that Chubby Hedges believed every word he uttered about his little sister Susan.

As Elliott Brooks made ready to meet Susan's train the following day, he was watched by the fondly sympathetic eyes of his fellow members, most of whom had congregated in his room. Nobody could wear clothes like their Elliott. It took these big, blonde ones. The bowler went on at just the right angle. They sighed to the man. All this for a sister of Chubby Hedges. Such a needless sacrifice!

"It isn't too late to back out now," Jack Lawson pleaded with Elliott. "Why don't you simply bolt? That the girl's absolutely impossible is a certainty you can put your last shilling on."

Elliott screwed up his face as he knotted his tie a bit tighter.

"I tell you chaps," he insisted stubbornly, "you're all wrong about this. I've a feeling that Chubby's sister will be a beauty."

The others shook sad heads at such apparent wilfulness.

"What makes you such a confounded optimist?" Harvey Evans tried to reason with him. "You've seen old Chubby, haven't you? You've heard him say he inherits those pop eyes from his mother and the horse teeth from his father. So, no matter which parent the girl favors, you can't call it a stroke of luck."

Elliott picked up his gloves.

"Did you ever hear of a biological sport?" he demanded smugly. "Well, I bet a tenner that Chubby's sister is one of them."

They took up his wager with a joyous whoop. As Elliott closed the door behind him, he heard the sonorous voice of Henderson Mead saying something about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing.

ELLIOTT lounged grandly in his cream-colored car as the twelve-fifteen deposited its passengers.

He wasn't the sort of man to rush up to every girl who disembarked with an: "Excuse me, are you Susan Hedges?" He'd wait until all the girls were grabbed up and what was left over would be Susan.

A flaming little red-head stepped from the train and looked about expectantly. Elliott's hopes were high, but a gawky lad with an Adam's apple snatched her up. Smouldering brunettes and enticing blondes waited in turn and were escorted away.

Just as Elliott was beginning to think that Susan had decided not to come, a funny little thing in all-wrong clothes and glasses—pince-nez to be exact—Elliott could see that even from the distance—stepped from the train. Of course, he assured himself stoutly, this couldn't be Susan. Somebody would be coming for this funny little thing any minute now. Elliott looked around.

The station yard was quite deserted. Elliott swallowed hard. Could this girl actually be Susan? Even the fellows hadn't predicted anything like this. A cowardly thought came to Elliott Brooks. He'd run like the worm that he was, but he'd run fast. His foot moved in the direction of the starter.

The funny little thing spied him. She came over so quickly that Elliott was too paralysed to release his clutch.

"Are you Mr. Elliott Brooks?"

Harvey Evans afterwards inquired why he didn't say he was Napoleon or Henry the Eighth, but Elliott's silence trapped him. He swung himself over the side of the cream-colored car and doffed his hat.

"And I suppose you," he accused the girl bitterly, "are Susan Hedges?" He looked at her sternly—at the terrible hat, at the neat little features. Elliott thought of the crowd at the club. Of how the place would rock with its mirth. Of the ten pounds he had so recklessly wagered on Susan's charms.

Elliott glanced at his watch. His handsome face was set and grim. Whatever little tact he had been born with completely deserted Elliott in this, his hour of need. "We've just nine hours," he told her not unkindly, "to alter you completely."

Susan Hedges tilted her neat little features upwards.

"Alter me?"

"We'll begin," he announced shortly, "with the glasses. Take them off."

"I can't take off my glasses," Susan objected in a cold, ladylike voice. "I can't see without them."

Elliott Brooks did not take kindly to opposition.

"Take them off immediately," he ordered grimly. "If you can't see without them I'll lead you round." His very tone implied that nothing could possibly be fairer.

"I'd like to know what's wrong with me?" Susan Hedges demanded stiffly.

It saddened Elliott that she should even ask, made her case just that much more hopeless.

"Everything." Elliott made a sweeping gesture. "I'll admit you've got possibilities." He wanted to be just. "In fact, I like your nose—but the way they've got you up! If Chubby hadn't said you were just eighteen, I'd say you were a contemporary of my great-aunt Agatha, who died at ninety."

The girl flushed hotly.

"Well, I'm satisfied with what I am," she told him sulkily, and then to be extra malicious she added: "and what's more, I'm going to stay like it."

Elliott saw that Susan couldn't be bullied. He laid one pleading hand on her shoulder.

"If you don't care anything about yourself," he begged with a melting look from his grey eyes, "haven't you any family loyalty? Think of Chubby—good old Chubby, ill and alone in a soulless hospital. You want Chubby to be proud of you, don't you? You don't want the whole club saying that Chubby's sister was the worst thing that ever happened to it."

Elliott saw that this was an inspiration. Undoubtedly Chubby's sister was wavering.

"What do you think you're going to do to me?"

Elliott relaxed.

"We'll have to spend the entire afternoon," he remarked briskly, "getting you ready for the dance to-night." Elliott realised that getting Susan ready would cost him at least six pounds, but letting her go in her own clothes would undoubtedly mean ten.

Susan was beginning to show interest.

"But I've brought a perfectly darling dress with me. A lovely pink with ——"

Elliott had known the dress would be "with" something. He stopped her mercifully.

"Don't bother to describe it!" he protested kindly. "I can see that dress just as plainly as if you opened your bag and took it out. Save it for parties at home. I'll fix you up for to-night."

Elliott assisted Susan and her bag into his car. After three years of being a man-about-town, there was little regarding feminine attire that remained a mystery to Elliott. Besides, he had two outstanding facts to guide him. Marietta Peters purchased her wardrobe at Yvette's, and Marietta Peters was the most striking girl he knew. Of course, he didn't expect to evolve Chubby's sister into anything so ambitious, but if he could develop her to a point where the club could view her without mirth, he'd be satisfied.

After they entered Yvette's, Elliott wasted no time in being delicate.

"I want something," he told the woman who advanced smilingly to serve them "that'll make her look different. Something suitable for a formal dance."

Susan stood primly stolid as Elliott and the saleswoman talked her over.

"Stick in your stomach, dear," the saleswoman said patronisingly. "Frocks hang so much better when the posture is correct."

Susan obligingly drew in the offending member. For such a small stomach, she could certainly make the most of it.

"You say you desire something for formal wear?" the saleswomaan repeated over Susan's head to Elliott.

"Something simple," Elliott elaborated, holding firm to his mental picture of Marietta, "but cut low." Then he looked at Susan suspiciously. "Have you any bones?" he demanded sternly.

It seemed Susan had not.

"She hasn't any bones," Elliott repeated to the saleswoman, just as if the latter had not been present when Susan gave out this information. "So go the limit. Show us something with color and dash."

A saucy red frock with a gold girdle caught Elliott's eye.

"That'll do," he decided after ascertaining it could be had for the ridiculously low sum of four guineas.

To his amazement Susan registered an objection.

"I don't like that one," resolved the little beggar who wanted to be a chooser. "I think that green dress in the case would be more becoming."

The saleswoman beamed.

Please turn to Page 36

My Favorite Poem

The essence of all beauty, I call love,
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense
Of beauty apprehended from without.
I still call love.
—E. B. BROWNING.

Sent in by "Julc," Adelaide.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604927

Authentic Accents of the Evening Mode

Cunning Capes—Biased Frills—and Reserved Decolletages!

● *ABOVE: Cleverly - cut gown of Mexican gold and chestnut brown taffeta. Note the high gathering of the bodice on one side, and the amber beads.*

● *AT RIGHT: Printed marocain frock with windswept collar and cuffs of navy organdie piped in white. Hat of navy silk crin.*

FROCKS illustrated on this page are by courtesy of David Jones' Ltd.

Of Course if You Keep Ostriches . . . it's ever so much Simpler!

By ALICE JACKSON

WELL, if it's a party you're going to, do remember it's a spring 1934 party, won't you? As a young woman with a future, you just cannot afford to dress in the past. Whether it is for marriage or a career you are heading, do not let Old Time outstrip your fleet young feet and leave you on the shelf of the out-of-date and desolated.

SO, before the witching hour of the party arrives, come with me to yonder mannequin parade, and let us master the fashion signs of this spring of grace.

Then, if the yawning gaps in your purse frustrate your yearning to purchase the original model, you can hie you to your clever little dressmaker and, by dint of cajolery, piety, wit, prayers, fasting, and what-nots, can create a copy which will make you look sister over your skin to that mannequin in the dusty pink moire.

But first, if you would really look like the mannequin and not like a Laurel and Hardy grotesquerie of her, you must get yourself a figure like a drink of water, poise, the right coiffure. If she can do it, so can you. She can't starve, either, for her pale gold suntan bespeaks her an outdoors girl, and stamina such as hers doesn't survive a gruelling diet. Anyway, that's your affair. Look you to it. My business is merely to point out the authentic spring, 1934, hallmarks.

* * *

LET us return to the dusty pink moire. It is water-waved, and the self-same fabric was much beloved of your mother at your age.

But this watered moire has most modern ways. Its neckline is high at the front, and cut low, but with a narrow opening at the back. Depend on it, every evening frock that disports itself on the parquetry this spring will show the influence which governs this decolletage. The varieties are many, but the species remains the same.

Observe its little square fish train, lined with silver. Then, if you had any thoughts of buying lame in a big way—think again. The silver-gilt season is past. In the manner of the best modern economists, fashion has changed her currency, and the bi-metallism of winter's fabrics has given place to a new spring goods standard.

With the dusty pink moire goes a Cathay blue coat of taffeta. A most satisfying color alliance. Don't miss the taffeta coat. You'll have to get one sooner or later this season. Might as well make it sooner, and get its full value out of it.

* * *

WHAT'S that red? Volcano, child, and the fabric is lacquered down. Too sophisticated for you, but how Lilith would have loved it. 'Twould have made naive fashions of hers and Eve's day look clumsy and loutish. But for you there are dainty plaid organzas and taffetas, and glowing printed silks.

But . . . . yes, the bias frill again, and lined. This is another fashion commandment. Use frills on the bias and line them with a contrasting color to the frock.

Yes, indeed! The whole cape! Go, gather ye poppies while ye may, and sew 'em on to a georgette foundation and, behold, an adorable cape for your evening frock.

OF course, if you keep ostriches, it is much simpler. First catch your ostrich, then pluck from it a million plumes. Purify them (I presume!). Dye them, curl them, uncurl them, envelop yourself in them . . . . Absolutely stunning! If ostriches and poppies fail, resort to ruched net, and you can be as frothy about the cape as you please.

Oh, yes, and you must buy a string of large amber beads. You'll want them for that covetable evening frock with the high neck. Catch it at the sides with the amber, and the string only has to be long enough to go round the back half of the neck. Such an economical idea, don't you think?

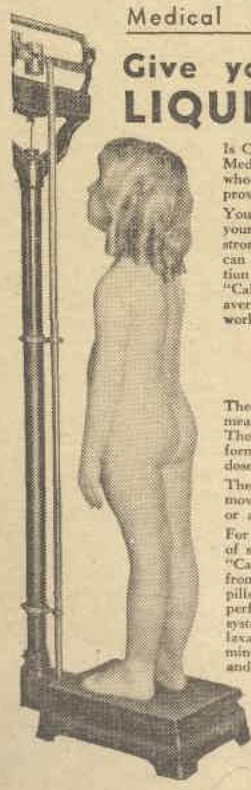
TOP RIGHT: Hat and scarf set in bird's-egg blue alpaca. Note unusual crown, achieved by rolls of fabric forming a square.

● *PENCIL stripe shirtmaker frock. Swagger coat of Cathay blue georgette relieved with white pique. The coolie hat worn straight on the head, as illustrated, is a favorite this season.*

● *GRACEFUL hostess gown of aquarelle blue georgette finely striped with silver. It features soft "angel" three-quarter sleeves and the smart use of kilting.*

Medical Advice to Mothers

Give your Children a LIQUID Laxative



Is Constipation in children curable? Yes! Medical men have proved it and parents who have followed their advice have proved it.

You can never cure constipation by giving your boy or girl pills, tablets, or any strong, habit-forming purgative. But you can correct this condition by gentle regulation with a natural liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" will make the average child's bowels as regular as clockwork in a very short time.

Why Hospitals use a Liquid Laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured exactly to meet individual needs. The action is therefore under control. It forms no habit; no need to give a "double dose" next time.

The right liquid laxative brings a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterwards.

For a child's use, be sure it is composed of suitable ingredients and above all, safe. "California Syrup of Figs" is entirely free from synthetic chemicals often found in pills and tablets. It is a perfectly safe, perfectly suited preparation for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative, flavoured with cassia, cloves, and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious—and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calif g".*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604928

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

TAILLEURS, *Smart & Practical* ... for SPRING WEAR

Featuring Slim Skirts and Nipped-in Jackets!

THE tailored suit is the smartest and most practical costume for spring. Abroad, suits are worn at all hours of the day. They take an important place in every well-dressed woman's wardrobe at all seasons of the year.

TWEED suits for the country; flannel, sheer wool, and rough-surfaced wool fabric suits for town; trim tailleurs of smooth-surfaced materials for formal occasions; linen, shantung, alpaca, and crepe suits for hot days, and taffeta, cotton net, and satin suits for dinner or formal wear.

For in-between seasons the tailleur is ideal, for it can be worn with wool sweaters on cold days and with thin blouses and skirts on hot days. Great variety can be achieved by changing the blouse, scarf, shoes, and hat.

Your spring suit will probably have a jacket in one of three lengths. It may come a few inches below the waist, as do the Schiaparelli models. It may end four inches below the hip, as do the majority of classic tailor-mades. Or it may be three-quarters in length, belted at the waist, or hanging in coolie-coat fashion.

Molyneux shows a bamboo-yellow three-quarters wool coolie jacket worn over a black wool dress. There is a pastel-blue wool skirt, three-quarters length coolie jacket of the same lined with brown crepe-de-chine, and a blouse of the brown crepe.

In Sheer Woollens

THE classic tailor-made with the hip-length jacket can be worn from now on to the summer. It is best made in the new sheer woollens, only be careful that the fabric has enough body in it to hold its shape and to hang correctly. Materials that stretch easily are not suitable.

The jacket must be pinched in at the waist. It may have a belt, but that immediately gives it a sporty appearance. As a change from the usual shaped jacket a two-inch stitched band may be let in across the back at the waistline to give the appearance of a belt.

A Molyneux model has an inch wide band running from the side front to side back where it fastens on to a button, on either side, and at the waist, of course. Lapels are made just like a man's. Jackets just meet in front with a button or links.

Pockets of all shapes and sizes; patch-pockets, slit-pockets, either vertical or horizontal. Patch-pockets have a box-pleat down the centre, are placed on at an angle, are made to look like double pockets, or are stitched in many rows round the edges. A pocket on each side below the waist and one on the left side of the chest is smart.

Sleeves are plain and straight. The only permissible trimming is stitching on the cuffs. Shoulders are perfectly normal. Inverted pleats are smart let in to the back of the jacket, either one down the centre back, or one below each shoulder-blade. They must come from a yoke.

Variety in Design

THE skirts are slim and plain—the wrap-over, inverted pleat centre front and back, several pleats let in low down at the sides, or the gored skirt—allowing just enough fullness at the hem.

There are other suits that show a greater variety in design, have fancy lapels, trimming of stitching or quilting, and unusual fastenings. Some are sketched on this page. If it is impossible to have a tailor make your suit it is better to have what is called a "dress-maker suit" of the last-mentioned style. The classic tailor-made must be perfectly cut, for in its cut lies its smartness.

o o o

GREY flannel—the type used for men's suits—is ideal for this time of the year. With it should be purchased a grey hat of thin felt. Three accessory changes are: Navy blue shoes and bag, navy blue with white spots, silk shirt-blouse, or scarf, a navy-blue hatband, white or navy gloves, a white gardenia or navy straw flower in your buttonhole. Brown shoes and bag, brown sweater or blouse, brown hatband and gloves. Black shoes and bag, yellow sweater or Airtex skirt and a black hatband. Sweaters and blouses of any color, especially bright coral, cornflower blue, pale blue, or bright green, look well with grey flannel.

Pastel sheer wool suits come in the new pale blues and greenish blues and look nice with brown, navy blue, or pale pink blouses; beige, leaf green, and dirty pink.

Navy blue, black, and brown suits are seen in abundance, but you will feel more "springlike" in a lighter shade.

o o o

BLOUSES and shirts come in all kinds of materials this spring. Tailored shirt-blouses in crepe-de-chine, satin, and taffeta. Cotton net is pleated or shirred. Floral crepe-de-chines with dark backgrounds make attractive blouses for pastel suits. Checked and plaid taffeta, fine handkerchief linen, in white, pale blue, or yellow, is hand tucked, pleated, and hemstitched. Heavy satin in white, pale blue, or pink makes blouses to wear with any suit. A machine-stitched design in a slightly darker silk over the front of the blouse is a novel idea.

Monograms in bright colors are embroidered on the left side or on the left arm just above the cuff. There is no rule for the length of the blouse—it may tuck in or come over the skirt. The neckline is left to your own fancy, either high or low, although with a suit the high neck looks better.

ABOVE: A jacket dress in navy blue sheer wool. Both dress and separate jacket have long sleeves. The collar of pleated white pique is detachable.

TOP (centre): Jacket dress in leaf green woollen. The dress is quite plain and has short sleeves; over it goes the long-sleeved jacket with the unusual lapels lined with green and white checked taffeta.

TOP (right): Classic tailor-made in pale blue sheer wool. The jacket just meets in front, and there are lapels hidden under the scarf. The blouse, scarf, and pocket handkerchief of navy crepe-de-chine printed in white and pale blue.

LEFT: Tailored suit in light grey flannel. The jacket fits the figure closely, it has four patch pockets, and buttons up the centre front. The shirt blouse is bright yellow linen.

AT RIGHT: A Maggy Rouff suit of yellow wool alpaca. Revers and belt are of navy satin, and the stitching is done in navy thread.

PARIS Snapshots

MAINBOCHER shows pastel woollen frocks with big flower corsage bouquets and ruffled organdie evening scarves and capes.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE dress with a wrist-length, knee-length, or three-quarter-length tunic is still important in Paris, accompanied by a coat the same length as the tunic.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE smartest sports color for the coming spring and summer is yellow, used particularly for tweed suits and wraps, made either of cotton or woollen tweed, and mixed with grey, black, or brown.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALL-OVER machine-stitched crepe shoe and bag ensembles are among smart spring accessories.

☆ ☆ ☆

FLAT metal cases containing compartments for money, make-up, cigarettes, and lighter are designed to replace evening bags.

☆ ☆ ☆

SOME of the novelties at the new shows are suits with wool skirts, taffeta or surah jackets, and frilly, jaboted blouses, suits and ensembles of cotton tweed, dresses for both day and evening made of stiff, printed silks with skeleton plaid, checkerboard, and skyrocket wavy stripes.

☆ ☆ ☆

SEEN at a Paris racecourse recently: Black with white, powder pink, turquoise, or yellow touches. Blue accompanied by checked or striped taffeta accessories. A considerable amount of beige.

☆ ☆ ☆

LANVIN shows round, untrimmed Breton sailors turned off the face. They match all her dress fabrics, but the satin models are particularly successful.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604929

REXONA

Proved successful where others failed

Mrs. V. Marr, of Balmain, tried several cures for Varicose Ulcers but found no relief until she used Rexona Ointment. She says: "I took to your ointment and it gave me wonderful results."

Apply Rexona immediately to . . . . . .

cuts, bruises, burns and skin blemishes.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

When
Somebody's growing old in your House!

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. *Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free — Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney.*

Prices in City & Suburbs:
No. 1 size 3/- No. 2 size 5/6

SNEEZING, Headache, Backache, Temperature, Chill are the first symptoms of 'Flu. Beware of complications. Take one powder or tablet at bedtime followed by hot drink and repeat every six hours if necessary.

Used with wonderful success during serious epidemics.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Coy., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A·P·C POWDERS and TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."

Ten Minute Story

MEETING NEW *Settlers*

By STEELE RUDD

CAMPED on the Macquarie, Dan and Uncle were undecided about working their way down the rivers, or taking rail on to Sydney.

"Well," Uncle reasoned, "there seems to be a new sort of settlers round here, and more prosperous, and if we can get work for a few more weeks we'll have all the more to put in the bank."

"Then let us go an' have a yarn with this cove over here," Dan agreed.

So, crossing a ploughed patch, and entering a barnyard, they approached a cottage by the back gate. A burly man seated on the doorstep was nursing a child, and "hushing" and talking soothingly to it.

"You've come to the wrong place!" he said in answer to Dan. "I'm only share-farming this part of the property. Go and see the old lady, Mrs. Bassitt"—rising to his feet and pointing—"the big house over there is her place. You might get something to do from her, too, just now. Her son, Basil, is always there, but see the old lady herself if you can."

Our travellers nodded gratefully. His friendly manner appealed to them. "My family are all down with the flu," he concluded, "and I'm stuck here on my own."

Dan and Uncle sympathised with him, then made tracks to the "old lady's place."

An imposing-looking homestead it was, with white gates, trimmed hedges, windmill and orchard.

Sure enough, Basil, the son, was there. He was leaning on a wicket gate watching their approach. A middle-aged, indifferent sort of fellow with a perpetual smile.

"Chance of any work?" he smiled, repeating Dan's question—"boggins."

Dan, brightening up, waited for him to say more. But Basil merely smiled, and looked at them as if he felt he had said enough.

"Is there any chance for us?" Uncle put in, to make it clear.

"Lots," said Basil. "Come and wait on the verandah, and I'll go in and see——"

They followed him on to the verandah.

In a bound Basil entered the home by a side door.

"He's gone to see his old lady about it," Dan whispered huskily to Uncle.

"Just what the share-farmer told us," Uncle wheezed, then seated himself on the edge of the verandah.

INSIDE, lunch had just started. Mrs. Bassitt and daughter Matilda, an old maid, older than Basil, had sat down. Basil, the moment he entered, seized a chair and sat to the table, too. Then as the old lady carved the leg of mutton they talked of the Figleys being down with flu. Matilda thought that the Smiths, being friends of the Figleys, should take the baby and look after it till some of them got well again . . .

"But the Smiths have got flu themselves." Basil laughed as if the epidemic was a joke.

"Well, why shouldn't we take it?" suggested old Emily as she sliced the joint.

Her suggestion didn't appeal to Matilda. She pulled a long face, but said nothing.

"It's our place to do it, seeing they are our share-farmers," added the mother.

Matilda and Basil exchanged looks.

"Will that be sufficient for you, Basil?" and his mother handed him a liberal helping of mutton.

"Boggins!" chuckled Basil.

"I do wish you would use different language at the table—one would think you were never educated," his mother rebuked.

Basil chuckled more.

"Yes"—she went on—"why shouldn't we take the baby and mind it for them?"

"But have we not got enough to look after here, mother?" from Matilda.

There was a silence.

Outside, Dan and Uncle, through the open door, could hear every word spoken.

"They're talkin' about the youngster the share-farmer was nursin'," Uncle whispered.

"Yairs, and that son of hers is having his darn dinner," Dan grunted, "an' not worrying about us."

"Don't get impatient," Uncle counselled.

Stuffing his hands in his pockets, Dan leaned against the wall.

"What! Figley's youngster?" from Basil, as if he heard of it for the first time. "And have it crawling about under the table, and round the house the way it does at their own place?"—breaking into a chuckle—"going like the wind on its hind legs with a shirt pulled over its head like a sail, and looking like a young emu cutting through the grass with its head down—"

"Basil!" The old lady frowned.

Dan, outside, grinned down upon Uncle.

Uncle smiled to himself.

"Yes, fancy that, Mother"—Matilda used her serviette—"fancy it crawling all over our good carpets!"

"It would do the same if it went to Smith's, wouldn't it?" queried old Emily.

"But Smiths haven't got rich carpets, mother—or good furniture, either. When Matron Jones and I called on them for a hospital collection they hadn't even linoleum on the floors."

"But their floors would be scrubbed clean and white," said old Emily.

"You'd have to stand boxes or something against the doors," Basil suggested, "to keep the little beggar in, and from falling down the back steps, same as Figleys do themselves."

Outside, Uncle got a brainwave.

"If the old lady takes the youngster," he whispered to Dan, "I could look after it for her."

Dan winked knowingly.

"Think of that, too, Mother," Matilda, supporting Basil, put in.

"Well, my dear," concluded the old lady, "let me tell you that if the Smiths haven't got rich carpets or good furniture, then neither had the Conrads when they took you and looked after you for six weeks, when you were only eleven months old, for your father and me."

Matilda stared. So did Basil.

Outside, Dan grinned. "That's a stunner!"

"You are always bringing up something or other, Mother," was the most Matilda could say.

"Not always, my dear," rejoined her mother.

"The Conrads!" Basil questioned. "Who were they?"

"Poor settlers, my boy, same as we were then," smiled the old lady.

Basil remained silent.

OUTSIDE, Uncle started coughing.

Dan, losing patience, walked past the open door, tramping heavily.

Inside, the old lady from her place at the table saw him.

"Someone on the verandah," she said, hurriedly folding her serviette.

Then Basil remembered.

"Two fellows about work," he said, rising quickly; "told them to wait to see you."

"Why didn't you tell me? Stupid!" The old lady rose and went out. Basil followed closely.

"What class of work do you follow?" she asked, in answer to Dan.

"Anything missus," said Dan. "Anything in the line of farmin', or station work, fencin' or drovin'. That is, for myself. But for the old chap, here," turning to Uncle, who stood looking his humblest, "well, he's handy as you can make him in th' kitchen, or th' dairy, or even at nursin'. He's a expert nurse, one of the best, and holds deeplomas from orphanages. Ain't that so?" to Uncle.

Uncle nodded modestly.

Mrs. Bassitt thought of Figley's youngster.

"You look like one who is fond of children," she said to Uncle.

Again Uncle nodded modestly.

"And they're fond of him, too," said Dan.

"Basil," said the old lady in a voice of command, "see that these men get lunch at once; and send over to Figleys' for their baby, and bring it to me."

NEXT day, Dan, out in the field, was tossing hay with a pitchfork on to a waggon, while Uncle could be seen walking in the garden with a bawling infant in his arms to which he talked and crooned like a parent.

(Copyright)

BABY LORE

Babies, like adults, can become bored by too much entertaining and too many toys. Avoid playing too vigorously with a young child, which tends to make him over excited, and train him to be self-sufficient, otherwise he will demand uninterrupted attention.

Of course he would admire them!

They're the new Lustre creation

Lustre Ivory Line. Service-weight. Ivory Picot Edge. Pure Silk — 6/11
Lustre Sheersilk. All Silk, Blue Picot Edge — 6/11
Lustre Dulbloom. All Silk Sheerweight. Dainty Lace Top — 7/11
Lustre Symphony. Service-weight. Pure Silk. Picot Top. Lisle Welt — 7/11
Lustre Sheeresse. Fine Sheer Hose. Lace Tops. Picot Edge. Pure Silk — 9/11
Lustre Beausheer. Fine Sheer Hose. All Pure Silk, with delicate Lace Clox and Lace Tops — 12/11

Also obtainable:

Lustre 411 Pure Silk Service-weight — 4/11
Lustre 511 Pure Silk Service-weight — 5/11
Lustre 511x Pure Silk Semi-sheer — 5/11

Lustre
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

From your favourite store

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604930

Portrait of an Australian Diana

THE 399th anniversary of the Battle of Flodden was celebrated recently at Selkirk, on the Scottish border, when the standard was borne over the old toll bridge in mimicry of an actual incident which took place at this spot.

WHEN Ramsay MacDonald, England's Prime Minister, held an anniversary party at 10 Downing Street, Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, gave a private recital. The photo shows Mrs. Kreisler, Fritz Kreisler, and on the right, Mr. MacDonald.

Above: WYNNE DAVIES, popular Australian Women's Weekly black and white artist, who sails for New York by the Monterey at the end of the month.

In circle: WHEN the Hon. William Douglas-Home had his driving license suspended for two months in England recently, this was how he overcame the problem. It was "Back to the horse" for him.

THERE is a proud tilt to the chin of this Diana of the Australian chase. She is typical of the many Australian girls who have taken up hunting. This study, which looks more like a painting than a photo, is of Constance Lonsdale, of the Adelaide Hunt Club, and is by Rembrandt.

A CHARMING STUDY of the three beautiful children of King Leopold, of Belgium. The baby boy was born on June 6, and has been christened Albert, after his grandfather. Princess Josephine, of Belgium, and the Crown Prince Baudouin make up the happy study of childhood joy and beauty.

RICHARD TAUBER will soon be seen in Australia in his first English-speaking film, "Blossom Time," which is by way of being a film version of "Lilac Time." Tauber plays the role of Schubert, and is said to be remarkably like the great composer.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604931

OUR *Indictment* of HOSPITAL SCANDALS

Minister for Health Replies to Our Attacks; ... Silent About Lottery!

In a recent article, entitled "Student Failures Treat Sick Poor," The Australian Women's Weekly made the following statements about N.S.W. hospitals:

That students who had failed to get their medical degrees were treating the sick in public hospitals.

That young nurses in their first year of training had been attending T.B. patients at the auxiliary Coast Hospital and a number had contracted the disease.

That nurses' quarters in some hospitals were a disgrace and a menace to the health of nurses.

That a shocking condition of affairs prevailed in the headquarters of the Board of Health.

That more money was needed from the State lottery or some other source to carry out any adequate and radical scheme of hospital reform.

Mr. Weaver, Minister for Health, has now forwarded us a letter in reply. We publish it in full, and our readers can judge whether our charges have been denied by Mr. Weaver. We are inclined to quote the old saying: "He who excuses himself, accuses himself."

FOLLOWING is a copy of the letter received from the Minister for Health, Mr. R. W. D. Weaver, in reply to the article:

An article in your paper of the 4th instant has been brought under my notice wherein you refer to the original "allegations" regarding nurses who contracted tuberculosis at the Randwick Auxiliary Hospital.

Apparently you are not in possession of the actual facts, so permit me to point out that six nurses only contracted tuberculosis at the hospital auxiliary between October 4, 1929, and June 19, 1934.

The nurses affected were appointed to the hospital in 1926, 1927, 1928, 1930, 1931, and 1932.

The case of Nurse Harrop, who was referred to in the discussion, was not on duty at the T.B. auxiliary at all. So out of between 400 and 500 nurses, five only actually contracted T.B. during the course of their duties at the auxiliary hospital.

You will note by their date of entry that they were not put through the close examination which has obtained during the last two years. Every nurse is now subjected to X-ray and the closest possible examination before being allowed to enter a tuberculosis ward.

I presume your critic does not suggest that a nurse's training would be complete unless she had some understanding of tuberculosis.

Unqualified Doctors

AS most people are aware, during the war the course was for only four years when those who passed received their diploma.

The unfortunate position just at the moment is that there are not sufficient medical students available to meet the requirements, but at the end of the present year further examinations will be completed, and it is probable that many of the hospitals' vacancies will be filled early in next year.

The mistake made by the student in question was that he did not telephone one of the many honorary doctors attached to the Balmain Hospital, who are always available for advice upon such cases.

I have no doubt that this oversight will not occur again.

"Tragic Failure"

I AM astounded at your statement that "the failure of the Government to realise the gravity of the hospitals position is tragic."

Without a desire to enter into politics, permit me to point out that no Government for the past 25 years has done as much for the hospitals as the present administration, but it has been found impossible to overtake at least 20 years of neglect in the short term of 18 months to two years.

Quite apart from the State lottery, I have disbursed £602,000 in improvements and additions to hospitals throughout the State, having already assisted 110 hospitals and built 11 new hospitals.

You ask me to adopt a radical hospital policy, and apparently the writer of your article is completely ignorant of what has been done, as we now have a most effective system of hospitalisation.

A "radical" policy has been adopted both in control and costing.

Immense improvements have been provided for the nursing staff in many of our institutions, but I will require a further £300,000 to meet the demands for buildings and to carry out my policy of insisting upon each nurse having a room to herself instead of several nurses having to share rooms as has been the case in the past.

Unfortunately, we have not yet been able to overtake this difficulty, but much more is being done in that direction than appears to be known by the writer of the article in The Australian Women's Weekly.

New Bank Building

I DO not understand your comparison of the expenditure on the Rural Bank with the necessity for the provision of suitable accommodation for the Health Department. The Rural Bank use their own funds and manage their own affairs, and it is absurd to suggest any expenditure they might incur has any relationship whatever to the inadequacy of the accommodation referred to.

It is apparently unknown to you that we have been endeavoring to secure suitable accommodation for certain branches of the Health Department, but so far have not been able to obtain just what we want. Nevertheless, I am hopeful of moving a section of the department in the near future, and this movement has been in negotiation for many months, long, long before the statement of Mr. Spencer Watts and, of course, long before your criticism.

A new building is proposed to be erected at the corner of Phillip and Bridge Streets, where complete accommodation will be made to house the whole of the Health Department, but obviously this will take some time to complete. Meanwhile, the Director-General of Public Health and his officers are carrying out their functions excellently in spite of criticism by those who do not know how efficiently the affairs of the Health Department are administered.

* * *

IT will, I am sure, be of interest to your readers to know that for the first time the splendid work performed by the District Nursing Association will be recognised in a practical manner by the Government, as this financial year I have placed an amount on the estimates for this purpose.

This will enable the association to extend its operations very materially, as hitherto it has been starved for funds and the nurses necessarily restricted in the very excellent work they are performing.

As is usual, the Bush Nursing Association will also benefit financially.

The excellent service rendered at Baby Health Centres, which are now spread far and wide throughout the suburbs and country, is recognised by all, but it may not be generally known that between January, 1933, and the present date no less than 25 new centres have been established, and they are continuing to be opened practically every week.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. D. WEAVER,
Minister for Public Works and Health.

Don't Wobble . . . Mr. Weaver

THOUGH Mr. Weaver states, in the foregoing letter, "apparently you are not in possession of the actual facts," his letter confirms, rather than contradicts, every statement made by The Australian Women's Weekly in the article to which he refers.

Possibly he narrows down the number of nurses who have contracted T.B., but such statistics are cold comfort to the unhappy girls who during the course of their duties have contracted this dread disease.

"I presume your critic does not suggest that a nurse's training would be complete unless she had some understanding of T.B.," writes Mr. Weaver. What we DO suggest, however, is that a nurse's knowledge of T.B. need not extend to the first-hand knowledge obtained by contracting it.

With regard to medical failures treating the sick poor, Mr. Weaver's letter also confirms the point made by The Australian Women's Weekly. In suggesting that the shortage of medical students makes a case parallel to that prevailing in war time, Mr. Weaver opens up further cause for investigation. What is the reason for this famine of medical students? Can it be the miserable pittance offered by hospitals for fully qualified doctors?

In any case, why penalise the poor only? Why not issue a brass plate inscribed "Failed M.D." to these students, and let the whole public share the risk?

With regard to our criticism on the accommodation of nurses, Mr. Weaver's letter reveals that he is well aware of the undesirability of the present state of affairs, and we are glad to know that steps are being taken to effect improvements. This applies, also, to the revelations concerning the Board of Health premises.

For the work of the District and Bush Nursing Associations and the Baby Health Centres, this paper has the highest admiration—but they did not figure in the article to which Mr. Weaver is replying.

Lottery Prizes

THE most vital point made by us was that there is a lack of any scheme to adequately finance hospitals and permit of their functioning in an efficient and reasonably civilised manner—on a par, for instance, with the schools.

Mr. Weaver does not reply to this, but he emphasises it by admitting lack of money. The Australian Women's Weekly believes that Mr. Weaver is capable of formulating an effective enough system, but we doubt his ability in persuading the Government to permit the necessary financial mechanism.

Without a fundamentally sound financial scheme, any system of hospitalisation must be incomplete and chaotic.

No practical alternative to the Lottery for raising more money has been put forward; yet everybody knows that vast sums of N.S.W. cash are going to other States, where bigger prizes are offered.

Admittedly, Mr. Weaver has shown a progressive spirit. If he could live up to his famous slogan of former years, "Weaver Won't Wobble," he might go down in history as the father of the first real attempt of "hospitalisation" in N.S.W.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich? ***

Splendid New Serial

By Kathleen Norris

Once again The Australian Women's Weekly has been able to secure as a serial a modern novel by an outstanding author.

"Change of Heart," by Kathleen Norris, will commence in a few weeks in these pages.

IN going to America for our next serial we have been influenced by the fact that Kathleen Norris is the novelist whose books have the largest sales of any woman writer in the English language.

English critics regard the new novel as the greatest achievement of her career. It is, therefore, well fitted to follow the sequence of serials by famous writers which have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, such as Louise Mack and Jessica Urquhart (Australian), Vicki Baum (German), Dornford Yates and Monica Ewer (English).

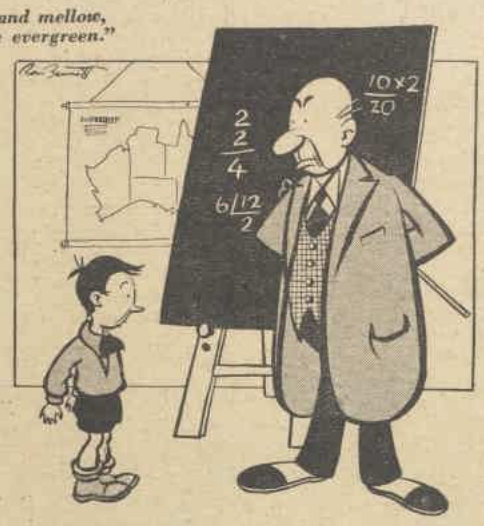
Following "Change of Heart" The Australian Women's Weekly has now under consideration a number of serials by Australian authors.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow When we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, They'll still be evergreen."

Customer: I think you ought to call those "Old Soldier's Dyes!"
Grocer: Because of their long service?
Customer: No, because they never dye; they only fade away.



TEACHER: Now, Johnny, give me an example of an uncommon noun.
JOHNNY: Trousers, sir.
TEACHER: Why?
JOHNNY: 'Cos they're singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

"George hasn't been out to a party for three weeks; has he turned over a new leaf?"
"No—turned over a new car."

"England expects every man to do his duty?—well, that's over."

JUDGE (to S.P. Bookie): Say I let you off with a fiver fine and we'll call it square for what I lost last Saturday.

JEAN: Do you really think there is more employment offering than there was last year?
JOAN: Yes. I've had three times as many offers of marriage.

Goldenia Tea

The Tea that is both satisfying and economical. Prove it in your cup every day.

S449A

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MOTHER: Come, Johnny, it's time for you to go to bed. You know, dear, all the dear little chickens go to bed at sundown.
Johnny: Yes, I know; but the old hen always goes with them.

PATIENT (recovered from illness): I think your charge is excessive, doctor, and that you continued your visits long after I was out of danger.
Doctor: My dear fellow, believe me, you were in danger all the time I was visiting you.

YOUNG LADY (on first visit to Western ranch): For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?
Cowboy: That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses.
"Oh, indeed. How? may I ask. What do you use for bait?"

MOTHER: Did you remember to say "Thank you very much for having me, I've enjoyed myself very much"?
Tommy: Yes, only I cut it short and said: "Thanks, I've been had very nicely!"

TEACHER: Tommy, what is your father's name?
Tommy: Daddy, Sir.
Teacher: I know, but what does your mother call him?
Tommy: She doesn't call him anything; she likes him.

TEACHER: Can anyone give me an example of wasted energy?
Bright Boy: Yes, Sir, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604933

REMARKABLE NEW GLAND TONIC

Producing Surprising Results

German Scientist gives men and women a wonderful treatment for Nerve and Brain Fag, Loss of Energy and Vitality and Premature Old Age.

Actually produced in Germany, now offered for the first time in Australia.

10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFERED OUR READERS

This great new discovery made possible by the scientific research and experiments of scientists like Professor Brown-Sequard, of Paris, and Dr. Steinach, of Vienna, with glandular extracts is one of the most wonderful that scientific research has offered the world. In fact, Dr. Goldt, of the Paris faculty, goes further in stating that gland treatment is a source of life more powerful in effect than the interchange of blood or any other remedy now in use to fight against age, illness and its sad results.

This new Gland Tonic provides the proper nourishment for the cells and tissues of the body. The glands are stimulated with renewed life, and the failing brain and all its mental faculties are renewed. It stimulates the internal secretions, and thereby enriches the blood. A purified blood stream is the surest preventative against disease and illness. It can be taken without any inconvenience and without fear of injury, enslavement of habit, or reaction in after years. Its effect upon the system is wonderful, a marked improvement being noticed in a few days.

If any of our readers, either men or women, lack energy and vitality, if they are depressed, are unable to concentrate, or if they are suffering the effects of premature old age, they will find in this remarkable new Gland Tonic a **real rejuvenator.** It restores nerves, promotes energy and vitality, and gives new life, strength and vigor. Sufferers will be well advised to investigate this treatment, and if they will send a 3d. stamp to cover postage to the Australian agents, A. O. Baldwin & Co., 84 Pitt St., Sydney, complete information will be sent under plain sealed cover. The agents will also tell you how you can test this truly remarkable treatment in your own home for 10 days without it costing you one penny. They are anxious to make it more widely known throughout Australia, and all they ask in return from those who benefit by same is that they recommend it to their friends.

Lucky Jack's Lottery Shares

ONE 1-5 SHARE, 1/6 — FOUR 1-5 SHARES, 5/6

ONE 1-7 SHARE, 1/-

£16 0 0 0 HE HAS WON IN PRIZES £16 0 0 0

including the First Prize twice. He will, and can win for you.

Send self stamped and addressed envelope for 1/6, 1/-, or 5/6, or call.

Lucky Jack's

Cr. KING & YORK STS., SYDNEY.

Ladies! Learn!

HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY CULTURE

AT THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING

Prospective pupils of both sexes or their parents are cordially invited to visit the beautiful, new, modern premises of The PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING 7th Floor, "The Block," 428 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Experts Teach Every Branch of Hairwork and Beauty Culture.

Phone: MA3180. Send for Prospectus.

What FEDERAL Elections *Mean to* MEMBERS' WIVES

Campaigning Work Adds to the Duties of Devoted Wives and Mothers

From Our Special Commissioner at Canberra.

Coming Federal elections will mean almost as busy a time for the wives of politicians as for the politicians themselves. The old truism that at the back of every successful man there is a woman who helps and inspires him certainly holds good of Australia's most successful politicians to-day.

As mother, wife, and hostess, the wife of the average Australian politician leads a very busy life. At election time, she frequently adds to her duties an active share in the canvassing and general campaigning work in his electorate.

—Falk.

MRS. LYONS, who will help her husband during the election campaign.

THERE is no better-known woman in Australia than Mrs. Lyons. She has an individuality of her own, and irrespective of whom she married she would have been a force in the community. As the wife of the Prime Minister, and mother of a large family, she has won the admiration of a nation because she has combined an active and helpful interest in her husband's political work with undiminished attention to her duties as wife and mother.

Happy married life appears to be almost a pre-requisite of leadership in Australian politics. All our Prime Ministers have been married men. I can vouch for it that each of the last four has regarded his wife as a partner in the fullest sense.

Mrs. Lyons differs from the others only to the degree that her oratorical gifts have brought her to the public platform. They, too, have played parts which, if less well known, were equally important.

Federal Parliament, at least, demonstrates that this close companionship between politicians and their wives is not characteristic only of Prime Ministers and Premiers.

The opening of a parliamentary period finds as heavy a demand as ever on "the family gallery." Officially these seats at the back of the green benches on Mr. Speaker's left are part of the "distinguished visitors' gallery," admission to which is obtained normally on a special pass. By custom the area is reserved for the family friends of Ministers and members.

Three Bachelors

ALTHOUGH she has not made an appearance this session, Lady Isaacs is a keen follower of the debates. Another visitor from Government House often seen in this gallery is Mrs. Bracegirdle, wife of the A.D.C.

The wives who have developed the habit of a daily visit number at least twenty. Altogether there are 112 legislators in the Federal sphere—76 in the House and 36 in the Senate, and only three bachelors in the whole number. Most of the members have brought their wives to Canberra at some time or other. Some never fail to bring them. Many wives invariably accompany their husbands and remain as long as Parliament is in session.

Major R. G. Casey and his magnetic young wife are among those who have taken up permanent residence in Canberra. They have converted one of the military homes at Duntroon into a delightful retreat, with an outdoor study and a swimming-pool which the major, a really handy man to have about, constructed in his spare time. Mrs. Casey's genius for modernistic art has had full play.

The Bruces intended to take up residence at Duntroon, which after the first dejection of its estrangement from military life promises to blossom out as the Darling Point or Toorak of Canberra. The transfer of Mr. Bruce to London upset these particular plans.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Stewart are also among the Duntroon advance guard. Mr. Stewart has a distaste for hotel life, which his wife shares, and with their high-powered car the four miles which lie between Parliament House and Duntroon are as nothing. This Ministerial pair are unique among the resident politicians, for, while they have taken up a complete establishment, they spend their week-ends invariably away from Canberra.

HER Excellency, Lady Isaacs, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, is a keen follower of the Parliamentary debates.

—Dayne.

All Friends

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BLAKELEY (he was Home Affairs Minister in the Scullin Government) have lived at Forrest for years, and remain there even in the recesses. Their young family has grown up in Canberra, and one girl and one boy have found positions in the city. Senator Macdonald, elected with the Queensland Labor three at the last poll, has also set up house here. With Mrs. Macdonald and their family he is living at Manuka, and last year was president of the Manuka Football Club. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchin, from Tasmania, sometimes take a furnished house for the sessions.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forde, who live at Wagga, although Mr. Forde (Deputy Leader of the Opposition) is Labor member for Capricornia, in Queensland, intended to buy a house at Mugga, but the idea was abandoned. We were terribly disappointed, for Frank intended to include among the furnishings a lion skin he had captured after a little hunting at Taronga Park.

When Mr. Frank Baker, Labor member for Oxley (Q.), and one of Parliament's juveniles, joined the benedicts in 1932, he rented a house at Reid, but nowadays he and his pretty young bride prefer hotel life when in Canberra.

Most of the wives live at one or other of the hotels. There is a free and friendly atmosphere, and plenty of bridge, a game at which the ladies are uncommonly expert.

One of them has a special talent in addition—the wife of Colonel Blacklow, U.A.P. member for Franklin. She was formerly Miss Geraldine Rivers, and at a concert last year proved that her voice had not suffered from the diversion of other interests.

One quite young woman, the wife of Mr. T. White, Customs Minister, supplies a link with the past, for she is the daughter of the renowned Deakin, one of our earliest Prime Ministers.

CLERIC *Bans* LIPSTICK *at* COMMUNION

"Those who use lipstick must refrain from Communion," is the decree of the Rev. Humphrey Whitby, vicar of the fashionable church of St. Mary the Virgin, Sloane Square. This decree caused quite a sensation among the habitual users of lip rouge who attend the church.

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

THE chalice is, hereafter, to be withheld from made-up lips.

"It is not my desire to refuse Communion to anyone," explained Father Whitby. "But to my mind the use of lipstick at Holy Communion offends not only against good taste, but is unhygienic, too.

"It is very unpleasant for other people receiving the chalice. So I have had to decide that those who do not choose to remove their lipstick shall receive the Host only.

"Fortunately there are not many instances to which exception can be taken, but the few that have occurred have made this step necessary.

"Personally, I do not like lipstick at all, but outside the church it has nothing to do with me."

The chaplain to the Bishop of London said Father Whitby's action was thoroughly justified. Enlarging on the theme, he said, "It is the duty of any incumbent to see that communicants present themselves properly apparelled.

"Usually the good taste and common sense of parishioners is sufficient, and I do not recall the question of lipstick being raised in a London church before.

"There is no canon to deal with the matter. Lipstick, I believe, was used in the time of Abraham, but later fell into disuse. So when the canons were formulated there was no occasion to refer to it. Now, I think, the whole question is covered by the requirements of 'proper attire.'"

IT'S an old truth that we get accustomed to everything in this world. But I almost believe that we get most accustomed to the things that shock us most at first."—Edward Knoblock, from "The Ant Heap."

P.KLEEMO LTD.

217 CLARENCE ST.

Wholesale suppliers to London and Sydney Jewellers for Seventy Years, offering their Fine Quality Diamonds to the Public at their Regular WHOLESALE PRICES

Sydney residents are saving considerable money on ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Now all Australia has the same opportunity.

We are printing an illustrated catalogue: WRITE FOR ONE POST FREE

WE ACCEPT DEPOSITS

You can take delivery any time before Xmas, and at our REGULAR WHOLESALE PRICES

P.KLEEMO LTD.

Frederic Maeder, non-electric

PERMANENT WAVE

ETON CROP 15/-
SHINGLE 17/6
LONG HAIR £1/1/-

(No extras).

Written guarantee for nine months, or until your wave grows out.

No Machine
No Electricity
No Pain

Our 14 years' experience is emphasised in our work. Our slogan, "GOOD WORK PAYS." Try us.

"MARILS"

169 OXFORD STREET

TOP END.

Opposite McIlraths.

YOUR FEET ARE SO IMPORTANT!

REMEMBER: Tired, aching feet bring wrinkles to smooth cheeks

MAKE
Walking
Standing
Dancing
A PLEASURE
By Consulting

LOUISE DAY

61 Market St., Sydney

Telephone: M4380.

WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

1 BILE BEAN —*each night*

MAINTAINS GOOD HEALTH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604934

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

"STATE SALARY"

HAVING been keenly interested in the various discussions raised by letters to our paper, I would like to ask readers their opinions of the employer who advertises a vacancy on his staff, and, after asking for full particulars, ends his advertisement with the words, "State salary expected."

It seems to me that "hard times" have made some people altogether too greedy. There have been so many offers of cheap labor in the past, that many employers now hate to quote a fair wage. Surely they know what they are prepared to pay, whereas the applicant cannot know what the duties cover, at least until an interview is granted.

Of course, there may be another aspect to this matter, which I overlook, but what do other readers think about it?

£1 for this letter to Miss K. Browne, Box 887G., G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

MOTHERHOOD DEGRADED

EVERY woman must feel the truth of the editorial, "Motherhood Degraded" (4/8/'34). With nations increasing armaments and the industrial and monetary systems failing, why should a woman be urged to raise children? There is little inducement from the powers that be to do so. What is wanted is comfort and a measure of independence for the youngsters that are here. It is noticeable that it is the men who are urging increased births—women have every right to refuse to oblige them.

Mrs. J. Turner, 6 Andersons Rd., Hawthorn, Melbourne E3.

❖ ❖ ❖

A UNIQUE TRIBUTE

I CAN report one unique tribute to the humor of Mr. L. W. Lower. An acquaintance has named her cat after him, and to see puss running to her when she calls "Lennie!" never fails to raise a laugh.

Mrs. J. A. Hayward, Cecil Ave., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

MONEY TROUBLES

YOUNG folk about to be married should have an understanding beforehand about money matters. Here are two genuine cases: Firstly, the husband hands his pay envelope to his wife just as he receives it, and she does the buying, even to his tobacco. He has no pocket-money at all. Secondly, the husband does the buying. If his wife wants a packet of pins, an overcoat, or anything, she has to ask her husband to get it for her.

I think a better way is for each to have a small amount which they can call their own, or share and share alike as far as possible. What do readers think?

Mrs. A. J. Brabbins, Swan Port, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

WEAR HIGH HEELS

HOW often it is that we hear people—mostly elderly—deploring the high heels worn by the modern girl. Many and varied are the evil results they predict, yet Miss Modern trips on, apparently none the worse. Why criticise her for what she wears? It is her business anyway. Personally, I think high heels are infinitely smarter than sports or Cuban heels, and more comfortable. An American actress' advice (which I have proved) is for all bashful girls to wear high heels—it gives them poise. Has anyone else found this?

Miss Winifred Stuart, 143 Stuart St., Toowoomba, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

CENTENARY STAMP

THE reason for the design chosen for our Centenary stamp is quite obvious, Miss Mansfield. The picture of the blackfellow and view of Melbourne make an excellent interpretation of the passing of the century.

There are few people overseas ignorant enough to imagine that Australians are black. Our soldiers made themselves known to the world in the Great War, and since then many of our people have visited countries all over the world.

Mrs P. C. Chapman, 48 Parkside St., Esternwick, Vic.

The Manly Form Revealed in Trunks!

IN answer to John McGee's letter (28/7/'34), I sincerely hope that we shall never see men parading our beaches in trunks. I think it would be a most repulsive sight.

Surely they can get all the sunbaking they require wearing a modern bathing costume. I do not think that a half nude male with his hairy chest is an object for admiration, and I am sure that other women readers will agree with me.

Mrs. E. G. Woodger, Raleigh St., Blakehurst, N.S.W.

Must Be Brown

BEFORE men can successfully wear trunks on the beach they will have to overcome the prejudice of the uninitiated and also face the possibility of women being tempted to follow suit by dispensing with rather more of their costumes than is desirable. There is nothing either repulsive or ludicrous about a muscular male torso, provided that it is brown.

Mrs. W. Foster, Merri Cres., Warrnambool, Vic.

Why Not?

IN answer to John McGee (Women's Weekly, 28/7/'34), I do not see any reason at all why men should not wear trunks alone. When a man goes on the beach he goes for a sunbath and a swim. How is one to have a sunbath hampered with a costume? And isn't it far better when swimming to have on as little as possible?

Some women, perhaps, would think them repulsive, but there are always a certain few opposed to anything modern. I, for one, say, "Why not wear trunks?" and I know there are others who will say so, too.

Mrs. G. K. Yorkston, jun., Kenya, Dulacca, Western Line, Qld.

Hairy Chests

IN answer to John McGee's letter (28/7/'34). In my opinion trunks for men should not be allowed on Sydney beaches. A man is quite able to display his fine physique to advantage in a respectable bathing costume.

Many men look bad enough just by showing black, hairy legs. What would they look like displaying equally hairy chests and bulging muscles and ribs?

What girl would want to romp and play on the beach with a man who was naked to the waist?

Kay Hearfield, 16 Norman St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

Those Girls Who Smoke In Public!

SMOKING, to my mind, is no worse in a woman than in a man, but to see a woman smoking in public is rather apt to cheapen her in the eyes of the men and women around her. If she must smoke, let her do it in private.

I spoke to my father on the subject. "Well," quoth he, "a woman is somehow looked upon to be finer than a man in all respects, and this could hardly be termed 'fine.'"

So from the point of view of a mere man—if we must smoke, don't let us make ourselves look cheap, and rather coarse.

Miss Molly Sheehan, c/o. P.O., Belmore.

Must Discriminate

BRIGHT young things are allowed a certain amount of licence. Miss Potter (28/7/'34). We look with amused tolerance upon their efforts to appear daring or super-sophisticated. Provided that she is young, slim, and attractive, a feminine smoker can publicly smoke cigarette after cigarette and carry it off, because nobody is at all surprised.

But as for matronly or ageing women . . . Oh, no! They cannot imitate their younger sisters in this respect without appearing either foolish or vulgar, or both.

No, like the latest in bathing costumes, indiscriminate public smoking is not for every woman.

E. M. Murtagh, c/o. Brassall P.O., Ipswich, Qld.

FAMILY SHOPPER NEEDED

THERE must be many middle-aged housewives who wish they could do something to help fill the family exchequer.

There is a great need for a "family shopper"—one who would be a boon to mothers—who are unable to take their young children shopping in busy cities, to country women, and to the sick and aged.

A small commission could be charged.

Who more able to understand the needs of a family than one who has brought up one of her own, and thus put the knowledge gained to helping herself and others?

Miss Lillie Wilkins, Winthrop Ave., Hollywood, W.A.

Men Writers for This Page . . .

MRS. L. MILNE'S assertion (28/7/'34) that this page should be kept entirely for women is a mistaken one. The fact that men write to it is sufficient proof that they read it and therefore take an interest in it.

I have travelled extensively through Queensland and have found on many occasions equally as many men in possession of The Australian Women's Weekly as women. In the Far West, where mail is only delivered once weekly. I've seen it in contractors' camps, and that, mark you, is territory where white women are as scarce as good politicians.

Throughout its forty-odd pages there are probably only the two fashion pages that most men don't look at.

R. Cameron, Theodore, D.V. Line, Qld.

Very Enlightening

I DO not agree with Mrs. Milne (28/7/'34). Quite a number of men whom I know read and appreciate The Australian Women's Weekly. For this reason alone I think it quite right that our columns should be open to them as well as to women. Their contributions to subjects under discussion are often very enlightening, especially as they so often are the subject under discussion.

Miss G. A. Colegrave, 16 Longmore St., St. Kilda, S2, Vic.

Women One-sided

IT is interesting to note that a "So They Say" contributor objects to letters sent by men, on the ground that they are uninteresting. The hostile attitude of such women has probably caused all men with interesting ideas not to write. It will be a pity if they discontinue, as the letters by women continually presented are apt to become biased and one-sided because of the lack of opposition—opposition which, after all, is the only way to establish a bond of sympathy between the views of men and women.

Gloria Counsell, The Garden School, Stanton Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Paper for Women

RE Mrs Milne's letter (28/7/'34). I think that as this is a paper for women, the women should at least have one page to themselves.

Let the men criticise us elsewhere, but not here. We want this page in which to air our own views, and if men are allowed to add their opinions they may in time monopolise the page.

Miss N. Martin, 43 Cowper St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Men Should Write

I READ with interest one of your readers' letters on the subject of "Men Not Wanted." My views are, why shouldn't men write to the "So They Say" page? Women have entered just about every realm of men's lives, occupations, etc. If this is a paper for women only, why mention any masculine subject at all?

Miss K. Doudle, Coulta, West Coast, S.A.

Mere Male Speaks

I WAS amused at Mrs. L. Milne's letter (28/7/'34) in which she stated that this page should be kept solely for women and that men's letters were uninteresting. Rather amusing, too, that her letter was placed next to the column entirely devoted to answers to one of the "uninteresting" letters, thus showing how ridiculous her sweeping statement was.

As a regular reader of The Australian Women's Weekly I have noticed that the occasional letters sent in by men have been far from uninteresting, and have generally brought forth many thoughtful letters from women readers.

Let's hope that this paper will never come to the stage where men are debarred from having equal opportunities with women for expressing their opinions.

H. Witcher, Box 231, Mildura, Vic.

An Admission

RE Mrs. L. Milne's letter (28/7/'34). Why shouldn't men's letters be published on this page? The page is for women, but if a man has anything to say which is of interest to women he should be allowed to say it. If women exclude men from "So They Say" discussions it looks like an admission that men in general are better letter-writers than women. This, of course, is not so, but wouldn't it be a pity to let the men think it?

Mrs. G. Stockwell, Dayboro', Qld.

UNHYGIENIC PRACTICES

MRS. MARY STATON'S letter re the water-glass at the railway waiting-room is only one of the many examples of unhygienic practices which amount to criminal negligence. I will quote a case I saw this week. In one suburb I noticed in no less than six houses bread on the doorstep and milk on the window-sill. Dogs were sitting alongside the bread at two of the dwellings, and a cat was on his hind legs enjoying a good big drink of the family milk supply. Imagine the filth that is conveyed to the doorsteps by the shoes that have passed over it, and the germs left in the jug by the cat!

Miss Enid E. Sommers, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

FRENCH MENUS

WHY is it that in restaurants and at banquets so much French is used in compiling the menus? For those who are not linguists, titles of dishes are most confusing. There is no indication of the method of cooking, and if it were not for the sequence on the menu one would hardly know what dishes to order in halting French. This makes one feel self-conscious and detracts from the enjoyment of the meal.

Mrs. G. Walsh, c/o Bridge Rd. P.O., Richmond, E1, Vic.

ETIQUETTE

SHOW interest when other people are talking. Don't be listless or indifferent.

❖ ❖ ❖

A WIFE'S DUTY

I AM of the younger generation and would like some of the older readers' opinions about the following subject:

Should wives be expected to get up and help their husbands off to work, no matter what hour of the night it be? I know some husbands who always like to get themselves a cup of tea, etc., before going on night-shift. Others insist on their wives getting up with them. It is my contention that if a husband is kind and considerate enough to prepare his own little meal then it is not selfish and lazy of his wife, who has a hard day's work ahead of her, to let him do so. But I cannot get anyone to agree.

Miss Joan Henry, Lake Vista, Belmont, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE PERFECT CUSTOMER

IN one of your recent issues there was an article about the perfect waitress, one paragraph which struck me as deserving of a little more space. This paragraph referred to the fact that some people seemed to consider a manner verging upon absolute rudeness to be "the thing" when giving an order to a waitress.

In a fairly wide experience as a waitress I have encountered only too much of this, mostly, I am ashamed to say, from our own sex. I have seen girls who were normally quiet and easy-going, but who were worn out mentally and physically from a long day's attention and service, break down utterly because of half a dozen thoughtless words that could have been very well left unsaid.

Give thought in future, gentle ladies, to the waitress who tries to anticipate your want and is so unfailingly cheerful.

Mrs. W. Cunningham, Woolgoolga, via Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

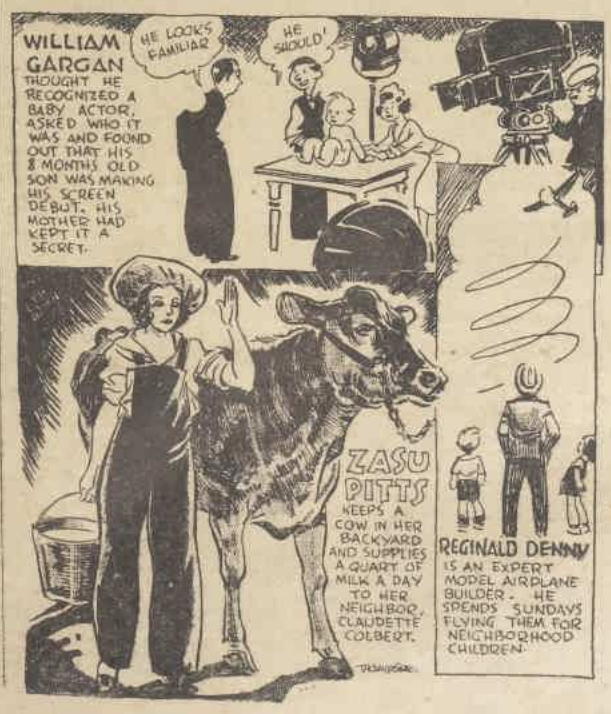
BE SYSTEMATIC

WHY are women not more business-like in their homes? If they had a timetable with various duties allotted for certain hours, and stuck to those hours, they would find their work much better done. After all, the task of running a house efficiently is as much a business as anything else.

Mrs. E. D. Gill, Ridgelands, via Rockhampton, Qld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604935

Has the real beauty of your teeth *been hidden by seven stains?*

YOU may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action — fail thoroughly to remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's *why* Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

8.294 ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

Australian Sunshine Fruits Currants, Sultanas, Raisins

It is advisable to always have on hand some cake for afternoon teas, etc. ONE that keeps well is—

A PLAIN FRUIT CAKE

MAKE ONE TO-DAY — HERE IS THE RECIPE

6 oz. butter.
6 oz. sugar.
3 eggs and a little milk.
6 oz. plain flour.
6 oz. self-raising flour.
6 oz. sultanas.
6 oz. currants.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, and beat in well; add milk with a few drops of essence of vanilla or almond. Mix fruit through the sifted flour, and then add gradually to the butter mixture. Put in a greased tin, lined with paper, and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg.) for 1½ hours. Half a nutmeg grated or a teaspoon of cinnamon may be used as a change from the essence.

Send for
THE NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK Obtainable FREE
THE VICTORIAN DRIED FRUITS BOARD
623 Collins St., Melbourne, C1.

The Postage on this coupon is ONE PENNY if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope. Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mrs. or Miss) (Block letters) .....
ADDRESS .....
W.W. 18/8/34

MUSIC *of the* WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Percy Grainger for the Air!

TWO Australians have come home—Florence Austral, one of the greatest dramatic sopranos in the world, and Percy Grainger, one of the most provocative pianists and creative musicians. Both are here to give concerts, and both figure in the programmes of the Broadcasting Commission.

* * *

AUSTRAL has already sung twice to her radio audience, and now Grainger is to play to us through the national stations on August 25 during a programme offered by Professor Bernard Heinze and the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra in the Town Hall.

* * *

THE first part of the programme is devoted entirely to orchestral works which introduce to listeners some lesser-known compositions for string orchestra. Notable among these are the "Ballade No. 7" of Guillaume de Marchante and English church music of the late 16th century arranged by Peullare.

New Piano Music

AFTER an interlude, which, I believe, will be a talk under the auspices of the British Medical Association, Percy Grainger is to be heard as solo violinist in a concertino for piano and orchestra by Carpenter, one of the best-known living American writers. The concertino was composed in 1915.

An opportunity then will be given of hearing Grainger in one of his own compositions, a suite, "In a Nutshell". This will be its first performance in Australia.

It is Percy Grainger's custom to chat to his listeners when giving a recital, telling them about the music and its composers. Something of the sort would not be out of place on this occasion.

Fritz Hart Conducts

ANOTHER important relay will come from Melbourne on August 19 (Sunday evening). This will open with forty-five minutes of unfamiliar music by familiar composers. This has been arranged by Fritz Hart, the well-known conductor-composer, who is responsible for paraphrasing three pieces by Bach which will be played by Gertrude Healy, violinist.

Mr. Hart is director of the well-known Albert Street Conservatorium which is known also as the Melba Conservatorium owing to its close association with the late Dame Nellie.

An Englishman of Irish extraction, Fritz Hart has to his credit a number of operas, some of which are based on the Irish legends. He also has written piano and vocal works and his musical activities include the conductorship of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra on many successful occasions. During the past two or three years Mr. Hart has extended his work beyond Australia, for he has acted as guest conductor of the orchestra in Honolulu. In fact he has but recently returned from the third of these engagements.

Prize-winning Works

MR. HART, by the way, won the big prizes in the last Australian Composers' Competition with his symphonic suite, "The Bush," and "Jolly's Credo" for chorus and orchestra, the latter of which was regarded by the judges as the most significant work among all the manuscripts received, and which, by the way, we have not yet heard.

Taught by Melba

IN association with Mr. Hart in his August 19 programme are Lilian Stott and Gertrude Healy. Miss Stott, a soprano, is on the teaching staff of the Albert St. Conservatorium. She studied with Melba, and sang at the prima donna's funeral service at Scots Church.

Fritz Kreisler, when he was in Melbourne some years ago, was warm in his praise of Gertrude Healy. The late Professor Marshall Hall also was numbered among her admirers, and undertook her early training. She studied under Eberhardt in Berlin, and Albert Sammons in England. Her travels included successful concert work in the United States. Now she is a prominent Melbourne soloist and teacher.

N.S.W. "Con." Broadcast

IT seems as though there is to be closer co-operation between the New South Wales State Conservatorium and the Broadcasting Commission, for the fifth subscription concert of the season by the "Con" Orchestra under the baton of the new director, Dr. Edgar Bainton, is to be relayed nationally on August 22.

There is plenty of variety in the works to be submitted which comprise the Beethoven "Leonore" Overture No. 3; Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll"; the Sibelius poem, "En Saga"; the Lalo "Concerto in F Minor" (with Florent Hoogstoel as solo violinist); and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations.

An additional feature will be Ila Turnbull (soprano) singing "Voi che Sapete" and "Deh Vieni" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

MARIE BREMNER

A Delius Sonata

WITH many folk the music of the late Frederick Delius is an acquired taste but for the listener who already admits the fascination of the Englishman's writing there should be enjoyment in the performance of the "Sonata No. 3" for violin and piano by Dora Ranclaud and G. Faunce-Allman from 2FC on August 19.

This recital is the first of a series of six featuring twentieth century composers arranged by the Musical Association of N.S.W.

Marjorie Skill

FEW singers can lay claim to such a number of teachers as Marjorie Skill, the lyric soprano who is programmed for several items from 2FC on Monday night, August 20. First a student of the Sydney Conservatorium, she later studied with half a dozen teachers for Italian, French, top notes, technique and interpretation. Miss Skill believes that having had a good foundation for her vocal work this variety of later teachers was all to the good.

Miss Skill takes an active interest in public musical activities, being a former organising secretary of the Music Week movement with which she is still closely connected. She also is a hard worker for the Music Lovers' Club.

Lecture on Elgar

VIVIAN W. PETERSON, well-known choir conductor, is to talk on "Elgar and His Music" at 8 o'clock on Monday afternoon, August 20 from 2FC. I think it actually is one of the lectures in the secondary schools section of the Educational Broadcasts scheme.

Poulshnoff's Return

AFTER his successful tour of New Zealand, Poulshnoff went to Brisbane, where he is now enjoying a splendid season. When he returns to Sydney he will give a concerto concert in the Town Hall on August 23. Presiding at the keyboard and simultaneously directing an orchestra of forty-five, Poulshnoff will play Liszt's "E Flat", Rachmaninoff's "Second" and Mendelssohn's "G Minor".

Clement Q. Williams

IT is good to see the artistic Sydney baritone, Clement Q. Williams, back on the air again after a brief illness. He is to provide an interesting bracket of songs from 2GB on August 21, among them being "The Opium Smoker", "Lord Randal", "Aubade", and "L'Heure Exquise".

Marie Bremner

MISS MARIE BREMNER, the well-known star of many of J. C. Williamson's musical shows, who recently returned to Sydney after a successful tour of South Africa (where she played the name part in "Rose Marie") and a visit to London, will give the seventeenth tea recital in David Jones' auditorium next Monday afternoon at 3.30 (20/8/34).

This petite and beautiful stage favorite will appear in old world costume, and will sing a number of English folk songs. Mr. Lindley Evans, who is one of the four professors of the Sydney Conservatorium giving these musical lecture-recitals each week, will accompany Miss Bremner.

Won Two £100 Prizes For Shareholders on Monday!

ALTHOUGH the major prizes all went A-is the country in last Monday's Lottery, the 210th, Lucky Fred won his share of the £100 PRIZES, by giving ten lucky clients a welcome win with their shares in tickets numbers 96374 and 26285, each of which won £100.

Apart from these wins, many more lucky shareholders won prizes of £20, £10, and £5.

Over £66,000

Fred's luck over the past few Lotteries has been most consistent, and his wins in last Friday's and Monday's Lotteries bring his enormous total to over £66,000, every penny of which he has given to lucky shareholders.

£1,000 Quickly

If you hold a share in the winning ticket when Lucky Fred wins his next FIRST PRIZE you receive £1000 quickly, because shares are sent in the very next State lottery to be drawn. Luck comes when you least expect it. TO-DAY may be your lucky day.

GOOD LUCK COUPON

HOW TO SEND IN.

For any of these offers you must cut out this coupon, and—

FOR A FIFTH SHARE SEND 1/6.
FOR FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS, SEND 5/6.

Simply Buy your Postal Note, attach this coupon and be sure to send a self-stamped addressed envelope, bearing your own name and address.

Your shares will be sent by return mail in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

If to-day's your lucky day, then £1000 is yours next week. You know the address—

LUCKY FRED, Desk W.W. Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

GLASSCLOTHS BATH-TOWELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

FOR YOUR FREE BATH TOWEL SAVE: 40 crosses from 10 large bars of Siren Soap. FOR YOUR FREE GLASSCLOTH SAVE: 24 crosses from 6 large bars of Siren Soap. Take your crosses to: Gift Showroom, 305 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney, GP, Ground Floor, Parkes House, 8-14 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, or send personally, post your crosses, with your name and address, to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney, stating number of wrappers enclosed and gift required.

OFFER OPEN TILL 31st DEC.

SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604936

"Now we can Furnish"

THE SUNDAY SUN AND GUARDIAN, AUGUST 12, 1934.

W. W. CAMPBELLS'

will allow 2 YEARS TO PAY

AUGUST SPECIAL. Furnish on the "50 Pay Way" (50 Fortnightly payments). This remarkable plan for completely furnishing the home is available in the Metropolitan Area during August.

LOWEST DEPOSITS IN SYDNEY. You can also make smaller, or any, purchases on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest in Sydney, too.

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 87/6.
Oak Loughboy, has sliding trays, trouser rails, and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
The Oak Bedstead has strong, adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6.
(KAPOK Mattress, pure JAPARA, is 26/9 extra.)
Bed Settee is reliably made with closely woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two-tone finish. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6 (without cushion).
Cushion extra according to quality.

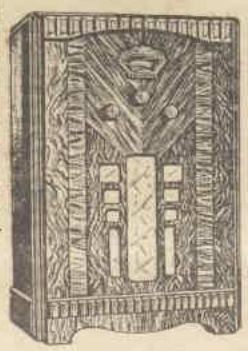
FINAL TEST SPECIAL!

Further Release of Limited Number of 5-Valve Superhets at

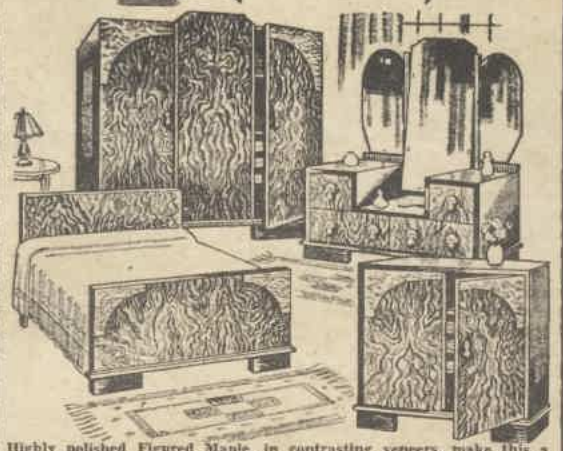
Reduced Cash Price **£12/19/6**

This Model, The "Clarence," can be secured on

15/- DEPOSIT **3/6** WEEKLY



Free Delivery,
Free Service,
Free Installation.
Guaranteed 12 Months.
Immediate Metropolitan Delivery of this Model, as illustrated, on Cash or Terms as above.



Highly polished Figured Maple, in contrasting veneers, make this a particularly handsome Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre Dressing Table has extra large Cheval Mirror and two shaped wing-mirrors. Examine the unique design and perfect finish. Introductory Cash Price, £18/18/-. (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

18/6 DEPOSIT **4/6** WEEKLY

GENUINE LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

5/3, 5/11, 7/6 PER YARD

IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

3/3, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

	8ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Usual Value:	£6/10/-	£7/10/-	£8/10/-	£9/10/-
NOW AT—	£4/19/6	£5/19/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6

Upholstered furniture cannot be judged by the price or the cover, but this handsome suite is remarkable value. It is full size and deeply sprung, and is designed for comfort and long wear. Beautiful Genoa Velvet gives a very rich appearance. This week's Cash Price, £12/19/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

14/- DEPOSIT **3/6** WEEKLY

249 CLARENCE ST.

(One door from Market St.) SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604937

MARGARET SULLAVAN and Douglass Montgomery are seen here in the Berlin attic where they live during their days of direst poverty in "Little Man, What Now?" to be released in Australia shortly.

FILM STARS *in* CONFLICT

Margaret Sullavan —*and*— Gloria Stuart *in a Studio War!*

IT is not all peace and bliss by any means when you have achieved the high estate of a film star. Others are continually menacing your supremacy. A later favorite may overshadow you with the public, or, what is perhaps even harder to bear, may be granted certain privileges and amenities in the studio itself that were until her advent tangible signs of your undisputed sway.

The newcomer, too, may find her position in these circumstances uncomfortable.

THUS it has come about, so we are told, that Gloria Stuart and Margaret Sullavan, who have for months occupied adjoining dressing rooms at Universal City, "do not speak." As a matter of fact they have never met. And so far, no one in Hollywood has had the courage to introduce them to each other.

Actually the trouble arose over this question of dressing rooms. For two years Miss Stuart had had the nicest dressing-room on the Universal lot, and had reigned as studio queen unchallenged. Then came Miss Sullavan, a much-heralded, much-feted newcomer. She got the dressing-room. Its previous occupant moved next door, into another quite nice room, but naturally she was more than a little peeved.

Coveted Roles

THE friction was increased by the decisions of casting directors. The prize role of that time was the heroine's part in "Only Yesterday." This was coveted by half the leading ladies in Hollywood, and by none more than by Miss Stuart who, in a way, had a prior claim if the picture was to be made by Universal. Yet the part was given to her rival.

A further disappointment was in store for the erstwhile reigning favorite when "Little Man, What Now?" was cast. The star role in that, too, was given to Miss Sullavan. "That was a real heartbreak," Miss Stuart confessed to an interviewer recently. Ever since she had known of the book, she had regarded the playing of that part as the fulfilment of an ideal.

In fact, she was under the impression that the film rights had been acquired by the studio with her in mind for leading lady. So, not to play it herself was bitter enough. But to see the part given to the girl who had already stepped in before her over the other picture was too much. The usually serene and amiable girl, who has inherited a certain amount of calm philosophy from her Scottish ancestry, went off pop, and behaved in a way distinctly more characteristic of her temperamental Irish rival.

A NEW PORTRAIT of Margaret Sullavan, who stars in "Little Man, What Now?"

She sought out the production manager and said she thought she had better leave. All the big parts were being given to a latecomer whose eccentricities caused the studio a great deal of worry.

To pacify her it was suggested that she might like the feminine lead in "Glamour," a film version of Edna Ferber's novel. She went happily away to San Francisco for a holiday, and there read in a newspaper that the part had been assigned to Constance Cummings.

* * *

THIS spell finish. Miss Stuart had just had an offer from an editor on whose staff she had worked as reporter in California before going into pictures, to join his new paper in Shanghai. And she decided that it would be a blessed relief to get out of pictures and as far away as possible.

However, just as she had packed and was ready to leave for China, she was tempted back to the studio once more. She has now quite got over her indignation, and is convinced that making a scene turned out a useful way of demonstrating her claims.

She has got over all hard feelings towards Miss Sullavan, too, but says that she will never quite recover from the disappointment of "Little Man."

What Miss Sullavan thinks of the role, and how highly she regards the opportunity to play it, may be judged from her words quoted below.

Life and Love

"WHEN a woman falls deeply in love," says Miss Sullavan, "she is ready to sacrifice everything at the dictates of her heart, and material things do not enter into the question. Misfortune or privation only serve to draw her closer to the man to whom she has given her affection, and to make her more of a helpmeet than before. A wife likes to feel that she is doing her share in facing the world and its fickle fortunes, and that she and her husband are on an equal footing when it comes to making life a success. Nothing is so sure a test of true love as a touch of poverty.

"These are the ideas which animate the character I play in my latest picture, and they so closely parallel my own that I feel I have put my heart into the role. In the story Douglass Montgomery and I are seen as a young couple undaunted by the cruelties of the world-wide depression because they have youth—and each other."—B.T.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars— excellent.*
★★ *Two stars— good films.*
★ *One star— average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★★ MURDER AT THE VANITIES

Carl Brisson, Victor McLaglen, Kitty Carlisle. (Paramount.)

SOME magnificent photography occurs in the spectacular stage numbers presented here. Besides this there are the thrills of a backstage drama which constantly threatens to interrupt the first night performance, and necessitates calling in the police. The harassed producer is Jack Oakie who, even after one murder has been discovered in the flies and another later on committed on the stage itself, skilfully induces the rather blundering police lieutenant (Victor McLaglen) to grant a respite and pursue his investigations without ringing down the curtain.

Carl Brisson, the Danish actor who has been for some years a favorite of the London stage, plays the romantic lead. This newcomer to Hollywood is certainly a find, for he is conspicuously handsome as well as being a good singer and the possessor of a pleasant speaking voice. He and McLaglen, whose sleuthing is varied now and then by delightedly inspecting the ballet at close range, divide the acting honors. But the most abiding impression left by the film is the beauty of the island scene where the castaway Brisson stands on a shore lapped by breakers made of softly-waving fans, and of the Spanish scene in which Gertrude Michael and her swains are attended by their shadows.—Prince Edward.

★★ WHERE SINNERS MEET

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke. (R.K.O.)

A. A. MILNE'S puckish trifle, "The Dover Road," comes to the screen substantially unaltered for three parts of its course, and proves itself once more under these different conditions an agreeable example of high comedy. It seems rather a pity that in the supposed interests of film audiences the delicate detachment of Mr. Latimer is not resumed again, as in the play, when the alarms and excursions of the two runaway couples have ceased to echo through his mysterious and conveniently situated mansion. But presumably if you cast Clive Brook for that part it has to fade away into romance.

Diana Wynyard is delightful as Ann. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Latimer is the only person who would appreciate her properly. And Reginald Owen, though slightly too farcical at the beginning, is masterly in his simultaneous management of breakfast and a shave plus a heavy cold. We thought there was an unnecessary amount of forming tours by the domestic staff, and Billie Burke overdoes her feminine fussiness just a little. But it is all very enjoyable.—State.

★★ GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante. (Fox.)

GREAT speed and efficiency characterise this revue, adapted by the producer from his own stage entertainment. As in other shows of this kind there is a profusion of spectacle, each phase of the revue being introduced by tiers of ballet girls, posed as if in the segments of a furling feather fan; and ingeniously dissolving views separate the sketches from each other. There is the usual allowance of crooning, too, for which Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye are mainly responsible. There is also a backstage romance between the pair, nearly spoiled by a designing millionaire's daughter (Adrienne Ames), but culminating in a surprise stage wedding.

Where the revue breaks into novelty is in some of its humorous turns and backstage episodes. We liked Jimmy Durante discussing wrestling technique with a friend due to give an exhibition in the ring, and Cliff Edwards drawing parallels between himself and King Henry VIII. These two and Vallee also do an amusing turn as pram-wheeling fathers.—Regent.

★ SHE MADE HER BED

Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (Paramount.)

WHAT is a wife to do who has learned in four years of married life that her husband is not only pretty inefficient as the support of the household, but also that he habitually bestows his casual affections upon any flash girl who sets herself out to allure him? That is the problem facing Sally Eilers in this picture, where she is married to Robert Armstrong, proprietor of a car park and summer camp attached to the ground where the annual county fair of the district is held. Miss Eilers, as one would expect, does her best to hold staunchly to her bargain, even when Richard Arlen, as a travelling medicine man, wishes to come to her rescue. Her hope of release is cancelled by the birth of a child. The situation is effectively posed, and the parts are acted with sincerity. But fate is kind in the end, as one might expect, too.

Those people who enjoy thrills are amply catered for. The wretched husband has a fancy for showing his prowess as a tamer of wild animals. He and a tiger are involved in a sensational finale in a burning house. Apart from the baby, who would in such circumstances be subjected to considerable nervous strain, the creature we felt sorriest for was the poor tiger.—Capitol.

★ THE OLD BUS

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Jack Percival, Jnr. (Universal.)

ANY film setting out details of "Smithy's" epoch-making flights must be of great interest, not only to aviators, but to the general public as well. This picture has the additional value of a preliminary section which traces the history of aviation in this country, where much of the actual pioneering in air transport was done by Lawrence Hargrave and others. In fact, this part with its glimpses of Hargrave and his box kites, Houdini, the magician who experimented in flying, W. E. Hart, the first man to gain a pilot's certificate in Australia, Ross and Keith Smith, the first to fly from England to Australia, and Parer and Macintosh, who landed at Darwin after their flight from Europe in a machine mended with wire, and with only a pint of petrol to spare, grips one's imagination entirely.

The latter part, which traverses the England to Australia route after dealing with Kingsford Smith's supreme achievement in flying the Pacific, has some well-selected and very varied scenes. The commentary is not up to the same high level, being quite unnecessarily facetious at times.—Liberty.

★ SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

Warner Baxter, Rosemary Ames, Mona Barrie, Rochelle Hudson (Fox).

WE own to a certain impatience as this film progressed. These tested players could have been given material more worthy of their powers. Not that the dialogue and story of the film are dull. They are too elaborately meretricious. And to wind up with one of these trial scenes made us feel we had a right to be peevish.

Little fools like the girl whom Rochelle Hudson represents may possibly exist, but they are tiresome excrescences to be cured or removed with despatch. There was altogether too much of this one before she had taken her unlamented leave. Then we should like to see Mona Barrie in a sympathetic role for a change. As for Rosemary Ames, who made a charming debut from Hollywood in "I Believed in You," she has a rather negative part, though it is obvious from the first that such an intelligent and devoted secretary will become something more to her novelist. But we doubted Warner Baxter as a best-selling word spinner, and were not convinced from the sample quoted at the end that under his wife's encouragement he was going to produce genuine literature. But perhaps she would manage to change the thrusting patterns of his wallpaper and furniture covers.—Regent.

★ HIS GREATEST GAMBLE

Richard Dix, Dorothy Wilson, Bruce Cabot. (R.K.O.)

THERE is a curious jumble and inversion of motive in this film that leaves one rather bewildered. It seems to be suggested that a gambler is a more satisfactory parent to bring up a child than one who favors a regular routine. All the sympathy goes to Richard Dix as the gambler. The mother is a hard, repressive person. Yet, however fascinating such a father might be to a nine-year-old daughter, to be put to sleep until midnight in casino cloakrooms, to go hungry sometimes, and to be perpetually trapsing round Europe from one gaming table to another would pall on the child herself probably in a year or two.

The author of the story has apparently drawn heavily for the mother's character on Edward Moulton Barrett, but in transposing the sex of the tyrannising parent has thrown the psychology out of gear. Mothers who drain the vitality of their daughters do not do it in that way.—Civic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604938

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

AN ATTRACTIVE study of Enid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Board, of Macleay Street, Potts Point. Enid is taking the part of Adonia Burns in "Trelawney of the Wells" at the Savoy on August 27 and 28. Beryl Bryant is the producer and this is "Doone's" first effort this year in aid of the Smith family funds.
—Women's Weekly photo.

In the . . . . Bachelors' Gallery

CLAUDE HEALY. . . tall, well-built on nice broad-but-slim lines. English complexion and voice. Notable figure in the ballroom, being considered, with Sam Hordern, one of Sydney's best dancers. Very athletic, vide Palm Beach surf, Royal Sydney Golf Club, and various tennis courts. Profession, broadcasting.

MY DEAR JULIET—

Hail and farewell parties always account for many of Sydney's social activities.

In this hospitable spot one has only to announce her intention of going a trip to have everyone rallying round with battalions of farewell parties and, as soon as the good ship is sighted on the home horizon again, the welcoming gatherings commence, assembling in force.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate are still being most enthusiastically welcomed. Mrs. E. Playfair was hostess at one of last week's big parties to them. Mrs. Harold Saxton, of Wallaroy Rd., gave one of this week's, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Mansfield have issued invitations to a dance to welcome home the travellers.

☆ ☆ ☆

GLORIA TERRY and Marjorie Luscombe Newman must have lost count of all the farewell parties given them! Gloria told me she attended five in one day. When they left by the Nankin last Saturday, the girls waved their adieux from the deck, which was piled deep in the flowers sent by friends. Both looked very charming.

Marjorie's black dress had huge balloon cuffs, intricately plaited in black and white. The white cloth collar was fitted at the back by cloth gardenias, and her black felt hat was lined with white and sported a gardenia on the brim.

Gloria was enveloped in a black topcoat, and added a smart buccaneer hat. After the boat had sailed, the girls' mothers gathered up some of the wharf-wavers and took them to the Australia for a little "till-we-meet" party! Dr. and Mrs. F. Wheatley, Mrs. Aleck Joske, Mrs. M. Stacpoole, Mrs. Clark, and Margaret Clive were among the guests.

FLORENCE AUSTRAL has been delighting us all with her gracious personality, and her glorious voice. Everyone has been wanting to welcome her back. She looked very smart in a schooner blue creation at the Musical Association's party in her honor. For the Lady Mayoress's morning tea party Austral chose a friar's brown tailleur, and a smart little gnome hat.

At her first Town Hall concert she was frocked in white, a diamond bracelet and shoulder spray of purple orchids being her only ornaments, and very regal she looked. In the audience were Lady Kelso King, in a mulberry lace frock and black velvet wrap collared with sable; Miss Olive King; Mrs. Neville Amadio, a sister-in-law of the famous flautist; Mrs. Jack Armstrong; Mrs. Eva Wunderlich; Mrs. Pritchard Bassett and her daughter, Besupre; Madame Emily Marks, Mrs. Hugh Ward, and many other well-known music-lovers.

☆ ☆ ☆

BERTHA CLARKE, who recently returned from Japan, is going to Melbourne shortly to do some broadcasting.

☆ ☆ ☆

KATHERINE LAW, of Melbourne, and Dorothy Armstrong are planning a tour through Europe next year. Both girls are nieces of Mrs. Jack Armstrong, of Edgecliff. Katherine's father, who is rector of St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, has written a play called "Nebuchadnezzar," which is attracting great attention from the critics.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS her two sisters are now settled in South Africa, Miss Dora Baber, daughter of Canon Baber, who was well-known in Sydney, is leaving here on August 22 to live in Pretoria.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS her son, Hugh, is now living in Queensland, Mrs. F. W. Allen combined paying him a visit with being present at the show week festivities, and is spending a month's holiday in Brisbane. While her mother is away Ruth is doing the housekeeping in between parties. She is quite good at the usual run of things, but does not attempt any "fancy" work, she says.

ABOUT 20 only of the 250 present at Miss Janet Stephen's ex-students' dance at the Forum Club on Friday evening played bridge in preference to dancing, but they had quite a gay time. Especially as two of the men, while the girls were engrossed in powdering their noses, took the opportunity of "stacking" all the cards with devastating results.

The bridge players also were admitted first to the supper-room which, with young people, is considered quite an advantage, however much supper there may be. Miss Stephen was presented with a basket of flowers, and welcomed among her "girls"; Barbara Ramsay, now recovered from her accident; Meg Smith, who is now working about 10 hours a day with Cinesound, and loving every minute of it, and tall, fair Dietje Andriesse.

☆ ☆ ☆

JEAN RUTHVEN, I hear, has only made one set so far for her trousseau, and she will either have to work very hard before October 4 when she is to be married, or do quite a lot of spending. Jean's bridesmaids are arranging a round of pre-wedding parties for her.

☆ ☆ ☆

AFTER a holiday in Brisbane, most enjoyable although she returned before a lot of the festivities took place, Mary Stephens is now back in Sydney. Mary has a beautiful soprano voice, and is working very hard with singing lessons, hoping to go abroad eventually to complete her studies.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE city is not the only place where amateur theatricals are thriving. In Penrith the School of Arts Dramatic Society has since November presented two plays, "Thark," and, last week, "Nothing But The Truth." Over £100 has already been spent in the costs of production. "Nothing But The Truth" will be revived early in September.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAVID JONES' have issued invitations to a sherry party to meet M. Drian, of Paris, this Thursday, August 16. M. Drian is a noted Paris couturier, who has designed frocks for many of the leading personages of Europe. The Queens of Belgium, Spain, Rumania, and Italy are included in his list of clients, which reads rather like a "Who's Who" of Royalty. He designed her wedding gown for Princess Marie Jose, of Belgium, and has designed frocks for most of the famous film stars, so a parade of the collection of frocks he has made for David Jones' will be a notable fashion event in this city.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS ENID DERHAM, lecturer in English at Melbourne University, and one of the three judges of the prize poem for the Centenary, spent a few days this week in Sydney at the Women's Club, en route to New Zealand, in the Aorangi. Although very intellectual, being the author of many poems, and formerly acting-professor of English Literature at Perth, there is nothing Miss Derham likes better than a picnic, and she is an ardent motorist.

On her return journey she hopes to see something of the N.S.W. countryside. When studying at Oxford recently she kept a spare room so that she could "put up" any Australian visitors she might meet. Miss Derham has many friends all over Australia.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN addition to the play at Royal Sydney and Australian golf clubs, there will be several parties, official and otherwise, in honor of the players in the women's Australian golf championship meeting, August 31-September 12.

Mrs. Halse Rogers is giving a cocktail party at her home in Darling Point Rd. on August 31, and the following day the Royal Sydney Associates will give the visitors a dinner. During the next week the Australian Club and the president of the union, Miss Cliff, will also give dinners.

MRS. DAVID AITKEN has let her flat at Darling Point, and is leaving for Barraba to visit her daughter, Lucille, now Mrs. L. V. Pattison. Mrs. Pattison will later motor her mother to Moree, where Mrs. Aitken may stay for a brief visit.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOAN HANNAM'S 21st birthday party on Monday was in the unusual form of a cocktail party. There was a cake, however, although it, too, was unusual. Though it looked an ordinary pink-icinged one, and had the usual candles round it, it was wholly composed of ice cream.

Wearing a floral georgette frock of red and white, which she found quite a change after the old-fashioned crinolines she has been wearing for her part in "Heritage," Joan welcomed Jocelyn Poynter, Jean Ruthven, Ruth Allen, Leila Forsaythe, Nancy McNaught, Audrey Connell, Joan Inglis, and Mrs. Jack Scott Fell, Dr. and Mrs. Roseberry, and many others.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS her family came from the south, Betty Brasch is off to Melbourne with hopes of a particularly enjoyable holiday. She could not wait until the Centenary celebrations there, for with her parents she leaves for England at the end of the year. They have already been abroad several times. Betty did part of her schooling at Ascham, and part overseas.

☆ ☆ ☆

NOW that the fleet has left on its spring cruise, young Mrs. Frank George is feeling very disconsolate, being without her bridegroom, although she is told that the Australia, in which Lieut. George is, will probably return to Sydney before the Canberra for a refit. Mrs. George does not play bridge, but is so very pretty, and unsophisticated, and pleased with any entertainment that offers, that she has already made a host of friends since her arrival from England.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS David Jones' ballroom was all "dressed-up" for the spring shows, to represent a Japanese garden, with cherry blossom and lanterns, the Medical Society had a charming setting for their ball last week, although I am sure that in a real Japanese garden one would hardly find such a colossal number of people.

Dancers included Nancy Corlette, who wore a frock made by herself, copying Norma Shearer's "Riptide" creation, with a white skirt and Oriental top; Joan Murray, whose father is a well-known Manly doctor, and who was a striking figure with dark halo plait, and her peach bloom skin offset by a brown satin trained gown; Hope Garling, very smart in a green, mauve, and black tartan frock, worn with black ear-rings, black flower, and black shoes; and Vera Blackburn, Eleanor Young, Leslie Eales, and May Crane.

AT the meeting at Beaumont House last week, arranged to forward the cause of Dr. Constance D'Arcy, who is standing for election to the University Senate, the speakers remarked that Dr. D'Arcy had been a member of the Senate for 15 consecutive years. But this record was not put down to her many intellectual attainments, nor even to her championship of the women's cause. "The men like to have Dr. D'Arcy on the Senate, because she has such a sense of humor, and such a genial disposition!" they said.

Helen Turner, B.Arch., in introducing the members of the Players' Club, who presented two plays, explained that the plays, "The Spinsters of Lush," and "One Hundred Not Out" (about a centenarian) were not chosen because they might be expected to be applicable for "blue stockings."

☆ ☆ ☆

ON Wednesday evening a lecture, illustrated with epidiascopic views, was given at the Lyceum Club by Mr. Arthur J. Vogan, F.R.G.S., on his recent archeological discoveries in Fiji, Mrs. Muscio presiding.

To illustrate the attitude of invading peoples towards the original owners of the various soils, the lecturer told the following anecdote. "What did the Pilgrims do when they first landed?" asked a teacher of his class. "Fell upon their knees, Sir." "Quite right, and what did they do next?" "Fell upon the Indians, Sir."

☆ ☆ ☆

CHERRY HALEY is once more back in Sydney, after holidaying with Mollie Williamson, at Collarenebri. She did quite a lot of riding, and visited many of the picnic race meetings of the north.

☆ ☆ ☆

VERY large parties were the order of the day at the N.S.W. Rugby Union's Ball at the Blaxland Galleries on Saturday—so were striking table decorations. Mrs. Alan Newton won the prize. Her winning decoration was a replica of the Maunganui, covered with wattle, and having its decks lined with footballers. Mrs. J. Greatorex, who entertained a party of 40, had two dozen balloons suspended above her table, with a miniature of a footballer hanging over each one.

Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hellman, from the Malay States; Mrs. J. Perrin (mother of the footballer, who unfortunately was injured during the afternoon), who was responsible for the boot filled with balloons, which were released at midnight; Gus Bluett, who took his friends on to dance at Ciro's until 4 a.m.; and Mr. Bert Francois, who was celebrating his birthday.

Jane Anne

Don't Tamper with that Little Cough

Get the Best Treatment at once

COLDS SHOULD BE QUICKLY CLEARED AWAY

Do not neglect a Cold at its commencement. It is too often then referred to as "just a simple cold." Remember that too many serious and fatal cases of Chest Affections had their commencement with "just a simple cold," and that correct treatment in the beginning obviates not merely expense later on, but grave anxiety and serious trouble which invariably follow the neglect of colds. Attack the first sign of a cold with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure and quick relief will follow.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure expels from the lungs disease germs, corruption and phlegm, and it heals. Sufferers from distressing cough, difficulty of breathing, pain or soreness in the chest experience delightful and rapid relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice.

Be sure you get "Hearne's" . . . there is nothing "just as good"

OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS &c.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604947

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Don Mackay, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mackay, has recovered after an appendicitis operation?

Betty and Nancy Allard have gone to Brisbane for Exhibition week?

Within the last few weeks, Barbara Warry has been twice a bridesmaid, and she is to 'maid Joan Osborne Wilkinson also?

Joyce Beasley is now staying in Paris with Muizie Cheriton, sister of "Cherry" of Doone?

Mrs. Urban Ley is convalescent and planning a trip to the Mountains?

Distinguished New Zealander

BRENDA GUTHRIE, M.B.E., distinguished New Zealander, is at present visiting Sydney and staying at Onslow Gardens. Miss Guthrie is the author of "New Zealand Memories," a most successful book.

The letters and notes written by her grandfather, the late Lieut.-Colonel Orr Guthrie, at the time of the Maori War, were her source of inspiration for this notable book.

Miss Guthrie is a niece of Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, who painted many of our famous men in London during the war years.

Talented Friends

A YEAR or so ago, Diana Herring and Vera Blackburn were "inseparables," a fact which Diana explained was largely due to Diana's sympathetic, if ignorant, attention while Vera "spouted" Virgil and other Latin authors at her, and Vera's sympathetic, if ignorant, attention while Diana "spouted" golfing to Vera.

Now Diana is in London, very successfully pursuing a musical career, and Vera, in the exhibition of the contemporary group of artists, has blossomed out with a lino cut which shows more than ordinary merit.

Intent on Shopping

MRS. WILLOUGHBY DOWLING, with her daughter Joan, has come down from their station in the North-West intent on Spring shopping. During their stay in town they are the guests of Mrs. Hubert Fairfax at Elaine.

Benefiting from Their Holiday

MARY HARVEY, who has already had a month in Brisbane, is so enjoying her holiday, after working hard all the year, that she is planning to stay away longer than she expected—perhaps another month. Sir John and Lady Harvey have just returned from a holiday at Moree, where they took advantage of the hot bore baths.

Sir John's health is much improved, and Lady Harvey has shaken off the nasty bronchial cold she had. The climate, too, suited them with cold, clear days, with frosty mornings, but no sign of fog, and their hotel, which has been renovated since it was burnt out by fire, was particularly comfortable and restful.

Reception at Rona

INVITATIONS are out for the wedding of Miss Janet Knox and Mr. Julian Simpson on August 27. The Knox family has always studiously avoided publicity. Probably this is why the invitations do not mention the church at which the wedding is to be celebrated. Guests are bidden "to a reception at Rona after the wedding." The reception, starting at 12.45, will be in the form of a luncheon.

Looking for a Home

AFTER many years abroad, Mrs. Ivor Etherington, who when she left Sydney was Winifred Gullett, returned some months ago with a grown-up daughter. Winifred Gullett used to live in one of Wahroonga's most beautiful old homes, Hindfel, where her father gave full rein to his passion for growing things, but Mrs. Etherington has been living in a flat since her return. At the moment she is very busy house-hunting, for her husband, two sons and her other daughter are due to arrive almost immediately.

Visiting Novelist

ON Monday, Mrs. Marie Irvine gave a party at the Macquarie Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Meynell, combining both afternoon tea and cocktails. There was a large musical programme given by Gwen Selva, Raymond Beatty and Nora Williamson. Mrs. Meynell is very interested in music. Her mother, Mrs. Darbyshire, when living in Australia, was well known as Kathrine Rickard, the pianist.

Mrs. Darbyshire has another talented daughter as well as Mrs. Meynell. Mrs. Meynell's younger sister is only twenty-one, but is already in her third year medicine at London University. She is a beautiful girl, with lovely titian hair, and has been painted by many well-known painters and "hung" in various art salons of London and Paris.

Two New Arrivals

TWO Sydney homes are rejoicing in new arrivals. Mrs. Bill Harvey, who was Beatrice Burney, has a little daughter and her friend, Mrs. F. Bedggood, who was Bonnie Kerr, is the proud mother of a son. Mrs. Harvey, also, has a three-year-old boy, but this is Mrs. Bedggood's first child.

Mrs. Harvey, who is a very fair beauty, lived on the North Shore before she married and settled in Rose Bay.

A Japanese Garden

ONE of the most delightful Japanese gardens in Sydney is that of Mrs. Charles Regan. The garden stretches the whole length of the verandah of her flat at Mount Stewart, Edgecliff, and is complete with tiny plants, bridges and pagodas.

It was much admired by guests whom she invited a few days ago to meet her elder daughter, Mrs. McEvilly Jordan, who is here on a visit from London. Mrs. Jordan and her husband, Dr. Jordan, are both collectors and recently purchased a Ming period cabinet at Christies.

News of Traveller

WRITING from the Cumberland, Mrs. M. D. Gavisson says this newest of London's luxury hotels has a staff of two thousand and such comfort!

She intended visiting Berlin and Amsterdam, but the trouble in both places caused her to cancel the trip. She is leaving for Oberammergau to see the Passion Play and expects to return via America a month later.

To Live in New Guinea

HELEN LINDEMAN and Dick Mant have now fixed their wedding date. The marriage will take place in December. Helen's departure for New Guinea will break up the long association at the Trade Commissioner's office of herself, Joyce Wilshire and Betty Gosper.

Although there is every convenience in the New Guinea wilds now, and Helen is thrilled at the idea of her new home, not every girl would relish such isolation. Her new home is, I hear, very high up in the world, and one has to climb some three hundred steps to get to the front door.

Engagements Cancelled

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Hubert Fairfax had many important engagements this week, including speaking to the Mothers' Union on Thursday afternoon, being in the chair at the meeting of the Picnic Ball Committee at the Australia on Friday morning and, with Miss Jeanie Ranken, part hostess at a bridge party at the Carlton on Friday afternoon, she has had to cancel them all. The reason is she has been called away from Sydney to her brother, who has been taken very ill.

Didn't Like Riots

MRS. RUPERT SCAMMELL, who has been holidaying in England and on the Continent, and having a marvellous time, has, however, decided to return home a month earlier than she had expected. She didn't like the Continental riots at all! She will probably travel through America, arriving in Sydney in December.

Moree Wedding

MOREE saw the impressive Anglican service of Nuptial Eucharist for the first time at All Saints' Church last week, when Rev. C. R. Rothero, assisted by Rev. H. E. West, officiated at the marriage of Miss Jessie Hartley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartley, of Moree, and Mr. Arnold Budd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Budd, of Murwillumbah.

The bride wore a lovely gown of the new dull-finished white lace and satin and a trailing tulle veil. Evelyn Budd, frocked in rose marocain with a matching picture hat, made a charming bridesmaid. The young couple will make their future home in Grafton.

A Popular Guest

LADY CAMPBELL WILLIAMS is still dividing her time in Sydney between staying with Mrs. Norman Lowe at Cremorne and with Mrs. Monty Severn at Bellevue Hill, both hostesses vying with each other to have her.

Lady Williams does not play bridge, but is very easy to entertain, being interested in every aspect of modern life and with a passion for the talkies. Her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Smith, is in Hollywood at the moment making a special study of pictures with a view to producing later in Australia.

Did You Notice—

Mrs. W. Arnott's earrings at the Lady Mayoress's party to Austral — one of coral, one of jet?

Mr. Robert Burns and Mr. Tom Moore sitting side by side at the League of Nations function last week?

Betty Poate's new fox fur coat, brought from England?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604948

GETTING in *First* on CRITICS of the *Pan-Pacific* CONFERENCE

Australian Women Who Will Attend at Meetings at Honolulu

By JULIA RAPKE

With the third conference of Pan-Pacific women in full swing, the critics are making their appearance and asking all the usual questions. They want to know what happens after discussions are ended, decisions reached, and resolutions passed.

These are the time-honored criticisms levelled at all organised groups, and they cannot be ignored.

MRS. JULIA RAPKE
—Lafayette, Adelaide.

THEREFORE, the six Australian women attending the Conference will have the responsibility of rendering, upon their return, an account of the deliberations at which they have been deputed to act for Australia. The question of implementing the resolutions arrived at will come later. Necessarily this task is chiefly educational.

The American women doubtless will follow their usual custom of organising lecture tours for the returned delegates to give first-hand information of the results of the Conference to their countrywomen. These contacts are made almost immediately while the material is still fresh enough to stimulate the national groups to action.

This procedure was followed to some extent in Australia after the first two Conferences, when every State was represented in our National delegation. This year, however, owing to the smaller number of delegates who are from Victoria and New South Wales only, and the vastness of this country itself, such a lecture tour would be impossible. Instead, the Western States and Queensland will have to depend on reports reaching them through the medium of their State sub-committees, which are in direct touch with the A.P.P.W.C. This will in no way minimise the work of carrying out the objectives of Conference and putting its decisions into effect.

o o o

DISCUSSION will centre round six main divisions; and nine studies arising out of them which have been prepared for Conference have been undertaken by Australian National Chairmen. In "Education," Miss Gilman Jones (Victoria) is responsible for general education, including vocational education, and Cinema and Radio is under the chairmanship of Miss Beatrice Tildesley (New South Wales). Mrs. H. A. Woodruff (Victoria) is responsible for "Home Economics." "Health" has three sub-sections, all under the guidance of Victorian women. Dr. Vera Scantlebury has charge of the infant and maternal Hygiene study, under Family Health, and Dr. Hilda Kincaird that of Diet and Teeth. Mental Hygiene and Industrial Hygiene are respectively under the control of Dr. Irene Sebire and Dr. Kate Mackay.

Big Programme

Miss Jean Daley, of Victoria, is National Chairman of "Industry"; Mrs. B. M. Rischbieth (West Australia) and Miss Lunn (South Australia) are Joint Australian Chairmen of the "National and International Relations" Section, and Mrs. Mildred Muscio (New South Wales) in that of "Social Questions."

As two of the International Project Directors are Australians, Dr. Ethel Osborne for "Industrial Health," and Miss Nora W. Collisson jointly with a New Zealander, Mrs. Marie Keesing, for "National and International Relations," the A.P.P.W.C. has had the advantage of hearing these two projects explained in detail. Miss Collisson, who stressed the importance of stimulating women to build up a broader framework of thought and knowledge to express better the results of their practical activities, holds the view that a major part of the Conference discussions will be taken up in dealing with this new section.

The outline or skeleton programme proposed was a broad and ambitious one, and it was thought desirable to divide it up, selecting the practical things and concentrating upon them. For example, answers to some questions were easily available from previous conferences or, alternatively, only a general knowledge of them would be required. This made it possible to confine attention to questions that were ones of fact and those that were speculative or debatable.

Discussions in this section will be primarily concerned with national policies affecting International Relations, such as (a) Control of Public Opinion in Education and in the Circulation of News, (b) Economic Policies, (c) Population Policies, and (d) The Maintenance of Peace in the Pacific, taking into consideration what limitations on Nationalism are desirable.

o o o

UNDER the heading "Citizenship" attempts have been made to prepare material along lines not previously covered in order to make available all possible information. Emphasis has been laid on the need for the education of women as citizens, and for legislative issues of special interest to the Pan-Pacific Women's Association. These include (1) Accomplishments in legislation improving the status of women and children, (2) Nationality laws regarding women and children, (3) Codification of International Law at The Hague with reference to women and children, and (4) participation of women in international organisations.

MRS. MUSCIO

One interesting fact which emerged from pre-conference meetings was that Australia compared very favorably with other countries in the attempts to make children internationally-minded. This was accomplished by such efforts as committees for teaching international affairs in schools, monthly news sheets on world affairs in teachers' gazettes and series of lectures on these subjects for use in State schools as well as certain knowledge being required for the teacher's diploma.

Child Welfare

A great many interesting suggestions for the help of those engaged in research in the industrial hygiene project have been put forward by Dr. Ethel Osborne, the International Project Director. These included exploitation of child labor, employment of married women as wage-earners owing to unemployment of husbands, sickness and unemployment insurance, economics in educational systems resulting in early entry of children into industry and effects of the present economic situation on nutrition among workers and their children.

MRS. RISCHBIETH

The special dangers noted in these problems emphasised the need for stress being laid on the nutritional and other needs of normal children in the same way as similar provision was being made for the sub-normal.

The method of discussion at the conference is that by round table, a method familiar to and used by such bodies as the Institute of Pacific Relations.

It is quite distinct from ordinary discussions or debates, and it does not depend on the usual practice of reading papers. The technique of round-table methods has been outlined for the help and guidance of delegates by an American woman, Miss Roelifs, of New York, who is an expert in this matter.

Australia Leads

AMONG the advance papers that have been prepared in the various countries, a most interesting summary of the Australian position in regard to women in industry is the work of Miss Jean Daley. She has concentrated particularly on the textile industry, in which 80 per cent. of the workers are women.

Summing up, one feels that the tangible achievement from such a conference must be less than the intangible. The problems concerning the many peoples living in the Pacific area and the securing and collating of accurate data relative to those problems must ultimately be for the good of their common advancement and material welfare.

The very fact that thinking women of the Orient meet and mingle with those of all other Pacific countries, including Australia and New Zealand, bringing all into close and friendly contact, is in itself an achievement that cannot be measured in practical terms. Whilst we have women willing and ready to defray their own expenses and travel long distances to international conferences, the friendly spirit of international co-operation will spread and strengthen.

CARTER ... *the* GREAT

However sophisticated we may become with advancing years, the art of Magic never ceases to intrigue us, so it is not surprising that "Carter the Great" is attracting delighted crowds to the Criterion, where he opened his season last Saturday.

CARTER has apparently mastered all the classic feats of the magician's art and added to them some most diverting, bewildering, and tantalising masterpieces of his own.

Under his astonishing hands an attractive young woman is sawn clean in halves, and emerges from this most trying ordeal all smiles! The painful experience of being shot seems equally enjoyable to another pretty girl—after she has quite evidently been killed in the process, too!

Carter owns one of those enviable bottles which will pour, on demand, a drink of any kind from ginger pop to champagne, but, doubtless, this gifted bottle would behave less satisfactorily in your hands or mine. Such feats as producing guinea pigs from bouquets come easily to the master mind of this magician.

With the help of Miss Maxwell, Carter gives a most absorbing exhibition of "thought transference," and the programme is packed with other bewildering delights.

Not the least attractive part of the show is Carter's polished ease of manner, and the modest reserve with which he describes his astonishing feats.

A special programme for children is presented at the matinees.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW that the latest SCIENTIFIC ANTISEPTIC SOLUTION

DACRYDOL

has been prepared for her Special Personal use.

NON POISONOUS — NON CAUSTIC
Soothing and Safe.

Health is Your Greatest Asset

Never Use a Substitute.

Sold in 4oz. and 8oz. Bottles at 2/- & 3/6.

CONSULT YOUR CHEMIST

CHRONIC BACKACHE

VIGOUR AND VITALITY SAPPED BY CONSTANT PAIN

WEAK KIDNEYS

are the real cause of your trouble!

There is an epidemic of premature "oldness." Men and women who should be in the prime of life, vigorous and vitally fit, find their capacity for work and pleasure destroyed by constant down-dragging pain.

Awful backache, sharp, agonising pains shooting through the body, stiff, swollen joints, blood impurities, headaches, bad nights or bladder troubles then follow.

The kidneys lie at the root of your trouble, for if they are not filtering and purifying the blood as it passes through the system, they are allowing impurities and poisons, such as uric acid, to accumulate. Nerves become inflamed, muscles ache with pain. Neglect your warning and you are heading for breakdown.

There is only one thing to do and that is to prompt the kidneys to clear out from the body the pain-giving impurities. Keep the kidneys active and healthy and your pain and suffering will disappear. For this purpose we do most strongly recommend a short course with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

THIS FAMOUS REMEDY FOR OVER 40 YEARS HAS BEEN TRUSTED BY THE PUBLIC

The very young, the weakest and the oldest can take De Witt's Pills with confidence. They contain no dangerous drugs, but are a scientific preparation that will do you good from the very first dose. Every box sold bears the prescription from which they are made.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Men and women who have suffered for years the weakness and pain caused by kidney trouble have found in De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills the means of regaining vigorous health, splendid energy and the happiness of once again enjoying work and pleasure. In 24 hours from the very first dose you see how quickly they act on the kidneys.

Don't let constant pain cripple you for a moment longer—get your supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—take them regularly, and once again enjoy health, strength and happiness. De Witt's Pills are sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust), Pty. Ltd., clearly printed on the box.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604949

Put him on Groats and he'll gain weight

IF your baby is not gaining weight as he should, it means that some vital element is lacking in his diet.

He needs calcium to strengthen his little bones, vitamins to build firm flesh and muscles and to give resistance against disease. He will obtain these vital elements if you give him Robinson's "Patent" Groats.

Doctors and Nurses regularly recommend Robinson's 'Patent' Groats for weaned babies, nursing mothers and invalids.

Robinson's Patent Groats

STOP STAMMERING

THE MAGIC ALPHABET Will Cure You.

Write for Full Particulars to Philip O'Bryen Hayes, M.B.I.M.Sc. (London), World-Famous Specialist in SPEECH AND NATURAL PSYCHOLOGY, 270 Queen Street ..... Brisbane, Q.

Designed originally to cure stammering and stuttering, "The Magic Alphabet" will also correct any speech defect such as Halting, Lisping, or Nervous Hesitation, while it is an infallible cure if the bugbear of FEAR has got you, or if you suffer from

AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX

"THE AGE" BROADCASTING SERVICE

3HA HAMILTON 297 metres.

WOMEN'S SESSION by JANET GAY

MON.-FRI., 1.45 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

CHILDREN'S SUNSHINE CLUB, 5.45-6.30 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENT—SPORTING—NEWS—TEST CRICKET.

Still More Genuine PROOF!—Read It

"I have reduced 20 lbs. since I started, and I am just delighted with it."
Mrs. Bedford, W., N.S.W.

"I am still obtaining good results. My friends are saying I am getting much thinner, and I am feeling much better. I lose at least 2 lbs. per week."
Mrs. Cuddy, N., N.S.W.

"I am delighted with the result of your wonderful treatment."
Mrs. Grothers, A., Qld.

"After the first week I reduced 2 lbs."
Mrs. Brockway, G., N.S.W.

"I have reduced 4 lbs. in 2 weeks."
Mrs. Mathews, B., N.S.W.

"I have never felt better in my life. I have written to one of my friends about your wonderful treatment."
Mrs. Barker, A., Vic.

These testimonials, and more, can be seen at my offices at any time.

REDUCE QUICKLY sent FREE!

HERE'S HOW!

NOW you can actually reduce quickly and easily—by a NEW simple method. Without dangerous drugs, strenuous exercise or starvation diets. Secretly, in your own room—you can really watch fat going!

Try This To-day

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce you—it costs you nothing! I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce this way is marvellous!

Sent FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amuse you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

Send this at ONCE!

Joan Powell, Dept. W.W., 167 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

10-8-34.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Envy Is Difficult to Suppress

Envy is the deepest complex that human nature has ever revealed... The babe-in-arms reveals it.

Seeing a bright gay object, a light, a flower, out go its tiny fluttering fingers seeking to grasp, seeking to possess.

GO into a kindergarten and watch the babies playing on the floor. Over their wee soft infantile, podgy little faces pass processions of stark and vivid emotions as they flop forward frantically in their desire to grab Betty's rag doll, or Tommy's scarlet whistle, or Billy's bright orange train.

Envy! There it is as large as life, written with undisguised and unafraid sincerity all over these infants of ours. These toddling tots who can't read, can't write, can scarcely speak, yet are permeated through and through by an immense desire to grab and possess the toys of other infants.

Those yells, those screams, those paroxysms of baby rage! They all mean one and the same thing: ENVY.

Therefore we can plainly see how hard it is to root out envy from our natures, considering that it springs up in us so very very early, so near "The beginning of years."

* * *

MAUD H. writes: "Bother women and their envy. My little neighbor makes me sick. I'm poor. She's poor. But I could be quite happy if only she would stop her everlastingly envying something that somebody else has, while neither she nor I can possess it. What would you advise to stop her"?

How I wish I knew, Maud, just how to stop envy, how to mollify it, and beat it off eventually.

It's a difficult problem, because envious people are born, not made.

Sometimes we think we envy nobody.

Then somebody tells us the glad story of somebody else's good luck; what a marvellous house and flower garden with a view they have now; or what a desirable new car; or what splendid success he is having at the Bar; or how everybody runs after her in society, and we find a shadow following over our simple charming happiness. Our deep, sweet content is smirched and darkened, and suddenly withers right up and disappears.

DON'T BE ENVIOUS!

We all know that experience. But do we all fight it?

That's the rub!

If we don't we ought to!

Fancy letting one's content be ruined by an empty shadow. For it is empty, isn't it—that shadow of other people's possessions.

That car can never be ours. We can never own that lovely house and garden. We can never possess her popularity, or his success. These things are theirs, not ours.

And all the time the thing that really matters is OURS, not THEIRS—our content.

* * *

PERHAPS you envy someone her many friends and relations? Well, but there is an exquisite pleasure in knowing that there is no one in the world who is essential to your peace of mind.

Relaxed from all earthly ties you can rejoice in a heavenly sense of spiritual independence.

Or perhaps you envy someone else her gay, exciting life.

Well, it may be that the real value of life lies not in its moments of excitement, but in its placid intervals, when, untroubled, the human spirit in tranquillity, undisturbed by the recollection of emotion, can survey its being, and browse in uttermost content.

Let us try to detach ourselves! Let us free ourselves from hankering after other people's possessions.

Let us detach ourselves from envy and attach ourselves to ourselves, to our own content, to our bliss, to our own solitude, to our own peace.

MINISTER who *Whipped a* PARISHIONER

(By H.N.K.)

THE 170th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, and incidental unveiling of a monument to his memory at the picturesque village of Carsley, near Leeds (England) recently, calls to mind an incident associated with the career of that bygone incumbent of St. John's Anglican Church, Parramatta (N.S.W.).

Mr. Marsden was, of course, a magistrate, and is said to have erred on the side of severity. However that may be, this little incident is characteristic of the man and the times in which he lived.

A poor settler came along to Mr. Marsden, complained that his wife got drunk, played all sorts of tricks, and neglected her family. Would Mr. Marsden please speak to her?

The clerical magistrate, who knew the lady, resolved to give her a fright. Down to the hut in which she lived he went, whip in hand.

"What!" cried he, in a voice of thunder, "so you won't obey your husband. Well, if words make no impression, blows shall."

Suiting action to word, the historian of the time says, "He then laid horsewhip over her shoulders most lustily, while the worthless hussy went down on her knees and begged for pardon, promising to behave better for the future."

A very novel and salutary method of correction, but one which would not be tolerated for a minute in these days. However, it had its effect, for, afterwards, the husband called to thank Mr. Marsden for the flogging he had given his wife, which had quite reformed her, where a previous lecture from the bench of magistrates had failed.

HOST BOLSHOOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories. ***

CERTAIN-TO-SELL Short Stories

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"'Nocturne,' printed by 'Smith's' recently, brought me between £5 and £6."

"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal.'"

"The Bulletin headlined my story 'Justice.' I received £4/14/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £8/13/0 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £3 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

STOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

100 Russell St., Melb.; 70 Pitt St., Sydney; 200 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Flinders St., Adelaide; 256 Murray St., Perth.

SEND THE COUPON: CUT HERE

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course. Send this Coupon for Free Literary Prospectus.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.—634.

I GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

If you have bad luck at games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune and the other to attract much good-luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Posted by return mail. 4/6 pr. Enclose stamped addressed envelope. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. H. Bassett, Room 40, 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"'Varex' treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney. ***

HERE'S GOOD NEWS

The wonderful Ironized-Phosphorised and Peptonised Irradiated Yeast Tablets known as Fe-P-Y are now available to your chemist. These are the tablets which have created such a sensation in America and overseas. Ironized Yeast is the most wonderful pep and energy producer yet discovered, and we go one better in Fe-P-Y Tablets, for the tonic Phosphorised Iron and the digestive Pepsin have been added, making what medical men and chemists alike describe as the ideal tonic digestive tablet. Wonderful in their effects for old and young alike. 28 tablets 1/6, 56 tablets 2/6, and 100 tablets 4/6 at any chemist. As these tablets are only just available, your chemist may not have them in stock, but he can get them through his wholesale house. Don't accept any substitute for Fe-P-Y tablets (pronounced Fee-pee-y), for they are the only phosphorised and peptonised tablets in Australia. Manufactured and distributed through the Cenovis Yeast Pty. Ltd., Fink's Building, Elizabeth St., Melbourne. 'Phone, C7309 ***

NINE INCHES OFF HER WAIST

Eats What She Likes—Yet Reduces

Improvement Due to Kruschen

When excess fat starts to overtake a woman, her dressmaker, with the tell-tale tape measure will soon detect it. If you are beset with the fear of losing your girlish proportions—of finding yourself catalogued "Outsize"—read the letter printed below. The writer says "I was astounded," and she tells you the reason why:—

"I started taking Kruschen Salts for general acidity. In less than three months I was astounded at my general appearance; all excess of fat had disappeared. In less than three months I was eight or nine inches less round my waist and stomach. As I was not taking the Salts for reducing weight, I did not at first realise it was due to Kruschen Salts.

"I am now the admiration of all my friends with my figure. It is marvellous the difference. Also the dreadful painful itching and sickness have stopped, as well as the miserable fullness and flatulency. I did no dieting in any way. I eat what, when and where I like. It was simply wonderfully easy, no unpleasantness in any way."—(Mrs.) A. D.

Kruschen does not aim to reduce by rushing food through the body; its action is not confined to a single part of the system. Gently, but surely, it rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids, which often give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders and many other ills.

So safe and harmless—so health-improving is Kruschen that many folks, after they've lost the desired amount of fat, continue to take their "little daily dose" to guard against future fat and to assure themselves of the health and physical fitness that Kruschen brings.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604950

THIS *NEW* "Anti-Soggy" BRUSH MODERNISES METHODS OF MOUTH CLEANLINESS—

The introduction of Dr. Fell's "Anti-Soggy" tooth brush brings a completely new conception of mouth cleanliness, for this brush is entirely different to all others. The bristles in Dr. Fell's brush are always firm and open. Each tuft is reinforced, scientifically water-proofed and doubly sterilized by a special process. Dr. Fell's brush comes to you surgically clean, ready for use.

Only an "Anti-Soggy" brush can keep teeth really white

Dr. Fell's amazing Brush cleans teeth as no other brush can. Its firm reinforced water-proofed bristles dig into the crevices of the teeth routing the particles of food and film which cause decay. This is not possible with a brush that is soft and soggy. Also, the danger of soft, loose bristles in your tooth brush cannot be too strongly stressed because hospital reports definitely show that many cases of appendicitis are due to loose bristles.

75 per cent. more efficient

Dr. Fell's brush has been designed on modern dental requirements to reach every crevice between the teeth and where the teeth meet the gums. Neither tooth paste nor water affect the bristles of Dr. Fell's new Brush . . . they remain stiff and firm making them 75% more efficient for cleaning and whitening the teeth.

For perfect results, use the perfect brush—Dr. Fell's. If a Dr. Fell's Brush should prove defective it will immediately be replaced by the retailer from whom you purchased.

Your Chemist or Store has Dr. Fell's in a range of six beautifully coloured handles, and with Medium, Hard and Extra Hard Bristles.

Dr. Fell's Tooth Brush cannot be duplicated . . . .

Dr. Fell's Tooth Brush is the only "Anti-Soggy" tooth brush in Australia which has the bristles scientifically treated by a special process for which patents are pending. This process also doubly sterilizes the bristles.

5 MINUTES in a glass of water will prove Dr. Fell's Tooth Brush superior to others

Into a glass of plain water put two tooth brushes to soak for five minutes, one a Dr. Fell's and the other any inferior tooth brush. At the end of that time mat down the damp bristles with your thumb—the bristles of Dr. Fell's brush will remain firm and open while those of the ordinary tooth brush will be soft and soggy—quite useless as a cleaner.

What the Water Test Shows

Dr. Fell's "Anti-Soggy" Brush Firm and open — Inferior Soggy Brush Soft and ineffective

Dr. Fell's "ANTI-SOGGY" (Waterproofed) TOOTH BRUSH

PRICE IN AUSTRALIA **2/-**

Distributors for Australasia: Associated Sales Limited 18 Martin Place, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604951

Glamorous
JEAN HARLOW

...Laughs at the years

"It is a great comfort to know and see how the great actresses of the screen and stage have succeeded in retaining a fresh and youthful complexion at any age. Of course they take exquisite care of their skin, and I, too, have found their secret—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap." JEAN HARLOW
M.-G.-M.
Shortly to be seen starring in "100% Pure."

LUX
Toilet Soap

THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Importance of Regular Habits

By... Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

A child quite early in life begins to develop habits. It is the duty of the mother to see that these do not adversely affect his health. Regular hours of sleep and of meals are important to baby's welfare.

A BABY of fifteen to eighteen months old should still be having 14 to 15 hours' sleep out of the 24—12 hours at night (from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.), and about an hour's sleep in both morning and afternoon. It is most important that baby has this amount of sleep for perfect growth and development.

After the fifteenth month, if baby is doing well, there is no need to continue humanising his milk. The mixture at this age is a pint of milk, with 5oz. of water added, brought to the boil and simmered for three minutes.

Three meals a day are quite sufficient at this age, but baby may have the early morning drink of milk in addition, if he fails to take his full pint during the day. However, if the milk is well taken at meal times, the early morning drink should be of water, or fruit-juice-and-water, only.

* * *

BABY'S menu may be selected from the following: Wholemeal bread, plain or toasted; butter or dripping; honey; green vegetables and root vegetables; steamed fish; boiled chicken, potato; coddled egg (not more than three times a week); milk pudding made with "brown" rice, semolina, gelatine; raw fruit; and drinks of fruit-juice. Give the food in as solid a form as possible, thus providing exercise for the jaws and teeth. A small piece of raw, ripe apple should be given at the end of each meal.

When giving chicken for the first time, either mince it well or let baby chew a little off the bone. Not more than a teaspoonful should be given to begin with.

Refusal of Food

DO not let baby form the bad habit of refusing to eat the food which you prepare for him. This habit can lead to endless trouble. If baby is to have two courses for his dinner, serve the first one appetisingly, and in the quantities which he should have, and, if it is refused, do not continue with the second course till it is eaten.

If after a reasonable time baby has not done his best with the first course, take it away and intimate to baby that the meal is over. Children quickly learn if they are not pampered or cajoled to eat.

Another point. Do not let meal-times drag on and on. From 20 minutes to half an hour is ample. If at the end of this time baby has not had all his meal, take the remainder away from him. He must learn from the start not to dawdle over his food.

Sometimes lack of appetite is due to insufficient vitamin B in the diet. This vitamin is found in wholemeal bread, "Marmite," and yeast. If baby is having white bread, a change to wholemeal bread may be all that is needed. If not, a thin spreading of "Marmite" may be added to his toast at breakfast-time.

Fluids should always be given at the end of the meal; on no account should baby be allowed to swallow down each mouthful with a gulp of milk.

Baby should be walking quite well by the fifteenth month, and may be taken out into the street and allowed to walk a little way on the pavement, if he is steady on his legs. In addition to the right foods, baby needs abundance of fresh air and sunshine. His outings should, as far as possible, be at the same time each day.

Regularity is the keyword of baby's life just now—regular sleep, regular meal times, regular bowel action, regular bath-time, regular exercise, and regular rest.

* * *

WHEN taking baby out of doors on cold, windy, wintry days, a thick layer of cold cream may be applied to baby's face to protect the delicate skin. Little warm gloves should be worn, and the legs and knees well covered. Knitted woollen one-piece suits extending right down to baby's shoes are the best for outdoor wear these cold days and, with a woollen cap to match, he will feel as warm and comfortable as he looks.

During this period (the 15th to 18th months) baby should learn to let you know by some definite word when he wishes to use the lavatory. He should be taught to say any word which you may wish him to use for the purpose. A little praise when he uses it at the correct time will help in avoiding accidents.

Baby must learn to obey. Do not repeat your request time and again, asking "Did you hear me?" each time. He heard you!

Insist on **immediate obedience** when you know that your request has been clearly stated, and that baby is old enough to understand what you have said.

£600 a Night!

MME. ANNA MARIE GUGLIELMETTI, the Italian coloratura soprano, received for a month the highest salary ever paid for cabaret performances—£600 a night—when she was under engagement to the famous London Trocadero restaurant.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

YOUTHFUL and charming

You'd Never Guess Her Age!

Admired and envied is the woman who, though past 40, looks a good ten years younger. She knows the secret of lasting youth and charm—she uses Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'—the most effective quick rejuvenating facial treatment known. Gone are the days when women at middle age or after thought it out of order to use "beauty aids." Now they know it is essential. Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth' is showing thousands of women—young and old—how to improve the skin. 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream melts instantly, penetrating the tiniest pores and floating out all impurities, while 'Facial Youth' Day Cream has no equal as a revitalising and beautifying "make-up." 'Facial Youth' Day Cream is greaseless and harmless, making the skin fine-textured, velvety-smooth, and youthful-looking the moment it is applied! These two Kathleen Court creams definitely banish wrinkles, coarse pores, blackheads and skin-discoloration. Try this remarkable two-fold beauty treatment **to-day**—you'll adore the compliments your rejuvenated appearance will evoke. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell both 'Facial Youth' Cleansing and Day Creams at surprisingly moderate prices.

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

Anyone can do it. No electricity.

Waves last 4 to 9 months. Success certain. Complete Outfits for home use with simple instructions, 15/-. Postage, 1/- extra. Over 500 sold in 3 months. SPAR TRADING CO., 20 RAWSON PLACE, SYDNEY.

These Cold Days—

BATTER CUSTARD CAKES

Here is a delicious dish for a cold day, made from 2 eggs, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. castor sugar, 2 gills of milk, 2 oz. flour, 3 tablespoons Apricot jam, and Foster Clark's Creamy Custard.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made from only the most wholesome ingredients. It is obtainable everywhere . . . quickly prepared . . . a nutritive delicious food.

Write for Elizabeth Craig's recipe book with nearly 100 different ways of serving Foster Clark's Custard.

Foster creamy CUSTARD Clark's

11-84

For tasty hash—Bisto

IF IT'S DAYWEAR

NIGHT WEAR

KIDDIES WEAR

MAKE IT IN VIYELLA

Viyella is quite the most versatile of fabrics. The infinite variety of shades, designs and printed patterns gives you a choice for every occasion.

Viyella *Yes . . . Viyella washes. No . . . it never shrinks.*

VIYELLA "THIRTY-SIX". In an endless variety of plain colours—smart check designs—with exact matching shades in Viyella Knitting Yarn.

VIYELLA AND CLYDELLA, in cream — pastel shades — pretty Pompadour designs for night wear and undies.

NURSERY VIYELLA and NURSERY CLYDELLA, 27" wide, in cream, also pretty shades and printed designs for the kiddies.

VIYELLA Socks for children.

VIYELLA tennis socks and trousers for men.

'VIYELLA' REGD.
'AZA' and 'CLYDELLA'
REMEMBER THE NEW LOW PRICES

★ The wool used in all Viyella products is the finest in the world—Australian Merino Lambswool.

V.11.K

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD. (Box 3115 PP. G.P.O.) Grace Bldg., York St., Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604952

FREE FOOD for the *Broken Hill* BABIES

Scheme Outlined by Its Founder

For three hours every Wednesday morning, Mrs. G. B. Johnston turns her Broken Hill home into a depot for handing out food and clothing to the needy of the district.

To see an infant in a critical state of health lying on a pillow in her home is no unusual sight, while the linoleum of her back verandah has a deep path worn upon it from the coming and going of people calling for their weekly supplies.

Mrs. Johnston, who is the founder of the Babies' Auxiliary Scheme, visited Sydney and Adelaide recently.

DURING a recent holiday, Mrs. Johnston has been inquiring into the methods of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association, the Babies' Aid Society, and other institutions. But the two mentioned particularly interest her because they are similar in many respects to the Babies' Auxiliary scheme that she herself started in July of 1930 at Broken Hill.

Mrs. Johnston is particularly interested in caring for the children of unmarried mothers. The maternity department of the Broken Hill Hospital looks after both the mother and child for 12 or 14 days, and the Government lends assistance until the child is 12 months old, but there its charity ends, and there the Babies' Auxiliary takes on the work, providing, of course, the help is genuinely needed.

Four years ago Mrs. Johnston inaugurated the scheme with a handful of her personal friends as members, but membership has now reached more than 100. "The annual membership fee is 2/-, all of which goes towards the upkeep of the children's ward of the Broken Hill District Hospital," said Mrs. Johnston, and money is also raised by entertainments.

"Beside this," she added, "every member pays 1d. weekly, or more if she would like to, and this money is used to provide food and clothing for the infants who have been enrolled in our books for help."

MRS. JOHNSTON, who has also visited the Baby Welfare organisations of Sydney, said that the main difference between the Babies' Auxiliary scheme and the Sydney and Adelaide organisations was that the scheme she had inaugurated had no Government assistance. Everything came from the members and from the general public of the district.

"Every day, the babies who need it get a pint of milk, which is delivered to their homes, at our order," she continued. "They are also supplied with eggs and oranges, and their mothers call each Wednesday morning to my house for food and clothes, and any special foods ordered by the physician."

Before she inaugurated the scheme Mrs. Johnston actually carried it out in a small way herself, by providing for four infants out of her own means what the auxiliary is now doing on a larger scale.

In July last the auxiliary had built a ward at the district hospital and had it fitted with four cots, electric fans, lockers, and other conveniences. It is called the "Marys Ward" after Mrs. Johnston (whose Christian name is Mary), Mrs. Mary Parker (patroness), and two other "Marys" of the society.

Mrs. Johnston, who is the wife of Mr. G. B. Johnston, Government Stock Inspector at Broken Hill, has lived in that district for 26 years.

TWO STRIKING costumes, designed by Edgar Ritchard and Betty Dyson.

AUSTRALIAN *Designers* for *London* PAGEANT

From London by Air Mail.

The vast arena of the Royal Albert Hall has been packed to capacity during the last couple of weeks, when the spectacular pageant—"Parliament and the People"—has been taking place.

THE pageant has been under the direction of C. B. Cochrane, the famous producer, and Australian interest centres round the fact that Betty Dyson, the twenty-year-old daughter of the famous Australian artist, Will Dyson, has collaborated with Edgar Ritchard, brother of Cyril Ritchard, in designing over a thousand costumes for the pageant.

In fact, these costumes have been the success of the spectacle, and no critic has failed to remark upon their accuracy and colorful effect. From the scenes of early England right up to the fight of the Suffragettes—which is near enough to our own time to be considerably amusing—the costumes show enormous research as well as great artistic perception. From a historical point of view, great interest is attached to the growth and influence of Parliament in its struggle with, for, and sometimes against, the English people.

Do You Talk Over Your Coffee, Too?

Coffee inns, coffee palaces, coffee shops, coffee kitchens... the burnt fragrance of fresh coffee... urns spilling picturesquely their beans... Neon lights gleaming red and blue... Coffee cups clinking ... This spells the modern city that has grown up in the last few years.

A FEW years ago coffee did not occupy the important place it does now. Coffee was casually considered. But now, in every possible nook and cranny, nestles a tiny coffee shop. Other things are obtainable there, but around you the atmosphere is scented with coffee, warmly inviting; women chatting, "Let's talk over our coffee."

Are we veering back to the seventeenth century, and the far days of Addison and Steele, when the coffee house was the centre around which radiated the thought and intelligence of the time?

A handbill of 1660 reads:

Coffee: "A simple, innocent thing, and makes the heart lightsome; it is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it, and take in the steam that way. It is good for a cough. It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, and gout, and scurvy. It keeps the skin white and clear."

A Turkish merchant first introduced coffee into London, when he set up his coffee house in Lombard Street, and ingeniously placed his own portrait as a sign above his door. Coffee houses began to multiply rapidly.

REDUCED TELEPHONE CHARGES

Order your
TELEPHONE
before 15th September . . .

. . . and ensure the inclusion of your name and telephone number in the forthcoming Telephone Directory.

The rental for a metropolitan residence telephone is now £1 per annum less than for a business service . . . and the charge for calls has been reduced from 1½d. to 1¼d. each.

No home is complete without a telephone . . . it adds to the leisure, comfort, convenience and security of the household.

INSTALL A TELEPHONE

TARIFF:
METROPOLITAN RESIDENCE TELEPHONE
Quarterly Rental £1/2/6
(Even lower in some cities)
Outward Local calls 1¼d. each
Inward calls free
No installation fee.

Write to the Superintendent, Telephone Branch, General Po t Office, for full particulars.

An Advertisement of the Post Office

Don't Sit it Out!

Reach for a
Sitruc

A stuffy ballroom, crowds of excited people, and your nerves are not always in tune.
No wonder we sometimes get frightful headaches.
Don't let a headache spoil your next evening — at the first sign of trouble, reach for a SITRUC!
Sitruc Headache Powders are a definite pain alleviative, and as they remain in the system only three hours can have no cumulative or reactionary effects.
Sitruc Powders are guaranteed pure and cannot possibly harm the most delicate system. Women find Sitruc invaluable because a Powder affords relief when they most require it.
In all cases of 'Flu, Neuralgia and any kind of Nerve Pain take a Sitruc Headache Powder.
SITRUC SOOTHES IN SEVENTY SECONDS!
At all Chemists and Stores. Eight in a Carton, 1/6.

Invaluable for
'FLU
NEURALGIA
and all
NERVE PAINS

Sitruc
HEADACHE POWDERS
SOOTHE IN 70 SECONDS
At all Chemists and Good Stores Everywhere

THE THRILL OF YOUR FIRST CHEQUE
will be sooner realised if you take our £4/4/- SHORT STORY COURSE — the cheapest and most practical correspondence course on "How to Keep an Writing Fiction"
Write to LITERARY DEPT. (W.) 468 LITTLE COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

COLDS VANISH OVERNIGHT!!

Use Tiger Salve freely, rub it on chest, back and throat at bedtime. The penetrative powers of Tiger Salve will banish colds overnight: it never fails.
All Chemists and Stores 2/- per tin

TIGER SALVE 2/-

Eight Bottles of Cough Medicine for the Cost of One

Eight bottles of cough remedy for the cost of one is what you get when you add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo to sweetened water, and what is more important is the fact that Heenzo makes a family cough and influenza remedy far more efficacious than the usual ready-made-up mixtures. Over a million Australian citizens annually, for the last 20 years, have proved the goodness of Heenzo as a sure and speedy remedy for banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. The fact that Heenzo is equally good for babies as well as adults makes it an ideal family cough remedy that should be used in every home. Order Heenzo from your chemist or store, and have it ready for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. —***

CRAVING FOR DRINK DESTROYED
EUCRASY Banishes all Desire for Drink
IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy.
EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE Booklet, and Testimonials.
Dept. B, The Eucrasy Co.
297 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.
Established 39 Years.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604953

After all...it is emphatically A MATTER OF TYPE

BERLEI FOUNDATIONS PROVIDE THEN THE ONE TRUE BASIS OF FIGURE BEAUTY

IT'S utterly reliable, this modern way of choosing foundations. You are one of five fundamental Figure Types — the Sway Back, Hip, Average, Abdomen or Short-Below-Waist type. The point is — which?

To know this, have three simple measurements checked by the Berlei Indicator at your favourite store.

Then choose your true-to-type foundation. You know the fitting will be faultless . . . it's just which colour and fabric you prefer; what price you wish to pay. It's as simple as that!

5 INDIVIDUAL FIGURE TYPES . . . . . WHICH TYPE OF FIGURE ARE YOU?

1 A SWAY BACK TYPE? SEE PAGE 32 OF THIS PAPER

2 A HIP TYPE? SEE PAGE 34 OF THIS PAPER

3 AN AVERAGE TYPE? SEE PAGE 37 OF THIS PAPER

4 AN ABDOMEN TYPE? SEE PAGE 38 OF THIS PAPER

5 A SHORT-BELOW-WAIST TYPE? SEE PAGE 39 OF THIS PAPER

A Berlei true-to-type foundation will make and keep your body beautiful, as only that garment can do which is true to your own type.

Let your foundation be perfect, beauty and grace must follow

A Berlei for every day, and for those occasions when you *must* look your best...

15.364

BERLEI LIMITED

SYDNEY LONDON AND AUCKLAND

WHAT the *Smartest* GIRLS *Will Wear* THIS SEASON!

Swim, dive, and play in hand-knitted bathers, with a slick sailor-collared halter top . . . and so easy to knit!

THE smartest women who went a'cruising, who visited Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, who congregated at Palm Beach, America's most fashionable resort, displayed this newest style, giving extreme fashion significance to their popularity.

So... choose your wool, and bring out your needles, and be in the swim of fashion here in Australia this summer!

YES, summer will soon be here. Golden, sun-drenched beaches, huge green combers, and skies of azure blue. . . . During the past months you've knitted all manner of cosy woollies, NOW knit this newest and smartest outfit in your leisure hours in readiness for glorious days ahead!

We give the instructions here for sizes 34-36. For the bathers you will need 6 skeins of unshrinkable wool, and one pair of bone knitting needles size 10.

The Front

FOR the front, cast on 110 sts., * knit 3, purl 2, repeat from * end row with purl 2. Second row: *Knit 2, purl 3, repeat from * across row. Repeat these 2 rows 1½ inches. Next row knit a beading as follows: * Knit 3, wool over, knit the 2 purl sts. together, and repeat from * to end of row, then knit 1½ inches of ribbing. Change to stockinette st., increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row 15 times, 140 sts. on needle, now knit even until work measures 10 inches. On next row divide sts., knit 70 sts., slip remaining 70 sts. on st. pin. Knit on the 70 sts. for right side, increase 1 st. at end of every knit row 7 times, then cast on at end of every knit row, 4 sts. twice. Knit even for 5 inches. On next purl row, knit across, knit 1 inch even, and cast off. Slip sts. off st. pin, and knit other leg to correspond, making the increases at beginning of knit rows.

The Back

FOR the back, cast on 110 sts., knit ribbing to match front. Change to stockinette st., k. 54, increase 1 st. in each of the next 2 sts. (centre back), knit 54, repeat these 2 increases at centre back every 6th row 15 times (140 sts. on needle). Knit 6 rows even. Next row, divided sts. and knit same as front. Sew all seams neatly. Fold 1 inch under at lower edge of legs for hem and sew on wrong side.

The Monk's Cord

USING 6 strands of wool, make a monk's cord and draw through beading at top and trim with 2 pom poms as illustrated.

The Halter Top

For the halter top you will need 2 skeins each of cream-white, navy and red wool, knitting needles size 10, and steel circular needles, size 10; crochet hook, size 2. Using red and circular needle, cast on 200 sts., k. 2, p. 2 for 5 inches; on next row cast off 20 sts. (centre back), and break wool. Change to straight needles, join white, k. in stockinette st., cast off sts. each side of the 20 cast-off sts. 4 times, 1 st. every row until front is completed, but when there are 3 rows of white, join navy, k. 10 rows, join white, k. 3 rows, join red, k. 10 rows, join white and k. 4½ inches, decreasing each end of every other row as mentioned previously, 96 sts. on needle. On next row, k. 48, sl. the remaining sts. on st. pin, k. on the 48 sts. left for left side of front, continue to decrease at edges (armhole), same as before, but at neck edge decrease 1 st. every 3rd row until 3 sts. are left, sl. on st. pin. Sl. the 48 sts. from st. pin, and k. other side to correspond. When there are 3 sts. left, p. back, cast on 40 sts. for back of neck, and p. the 3 sts. from st. pin. K. even in stockinette for 1 inch and cast off.

AS SHE CLIMBS out of the Cunarder Berengaria's pool, we see the back of these bathers with sailor-collared halter-top, in creamy white, navy, and red—both of which you can knit from instructions given here. You will note that there are no shoulder-straps to make "patterns" on your back, so you can acquire a beautiful even tan.

The Collar

FOR the collar use white and straight needles. Cast on 104 sts., k. 2 rows stockinette, on next k. row, k. 2 sts., drop white, join red, k. across to within 2 sts. from opposite end, drop red, join white, k. the last 2 sts., p. back, changing colors. Repeat these 2 rows when there are 5 rows of red, next row k. 2 sts. white, k. 4 sts. red, join white, k. across row to within 6 sts. from other end, join red, k. 4 sts., join white, k. 2 sts., p. back in same manner.

Next row, * k. 2 sts. white, 4 sts. red, 2 white, join navy, k. across to within 8 sts. from opposite end, and k. 2 sts. white, 4 red, 2 white, turn, and repeat from * until there are 3 rows of navy.

Next row, k. 3 sts. white, 4 red, 2 white, 4 navy, join white and k. across, reverse colors for opposite end, and p. back in same manner. Next row, * k. 2 sts. white, 4 red, 2 white, 4 navy, 2 white, join red and k. across, reverse colors for opposite end, and repeat from * until there are 5 rows of red. Next row * k. 2 white, 4 red, 2 white, 4 navy, 2 white, 4 red, 68 white, reverse colors for opposite end, p. back, and repeat from * until there are 42 rows of white in collar. Next row k. the stripes, k. 16 white sts., sl. on st. pin. Cast off 36 sts. (neck), k. 16 white sts., and k. in stripes to end of row, p. back. On next k. row at neck edge, * k. 2 together, k. stripes to end of row, p. back and repeat from * every 3rd row until all white sts. are decreased. Continue to decrease at neck edge only, 2 sts. every 3rd row until 2 sts. are left, and cast off. Sl. the sts. from st. pin and k. other side of collar to correspond.

Sew collar to blouse, and finish with 2 rows of s.c. using white.

IN The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book will also be found jumpers to suit all sporting occasions. For golf, tennis, etc., you will find them smart — and serviceable.

Matching the Season...

SPRING—heralded with boronia, wattle, and other fragrant blooms—is nearly here, so prepare for it with a jumper that is "different." You will find in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book something to suit the season—to suit yourself—something light, serviceable, and unusual . . . "Melodie," the dainty, lace-stitch jumper with quaint, flared sleeves in moss . . "Petal," in delicate shell-pink with full puff sleeves . . . "Madeleine," in eau de nil with cross-over front. These delightful garments are among the many exclusive designs, selected for big and little. Our book may be purchased at any of the big stores and newsagents for 6d., or sent to any address on receipt of 8d. in stamps at our office.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604954

Our FASHION *Service* and FREE *Pattern*

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at:
Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.
Adelaide: Shell House, North Terrace.
Newcastle: Carrington Chambers, Watt St.

FREE PATTERN

WW 674 WW675 WW676

WW679

WW677 WW678

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available one month from the date of issue. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and bring it to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses:
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
If you would like a free pattern posted to you, fill in the coupon and forward it, with 1d. stamp, to cover cost of postage, to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at any of the above addresses.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
State .....
Pattern Coupon, 18/8/'34.

PARISIAN COAT

WW674.—Paris favors a short coat to end the season. Deep revers extend to the centre front fastening. Sleeves are slightly eased into the armholes. Material for 36-inch bust, 1¾ yards 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SMART AND UNUSUAL

WW675.—The setting-in of the sleeve is rather unique. Bodice fastens down the back, and the neck is bordered with contrast. Piece skirt has shaped seams extending from the sides. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ½ yard 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FASTENS AT SIDE

WW676. — Side-fastening frock with blouse and skirt shaped to correspond. Neck is outlined with a contrast collar extending to the fastening. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEWEST SLEEVES

WW677. — Leg-o'-mutton sleeves fit tightly at the wrists. Contrast fabric is revealed under the crossover front. Piece skirt has a seam down the left side. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CLEVER SEAMING

WW678.—A suggestion for a diagonal crepe bengaline with contrast vest. Note the new sleeves so popular. Right side skirt is shaped, terminating with a centre seam. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ½ yard 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MATRON'S MODEL

WW679.—Model specially designed for the matron. It is made with a panel back and front; the latter extends from under the contrast vest. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 46 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW680.—A schoolgirl's frock of distinction. Contrast is used for the vest collar. Trimming over the arms suggests a slight broadening of the shoulders. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ½ yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SUIT FOR JUNIOR

WW681.—A smart suit for the son and heir of the family. Tunic has a contrast collar and small inset which supplies the fastening. Waist is worn with a narrow belt. Pattern for boy 2-4 years. Material required, 1¼ yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

DAINTY DESIGN

WW682.—A quaint design for the small schoolgirl. Skirt features two box-pleats back and front extending over the belt. Contrast is used for the collar and cuffs. Pattern for 6-8 years. Material required, 2 yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

WW680 WW 681 WW682

Our Free Pattern

OUR free pattern, this week, features a delightful little frock, smart and suitable for many occasions. It would look charming in one of the dainty new plaid fabrics and equally well in one of the dotted designs so much in favor this spring.

Short sleeves are bordered with shaped trimming of contrast matching the collar.

Skirt fashions inverted pleats back and front. The other design portrayed has long sleeves and a somewhat more dressy finish to the blouse.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 30 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604955

1

Here's the SWAY BACK TYPE . . . . does that interest YOU?

If you have a rather youthful figure, slight but with quite definite and entirely charming curves, nothing can possibly interest you more than the knowledge that a Berlei true-to-type foundation — of Sway Back Type — will make and keep you very beautiful.

And, what so utterly attractive as a Corselette of white spotted foille? The cup uplift bust sections are of white net. There's a boned lining over the abdomen. Elastic sections. Sizes: 30-36. No. SB 6589.

A Berlei for every day, and for those occasions when you *must* look your best...

BERLEI 39.301 True-to-type Foundations

Guaranteed & OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON - AND AUCKLAND

WRECKAGE

Continued from Page 7

"DRINK, I guess," said Tony, and his face had gone as white as a sheet. "Drink and—and all that goes with it."

So Tony Dunn stayed to supper with Bill and his wife. And, next day, Viola said: "Why don't you give him some of your old clothes, Bill? He's about your size." So Bill gave Tony some of his old clothes.

And, two days later, Viola said: "Why don't you give him a job, Bill? He might be very useful to you." So Bill gave him a job; he was appointed to the post of head diver.

Tony, when he wasn't on the tug or down at the bottom of the sea, was often at the bungalow on the beach. Once or twice he had lapses. Once Bill Austin had to scour the low-class drink-shops of the town for him. But, on the whole, Bill found his task easy. Disappointingly easy, somehow.

"Chief," said Tony, one day, "you're a lucky fellow."

"How, Tony?"

Tony looked away a little.

"Why," he said slowly, "to have a wife like you've got."

Bill nodded and smiled. He saw nothing out of the way in what Tony had said. He saw nothing out of the way about Viola, either—even when, one evening in the red glow of the Pacific, he found them sitting on the beach together, laughing and talking, and looking into each other's eyes.

Bill Austin wasn't the suspicious sort. He trusted Viola; and he trusted Tony, too. In fact, he had taken a very strong liking to Tony Dunn.

And Tony Dunn was almost a changed man. Never had Bill Austin seen anyone change so swiftly. And, changed as he had become, Tony was a very pleasant and good-looking fellow.

He was younger than Bill. He wasn't quite so cold and grim. Viola and Tony used to go bathing together while Bill was working out intricate calculations on board the tug. Sometimes, as a change from bathing, they went [illegible] together, laughingly, and in seeming innocence.

Bill didn't mind; he didn't suspect that anything might be wrong between Tony and Viola.

One night they returned later than usual. Bill had not then come ashore.

"What a wonderful night," said Viola, standing slim and straight in the white blaze of the moon.

Tony stared at her.

"Come here," he said suddenly, and in an entirely altered voice. She turned.

"Oh, why Tony?"

He continued to stare at her.

"Because we can be seen from the tug."

"Well? What of it?"

"Viola . . . ."

She went rather white. She moved out of the moon's blaze, stepped slowly into the room where Tony stood. His hands gripped her arms with sudden violence.

Her eyes stared up at him out of her white face.

"Tony, you're hurting me. . . ."

"I know. Love does hurt. And I'm in love with you. Viola, I'm mad about you!"

"Tony, don't . . . please!"

"I don't care. I don't care for anythin', only you. Viola, kiss me—just once."

"No, Tony. This isn't fair to Bill."

"Bill? No, perhaps it isn't. But love doesn't give you a chance to be fair."

"That—that's absurd, Tony." She was panting a little, trying to escape from him. She seemed scarcely to know whether she was glad or sorry, fascinated or frightened, or . . .

"You do care for me a little, don't you, Viola?"

"Of course, I like you, Tony."

"You're lying. You're as mad about me as I am about you."

"I—I'm not."

"I say you are." He drew her close and kissed her suddenly, and let her go.

She stared at him; she seemed to quiver.

"Tony, I don't know, but wasn't it rather a beastly thing to do? I mean, you know, Bill found you, and he—he helped to make you well again, didn't he?"

Tony drew back. In the darkness of the room his face glowed hot with sudden shame.

"Yes," he said, "it was rotten. I was a bit of wreckage and he raised me out of the deep."

* * *

It was a windy morning. The Pacific gleamed as brightly as a huge mirror. Tony went on board the tug. Bill was in the little cabin, doing things with a pencil and a compass.

Tony said gruffly: "Sorry I won't be able to go down to-day, Chief."

Bill put down the compass.

"No, Tony? How's that?"

"I'm quittin'," said Tony shortly, his eyes averted from Bill's.

"Quitting? What the devil do you mean, Tony? Aren't you satisfied with the pay—or what is it?"

"The pay's all right with me."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, I'm just quittin', that's all," said Tony desperately. Bill rose. He went to Tony and put a hand on his shoulder.

"This is a bit sudden, isn't it, Tony?"

"Maybe."

"I'm relying on your help in breaking out this ship."

Tony stood there; mixed emotions seemed to tear him. Suddenly, without a word he turned on his heel and went out.

BILL smiled placidly. Tony was getting fed-up with work and a respectable life, was he? Wanted to —to go on the loose again. Well, he wouldn't find it so easy. . . .

Night glowed along the shore. It was just before the rising of the moon, and the ocean swept smooth and still. Bill Austin walked quietly. The bungalow was in darkness.

He called softly: "Viola." But there was no reply. He went out again, down the steps. The grass was thick and soft; it made no sound as he walked. Suddenly he paused. Out of the early night darkness had come the sound of voices.

The voices of a man and a woman.

Bill went forward slowly. Only, in the dark, his eyes had started to gleam oddly. Dimly he discerned their forms against the eerie brightness of the far-off horizon; Tony and Viola. He heard them speaking together in low, tense voices.

"Viola, it's no earthly use. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't. Now he wants me to stay until they break out the Angola."

"Then you'll have to stay, Tony." Her voice was very calm.

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Of course, Tony."

"Then you—do care?"

"Oh, I don't know. Please don't ask me any more."

"Listen, Viola. After the Angola's broken out, will you come away with me?"

"Away with you, Tony?" Bill saw the frightened movement of her slender form against the sky. "Tony, don't try to make me as mad as you are."

"Mad? Well, perhaps I am."

BILL turned; he began to walk away. There was no visible expression in his face, only the set hardness of it, and the gleaming eyes.

He went back into the bungalow. He lit a lamp, sat down and picked up an illustrated paper, turning the pages.

Once, just before Viola came in, he sat with an odd stillness. He was seeing again that powerful iron girder standing up out of the mud close to the wreck, with Tony bent so grotesquely over it . . .

He heard Viola come in at last.

"Oh, hallo," she said; "I didn't notice you sitting there."

"I've been sitting here for quite a while," he said, and smiled, seeing once again an amusing vision.

The heavens had turned grey and wet; and a cold, damp wind swept across the face of the ocean. Kildare was screwing down the big copper helmet on Bill's shoulders. Another man was carefully adjusting the wool-pads on Tony Dunn's.

The two men looked across the deck at each other. Bill waved a careless hand: "Good hunting, Tony."

Bill went over the side first; Tony followed almost immediately. The grey light of the sky was merely a thin filter now, without brightness or penetration. Even before they reached the bottom, Bill had turned on his light.

HE felt Tony slide gently down beside him, saw the blackish clouds of mud arise, obscuring the pallid light for a while. The two men stood in absolute darkness, waiting for the mud clouds to subside.

The light began to grow again at last —a dim, ghostly green glimmer, strengthening as the shining walls of water slipped and flashed between them.

Bill turned slowly. Down there, at the bottom of the sea, the eyes of the two men met in a long, quiet, unflinching stare. Then Bill moved past the other man; he began to go towards the wreck.

Slow and ponderous, like some grotesque image of the deep itself, he moved onward, pushing aside the clinging, tree-like weeds, on which millions of sea-lice were feeding.

And, at his side, walked Tony Dunn.

Close up now, they stood looking, while the living walls slipped and gleamed about them.

Bill Austin took the slate from his belt; he wrote on it:

"Effect entrance on port bow."

And Tony, taking the slate, grinned and wrote back simply:

"O.K."

Bill spoke into the underwater telephone:

Please turn to Page 34

A Scientific Soap that solves skin problems

If you are troubled with pimples, rashes, rough or blotchy skin you owe it to yourself to try **Cuticura Soap.** Delicately medicated and gently emollient, it acts as a protection to the skin and as a preventive of skin troubles. Start using **Cuticura Soap** today and see how much it helps.

Price 1s.

Australian Depot: R. Towns & Co. Sydney, N.S.W.

"THE MAGIC TEASPOONFUL"

When a child is off colour there is nothing like the [illegible] source of Roboleine to bring back rosy cheeks and normal appetite. That is why "The magic teaspoonful" of Roboleine is the guardian of health in countless homes. Roboleine is not a medicine, but a special combination of Nature's own most valuable body building foods. Children love its delicious taste and look forward eagerly to Roboleine time. Just as good, too, for adults who are run down or nervy.

12oz. jars, 4/6; or three times the quantity, 12/- — at all chemists and stores.

Roboleine THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Send Coupon for Sample

Muir & Neil Ltd., WW 11
Box 1542 E, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.
Name
Address

IMPROVE YOUR STEWS and GRAVIES

OXO CUBES "Beef at its best."

AT ALL GROCERS

Latest American Aid for the DEAF

SUPER-EAR
NO BATTERIES
NO CORDS
NO NOISE
WORN WITH LIGHT HEAD BAND.
Absolutely new Acoustical Principle.
Write for Particulars. 7 Days' Trial.
E. ESDAILE & SONS
Scientific Instrument Makers and Opticians,
42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

CATARRH.—I cured myself completely Head noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Spitting, Stuffiness. Will gladly tell sufferers. Write F. Robinson Suite V31 Park Ave., Auchenflower, Queensland.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604956

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

THE MODERN ideal of figure beauty — slender, yet curved and entirely natural. Miss Jessie Matthews, star of the famous Gaumont-British picture, "Evergreen," is a living example of the body beautiful.

CORRECT *Carriage* ... is the *Secret* of a GOOD APPEARANCE

How to Make the Most of Your Figure ... No Matter Your Type

TRUE, every woman would like to have the ideal figure; to possess the slender, perfectly-proportioned figure of, shall we say, a Jessie Matthews? But if you cannot have it, do not waste time in vain regrets. Decide right now what type of figure you have and play up its best points for all you are worth.

KNOW your type! Just as hands are distinguishable by their variations of shape, so the human figure shows many distinct differences. The modern movement aims to bring out latent beauty in the various figure types.

Not so many moons ago women of fashion conformed to one silhouette. Indeed, through all the ages, with the possible exception of the classic Greek and Roman times, women have emulated one another at the expense of their health and comfort. Not so to-day! Individuality has spread through all phases of life; it has relieved us of the burden of being standardised in thought, in action, in dress, in face, in figure. Be true to yourself—to your best self—is the gospel of 1934.

So I Would Say:

Stand before a long mirror and take a good look at yourself—au naturel, for preference. Study yourself with an observing and unprejudiced eye, as if you were seeing yourself for the first time. Perhaps your back has a too-deep incurve at the waist; your hips may be the thing that catch and hold your attention, or on the other hand, you may suffer from too-generous embonpoint (such a nice word for "tummy," don't you think?). What's to be done?

If you wear the right foundation garment you can depend on it to do its share by supporting you in the right places; but do give it a little hearty co-operation. **It works from the outside in; you must work from the inside out.** You must get down and exercise those muscles that support your bones—that hold your back in line, your hips down, and your diaphragm in.

If You Are a Sway-back Type

TO-DAY the pretty curves of the sway-back figure are very much in vogue, but those of you who possess this extremely youthful figure should be careful not to let yourself overcurve—especially at the back waist. This will throw the diaphragm forward, and—horrible thought—give you a noticeable derriere (the nice French word for it).

My my! mind that curve!

So make up your mind that you are going to keep your curves, but to keep them under control. Here's an exercise—a very simple one—which will keep that spine in correct alignment. Place a chair with its back about a foot from the wall—just far enough so that you can squeeze through. Now edge through—and notice as you do how you bring your buttocks in and under you. You do the same thing when you edge past people already seated in the theatre. You slim up without realising it. You straighten out your spine, draw in your "tummy" and diaphragm, and flatten out those rear curves.

Worried About Your Hips?

DON'T be! If they're very big because of bony structure no power on earth can change them. But if you carry yourself well you can make them seem half their size. The Venus di Milo must have been a big woman, with large pelvic bones; but she doesn't look hippy because she knew how to stand.

A trifle big in the hips!

The thing you have to guard against is flesh. Unfortunately, this figure, already large in the hips, displays a tendency to accumulate unwanted flesh below the waist, adding inches just at the one place where it is not wanted.

So exercise! Here's an entertaining way of getting the hips, particularly that part known as the buttocks, where they should be. It's splendid for the abdominal muscles as well.

Lie flat on the floor. Now bend your right knee up and towards your chin. Squeeze your thigh-bone hard against your body so that you feel the contraction of the groin muscles and muscles of the lower abdomen. Stop before you're tired, and try the left leg. Then raise both legs at once, pressing the thighs hard against the abdominal wall. And, if you're really ambitious, stand up, lean your back against the nearest wall, and repeat the exercise with first one leg and then the other.

If you're doing it correctly you're bound to feel pressure way down in your abdominal muscles and in the muscles of your back. These muscles are vastly important because they're the ones that hold your pelvis at the right angle and your buttocks down and under.

Remember always to:

1. Keep your feet parallel, letting your weight fall not on your toes, not on your heels, but directly over your ankle-bones.
2. Bring your knees immediately over your ankles and keep them easy. Locked knees are ugly and give rise to many figure faults.
3. You know where your hip-bones are? Well, line them up above your knee-caps and ankle-bones and keep your hips well down at the back.
4. Unless you especially admire pouter pigeons, don't shove your chest up and out. Keep your ribs easy and low.
5. Don't tense your shoulders; don't thrust them back; don't droop them forward; don't hold them high about your ears. Hold them easily, far out at the sides.
6. Balance your head naturally, so that a line passing through the lobe of your ear will also cut through the middle of your shoulder.

Weekly Diet Hint

ALTHOUGH fat, as such, is often beneficial to a child's growth, it must be remembered that fat is hard to digest, and that therefore it should be given only in small quantities. This applies not only to the fat of meat, let us say, but also to oils of all kinds—olive oil, cod liver oil, and the like. The same applies even to rich milk, cream and butter. Children who bear fat particularly badly should never eat it three times a day.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I fear I am becoming a victim to nerves, but not in the sense that I am frightened or bad tempered. My particular symptoms are loss of confidence in my own ability, and a nervous dread that anything I now undertake is sure to turn out wrongly. I don't find any pleasure in entertainments or sport, things that delighted me a few years ago.

PEOPLE slip quite easily into nervousness, and before they know it the nervousness has become a habit. We should therefore watch our nerve reactions. We should constantly be on the alert that our apparently insignificant mental and emotional maladjustments do not become so definitely fixed that they undermine and change our whole personality, affecting our happiness and success for the future.

Nervousness is a blanket term, anyway, which is very loosely used, and which covers a variety of conditions. A much better term is the one which medical men and psychologists employ. It is called a "neurosis."

A neurosis is a very definite entity. It is a functional nerve condition that has no organic basis.

In a neurosis the nerve cells and fibres are all intact, and able to perform the work intended for them to do. The reason they do not succeed is because usually they are depleted. They are no longer able to manufacture a sufficient amount of nerve energy.

Nerve energy is also wasted. It is distributed to wrong places. The sum total result is malfunctioning of the nerves of one kind or another.

* * *

NOW this malfunctioning of nerves is perceived by the sufferer as symptoms. One person is keyed up and excitable. Everything, as he says, "gets on his nerves." Another complains of excessive fatigue.

Anxiety, fears, doubts, obsessions, suspiciousness, a feeling of impending danger, restlessness, self-depreciation, loss of interest, chronic worry—any one or more of these—and there are others—may be symptoms.

If a person only occasionally shows a malfunctioning of nerves we do not say he has a neurosis. We say simply that he is neurotic—that is, he has a tendency to develop a neurosis.

Neuroses are on the increase. Neurotic symptoms even more so. Everyday life is becoming more and more complicated, intense, and depleting. Often the nervous system is subjected to terrific strain.

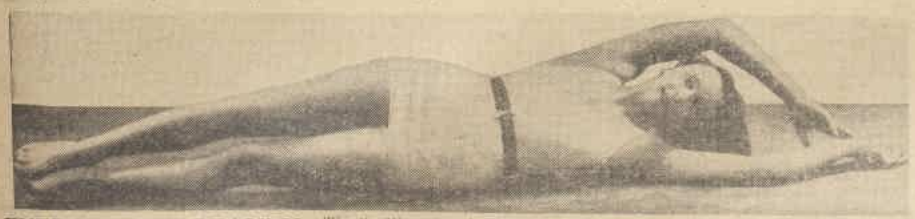
On the other hand, one may also fall into the habit of being restless, fearsome of worrying no end and of losing interest. Under such conditions one often finds refuge and a certain comfort in the neurotic symptom.

* * *

LOSS of interest may, however, be an excuse for laziness and nothing more. When you lose interest you usually do not want to do the thing which fails to rouse you, and the loss of interest is a kind of excuse. Sometimes a little conscious and deliberate straight thinking will soon make it clear to the neurotic why he suffers as he does.

Often, of course, the real causative explanations are hidden deep down in the unconscious mind, and cannot be so readily traced.

The point, however, is to watch the neurotic manifestations, to recognise them for what they really are, and to try to remove them as soon as possible. If we did this there would be fewer neurotics. Nervousness would not so quickly become a habit.



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

The "rolling exercise," illustrated above, will soon slenderise your figure, being especially good for the hips. Lie flat on your back, and roll from side to side, first to the left, and then back to the right—as though you were a rolling-pin. Do it regularly each morning.

'Ovaltine'

For Glorious Health and Boundless Energy

THERE are many definite reasons why "Ovaltine" is without equal for giving and maintaining health and abundant vitality.

Prepared by exclusive scientific processes from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" provides 100 per cent. health-giving and energy-creating nourishment of the highest quality in the most easily digestible form. Although imitations are made to look like "Ovaltine," there are extremely important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

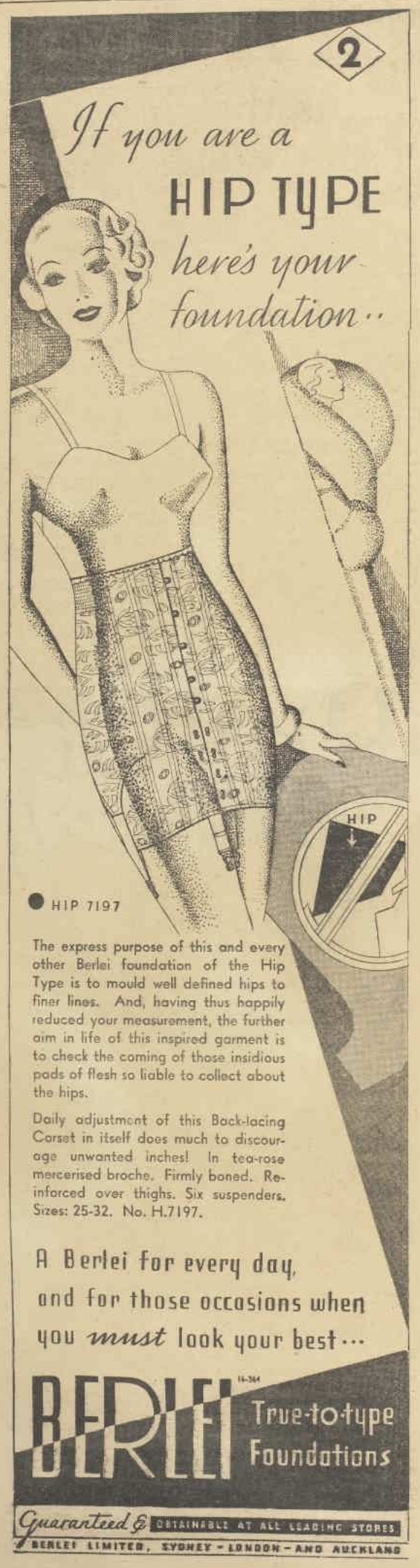
Because of its supreme nutritive properties, "Ovaltine" is the most widely used food beverage in the world. Quality always tells—insist on "Ovaltine." There is nothing "just as good."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

NOTE THESE NEW LOWER PRICES:
1/9, 2/10 and 5/- At all Chemists and Stores

A. WANDER LIMITED, 318 KENT STREET, SYDNEY. O11.18.34

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604957



WRECKAGE

Continued from Page 32

"HAVE the charges ready, Sam. Tony's going in on the other side."

"All right, Chief."

Bill wrote on the slate and held it before Tony's front-glass:

"All set. You can go in."

Through the thick glass two pairs of eyes met and seemed to linger an instant; then Tony had turned and was moving round the side of the wreck.

And Bill's gaze moved down slowly to that huge girder.

He waited. He must give Tony time to enter the wreck. He would make sure of the job, anyway. He had no pity at all for Tony. He had raised Tony out of the deep, a bit of human wreckage, and Tony had shown his appreciation by trying to steal away his wife.

He spoke crisply into the telephone: "Send down the 'torch.'"

He waited again, quite calmly. Out of the greenish obscurity he saw the pale, sizzling fire of the oxy-hydrogen "torch." He gripped the nozzle and swung the sheet of livid flame straight at the iron girder in front of him.

And then suddenly he looked up and saw Tony walking ponderously towards him across the bed of the sea; and, in Tony's eyes, there was knowledge.

Tony paused. Quite close to each other now, with that fierce jet of flame still hissing against the iron, the two men stood.

Bill took the slate and wrote on it: "I'm trying a new way of breaking out the wreck."

Tony wrote back:

"Yes, with me inside it."

Grim and ghastly was the smile that flickered on Bill Austin's face behind the glass. He wrote:

"I meant you to be inside it! I saw you and Viola together."

Tony's eyes looked into his. He replied:

"Yes, I love Viola. But she doesn't love me."

"Is that true?"

"Gospel! I asked her to leave you. She wouldn't. She loves you."

The fierce flame came hissing away from the iron.

Bill wrote: "You may be lying, but I think I believe you. But why did you try to wreck our lives?"

"I never wrecked anything yet."

"That's true, too. Only your own life, and you made a mess of that. It takes a good man to wreck things properly."

"That's probably true, too."

"I dragged you out of yourself—your misery."

"No. Your wife did that, not you. I never bothered about you. It was she. I couldn't help loving her."

"Well, I was never much good at raising anything, ships or men."

Tony smiled faintly, with a kind of wistfulness through the glass.

Bill turned slowly. His emotions were mixed and strange. And then, as he turned he felt a sudden trembling movement underfoot. Masses of mud rose blindingly. High above he felt the eerie, tottering movement of the mighty ship itself.

Horrified, he stared upward. Yes, she was moving—coming down!

He gave a gasp of wild panic and tried to stumble back. Then he felt a violent push and saw Tony's arm stretched out, thrusting him backward, away from the smothering roll of the wreck. He was caught up and flung violently forward, while the whole sea-bottom seemed to tremble and shake.

IN the white blaze of a Pacific night Bill and Viola walked along that thin crescent of beach.

"Funny," said Bill softly, "in trying to create a man again out of that bit of human wreckage which was Tony Dunn, I almost succeeded in destroying all three of us."

He paused and looked down at her searchingly. She lifted her face, white and still, against the blazing night.

"Viola, you really were rather fond of him, weren't you?"

"Yes, Bill. I—I was fond of him."

"Queer," said Bill slowly, "so was I. But it was always you who mattered to him, not me. That's funny, too. Or isn't it? I don't know. But would you have gone away with him if . . .?"

"Bill," she said quietly, "you needn't have asked me that. I was fond of Tony. I felt sorry for him. I—I did my best to help him back to sanity and happiness.

"Perhaps, in trying to help him, I let my feelings get the better of me, because, you see, I didn't want him to slip back again to what he had been before you—Oh, Bill, there's never been any other man but you, just you!"

He smiled gravely.

"I'm glad, sweetheart. I've been a little grim and hard, I know, and Tony was such a happy fellow, really. . . . Viola, I'd like to tell you. I went down with Tony with murder in my thoughts. I—I was going to——"

"Don't say it, Bill." She put her fingers on his lips, sealing them, and smiled up at him faintly. "Bill, don't you think that, although Tony's gone, we did create something out of that wreckage? I mean, he died rather splendidly, didn't he?"

Bill stared at the ocean. Somewhere, very deep down, Tony Dunn would rest for ever. . . .

"Yes," said Bill softly, "he might have had time to save himself if he hadn't first tried to save me."

She drew closer to him. Since that tragic morning on the sea-bottom her aloofness had vanished, somehow; the terrible possibilities of that moment seemed to have drawn them together again.

"In future," he said, as they turned to move on, "whether you like it or not, my dear, I think I'll just stick to wrecking things."

(Copyright)

THINGS - that - Happen

Exciting or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Waiting the Call

TWO young men in a boarding-house had a habit of sleeping in and being late for business, so asked the maid whether she would give them a call about eight o'clock each morning, which she did. One morning, being very busy, she omitted to call them, and their room-mate was very much amused to hear one chap say to the other, "We will be late this morning if Mary does not call us soon."—L.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mistaken Identity

THERE is at least one little strange dog buried in the historic grounds at Fortuna (Bendigo), recently pictured and articled in The Australian Women's Weekly. During the recent sale of art furniture, etc., there was great distress among the staff when it was announced that Bobs, a pet of the family, had been run over and killed. Sorrowfully he was laid to rest in the beautiful grounds of this mansion home. It was some time later that Bobs himself returned home, and it was discovered that it was a strange dog that had been honored with such a pompous burial.—I.O.Y.

❖ ❖ ❖

Owner Wanted

A FRIEND of mine was in the habit of hanging the key of her letter-box on the hallstand just above the umbrellas. One day the key fell into her umbrella, and, not knowing this, the lady took the umbrella with her when she went shopping. At the same time as she put up the umbrella she noticed a key lying on the ground, and picked it up and took it to the nearest shop and told them to put a notice in their window that a key had been found. Imagine her chagrin when on returning home she realised that it was her own key she had taken into the shop.—V.B.

❖ ❖ ❖

Stranded in the City

A FRIEND of mine losing her position in Sydney, walked the streets for weeks looking for a vacancy in an office, without success. The money she had saved had dwindled away until at last she was eating dry bread for her meals.

She had left a comfortable home in the country, and came to the city to make good, being too proud to write home for help. As a last resource she spent a badly-needed one and sixpence on a lottery share, and had the good fortune to win £80. She told me that the first thing she did was to have a decent meal. Then purchasing some clothing she returned to her home in the country. To this day the parents do not know what hardships their daughter went through, trying to make good in the big city.—Merle.

TRUTH ... *or* LIES?

EASY BAKE MANUFACTURERS,—
I made a batch of bread with your "Easy Bake," and it was really beautiful, and had a delicious flavour. For the future I intend using only "Easy Bake," as it is far superior to any other yeast I have tried. Please send me by return a 1/9lb. packet, for which I enclose one shilling and sixpence in stamps. And oblige, Yours Faithfully, Mrs. J. S. MACQUEEN, Cowell St., Gladesville, N.S.W.

Sumner's Old Mill, Rushcorn, via Alexandra, Vic. 28/7/'34.

Please send me by return mail 10/- worth of "Easy Bake" pure yeast compound, for which I enclose 10/- Postal Note.—Yours truly, Mrs. ARCHIE PAYNE.

EASY-BAKE

Pure Dehydrated Live Yeast

BAKING COMPOUND (Reg.)

It's Different!

NOT A BREWERS' OR COMPRESSED YEAST

Scones, Muffins, Buns, Cake, &c., and DELICIOUS HOME-MADE HEALTH BREAD containing the essential Vitamins "D," "C" and "B." Easily understood directions with each packet, also FREE—International Recipe Booklet.

1/- trial packet will convince.
1/9 ½lb. It keeps for twelve months if kept airtight. Sufficient for 60lbs. of flour.

FREE

Prize Stock Breeders, Poultrymen, Dog Breeders, Bird Fanciers, Racehorse Owners, and Turkey Breeders. With each 5/- order of Easy-Bake we will forward a secret stock-fattener, bone-builder, and weight-increasing formulae, which was acquired from the St. Louis Veterinary College, U.S.A., and not known in the Commonwealth. We will forward the names of Wholesale Druggists who will supply the ingredients. Make it up at home. A gallon costs a few shillings. You will be astounded at results. No results, money refunded.

If requiring wholesale quantities order through Henry Berry and Co. Pty., Ltd., 568 Collins St., Melbourne, C1. Otherwise order direct for single packets from

EASY BAKE MANUFACTURERS, 597 Collins St., Melb., C1.

Enclosed please find Postal Note or stamps for ..... packets of EASY BAKE. Please write in block letters, and name the State. We pay postage!
(Keep the number of Postal Note forwarded.)
Save the empty packets, we purchase at 2/- dozen.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
STATE .....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604958

TEMPTING *Delicacies*.. LEMON FLAVORED!

By . . .
Margaret Shepherd
Instructor to Leading Hospitals

LEMONS, health giving, and with a host of other uses, are cheap. Make the most of them!

.....For flavoring jellies and sauces, cakes, fillings, puddings, and savory tidbits alone ..... the lemon is worth its weight in gold!

LEMON STICKS are an inexpensive, easily-made delicacy. Serve with salads.

WHY don't all landowners grow a lemon-tree or two, however small their area? This hardy evergreen is very easy to grow, and is a prolific bearer throughout the year. And, by the way, it is not too late, in many areas, to plant now!

WHEN fresh greens are scarce, lemon juice will supply an adequate amount of vitamin C. It is rich in minerals as phosphorus, magnesium, and iron. The acid juice will not, as is supposed, cause acidity, as it is changed in the body into carbonates which preserve the alkalinity of the blood.

Used in cooking it is preferable to vinegar in the preparation of salad-dressing. Added just before serving, it improves the flavor of all cooked green vegetables, as cabbage, spinach, etc.

When served with tea (hot or iced) it is more refreshing than milk, while the thinly-pared rind added to milk for sweet or savory sauces takes away that "milky" flavor.

Here are some tempting recipes easy to prepare and well worth your trying to vary the daily menu.

Below: Everybody just loves lemon butter. Make it in a double boiler to avoid burning. A delicious recipe is given on this page.

LEMON FLUFF PIE

One baked pie shell, 3 eggs, 1-cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons hot water, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar.

Beat egg yolks very well, add lemon rind and juice, hot water, salt, ½ cup sugar. Cook in a double boiler until thick. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth, add ½ cup sugar, beat well. Fold into cooked mixture. Fill baked pie shell, and cook in a moderate oven until brown.

LEMON ICING

Two cups icing sugar, ½ cup melted butter, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Mix above ingredients together, stir till creamy, spread at once.

LEMON PUDDING

Two tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, juice of 1 lemon, grated rind of ½ lemon, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream the sugar and butter, add the flour, lemon juice, egg yolks, milk, and mix well. Then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white. Pour into a greased dish. Stand in another dish of water, and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

LEMON BUTTER SAUCE

Two tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, paprika

Cream the butter, add salt, paprika, and lemon juice. Serve on carrots, new potatoes, fish, or steak.

LEMON WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE

Four tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 gill cream.

Dissolve sugar in the lemon juice, add rind of the lemon, stand aside until thoroughly chilled, add whipped cream.

LEMON HARD SAUCE

Quarter-cup butter, 1½ cups icing sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of ½ lemon.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, also grated rind and lemon juice. When well beaten stand aside to cool.

LITTLE LEMON CAKES

Two heaped tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 2 small teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup flour.

Grease well some patty tins. Cream butter and sugar well, add grated lemon rind, juice, and well-beaten egg yolks. Beat well. Add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Half-fill patty tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool and cut in two layers. Spread with lemon cream filling. Sprinkle top with icing sugar, or cut top off, scoop out centre, and fill with lemon cream filling. Dust tops with sugar.

LEMON CREAM FILLING

One egg, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup lemon juice (strained), 1 tablespoon butter, grated rind of ½ lemon.

Put water, sugar and lemon rind into a double boiler. When hot add cornflour, which has been blended with cold water. Stir until it boils, and simmer 3 minutes. Add butter, lemon juice, and well-beaten egg. Return to heat, and stir until egg is well cooked. Cool before spreading on a cake.

LEMON BUTTER

Three eggs, ½ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, lib sugar, grated rind of lemon.

Melt butter in an enamel-lined saucepan, add sugar, stir well, add the well-beaten eggs and strained lemon juice. Boil the mixture, stirring all the while, and allowing it to cook for a quarter of an hour. Fill small well-dried jars, and cover.

LEMON SPONGE (dessert)

One tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, rind of 1 lemon, whites of 2 eggs.

Put sugar, water, and thinly-pared rind of 1 lemon into a saucepan and bring slowly to simmering point. Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water. When water has boiled, strain over the soaked gelatine. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, stand aside in a basin to cool, and, when cold, and at the consistency of honey, whip. Add the stiffly-beaten egg whites, and continue beating until firm enough for egg whites not to separate from jelly. Pile in a glass dish, garnish with cherry.

The above can be whipped without egg whites.

LEMON JELLY. (Preserve)

Two pounds lemons, 2 quarts cold water, sugar.

Cut the lemons into slices, using every portion of the fruit. Cover with cold water, and stand 24 hours. Then boil together for 10 minutes. Stand another 24 hours. Boil 5 minutes. Strain through a jelly bag. Measure, and to every cup of fruit pulp and juice add one cup sugar. Boil rapidly until it jells.

LEMON STICKS

One cup flour, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift the dry ingredients, add shortening, and work into flour with finger-tips. Take out quarter of the dry mixture. Add lemon juice to the remainder and make into a dry dough. Roll out about 6 inches in diameter, sprinkle lightly with one-third of dry mixture, fold into shape of an envelope, roll, sprinkle again with dry mixture, repeat three times. Spread 1 extra tablespoon butter over last before folding. Roll, cut into strips. Bake in a quick oven. Serve with salads.

All these Recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

READERS! Here is a recipe you have all been waiting for. It wins first prize this week, and can be used in so many different ways, all from the same ingredients. Other winners of this week's prizes give a variety of dishes, too.

Perhaps you have a favorite dish. Send along the recipe, it may win a prize!

SIX-WAY RECIPE.

Beat 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar to a cream; add 3 eggs, one by one. Beat well; sift 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, and 1 teaspoon baking soda and add to mixture.

Sunbeams: Roll out 1-6 of the mixture very thinly. Spread with apricot jam. Roll up. Cut in thin slices. Roll in coconut and bake in moderate oven.

Date Cuddles: Roll out 1-6 of the mixture, cut with small biscuit cutter. Place a stoned date on each, and moisten edge and press together. Bake in moderate oven.

Jam or Apple Tarts: Roll out 1-6 of mixture very thinly. Cut with small cutter. Place in patty tins or small cake containers. Bake. When cool, fill with apple jelly, or stewed apples, and decorate with whipped cream.

Nut Fingers: Roll out portion of mixture. Cut in fingers. Spread with icing sugar and decorate with chopped almonds or coconut, and bake in a moderate oven.

Kisses: Roll up part of the mixture into small balls, and bake. Ice together when cold.

Bachelor Buttons: Roll into small balls and roll in coarse sugar or nonpareils, and bake in a moderate oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. H. Dacts, Victoria St., Forest Hill, Qld.

FLAT FRUIT PUDDING.

One cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped suet, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup mixed raisins and currants.

Soak breadcrumbs in water and drain well, and mash with a fork in a basin, then add self-raising flour, chopped suet, salt, golden syrup, spice, raisins and currants. Mix the carbonate soda with a little milk, and add. Put in a pudding basin, and tie a greased paper over the top and put in a steamer, or in the hot water itself and steam for 1½ hours. While hot, serve with white sauce.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McDonnell, 356 Canning St., North Carlton, N4, Vic.

MANDARIN JAM.

Choose Thorny variety of mandarins and use in following proportions:

Four cups thinly-sliced mandarins, 2 lemons, 12 cups sugar, 12 cups water.

Soak finely-sliced fruit in the water over night. Next day boil till reduced to half. Add sugar, and boil quickly till a golden color, and the syrup jells (about 1½ hours).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Allen, Public School, Marsubra Junction, N.S.W.

SO APPETISING

The goodness of garden fresh Tomatoes — the delightful flavor — the rich appearance—are all features that make—

Rosella

The Most Popular

Tomato Sauce

In thousands of homes to-day, the eight delicious Rosella Sauces and Chutneys are always considered the best. Try them yourself. They include:

Sauces: Worcestershire, French Mustard, and Cream of Horseradish.

Chutneys: Fruit, Tomato, Mango, and Apricot.

Stimulate that jaded Appetite—

STIMULATE that jaded appetite — give a new "taste value" to every dish that is not sweet. Use it in cooking, too.

Ah, it makes the meal!

Economical, because you need use such a little.

LEA&PERRINS SAUCE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604959

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

by "STEVE"

"B.O." (BODY ODOUR) GONE—she got the first part of her wish—a husband, her own home

KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY, TOO, WITH LIFEBUOY!

Read this letter from a constant user:—

"I have been going to write several times as I think everyone should use Lifebuoy Soap for health reasons. I am speaking from many years of experience as I have five children and not one of them has ever had any skin trouble, and I have used Lifebuoy Soap for all of them since they were tiny babies. My mother used Lifebuoy Soap as far back as I can recollect—we all think it absolutely on its own for every-day use, it is so refreshing and it keeps the skin so healthy."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. COX,
Hornsey Road,
Flemington.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT 2.213.16

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY

Let these creams give you the youthful skin men admire

The skin loveliness you have always longed for will become a reality when you start using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This cream penetrates the deepest pores, removes dirt, grime, and all traces of old make-up, and restores the skin to the freshness of youth. Just as indispensable for your complexion are Vivatone, the exhilarating skin freshener, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell

Obtainable at all chemists and leading stores at REDUCED PRICES

Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-

WHO WILL *Meet* SUSAN?

Continued from Page 11

"WHAT excellent taste," she murmured. "That's one of our reduced models. It's marked down to only fourteen guineas."

Elliott scowled heavily.

"You couldn't wear that," he said, without so much as a decent pretence of glancing towards the case. "Not your type at all."

But Elliott hardly recognised Susan when the woman brought her back. She certainly looked pretty nice. In fact, she looked exceptionally nice. And this, mind you, without any make-up.

"Well, who would have believed it!" Elliott ejaculated in sheer amazement.

"You can't say this dress isn't becoming," Susan pointed out sulkily. "Of course the back is a little low, but I could fill it in with net."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Elliott roared indignantly. "For probably the first time in your life you look like a human being, and you're talking of doing something about it. You wear that dress to-night just as it is. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some nice chap thought you were pretty attractive."

After Susan returned to her own clothes again Elliott's enthusiasm waned. In silence he drove her to the hotel where Chubby had booked her room.

"I'll drop round for you about nine," he said with a yawn, "and you might, in the meantime, invest in a lipstick."

"Any particular shade?"

They glared at each other.

"Yes," Elliott answered shortly, "geranium."

AS Elliott neared the club he noticed noses belonging to his closest friends flattened against the library window panes. They were waiting for him. At the library door he paused grimly. Bedlam reigned within. The male quartet was growling: "Lochinvar Has Come Out of the West." Jack Lawson was idiotically pretending to make love to the statue of Venus, and Henderson Mead was pulling hairs from Harvey Evans's head and bellowing: "She loves me, she loves me not."

"Stop it, you fools!" Elliott ordered, kicking his bowler with considerable force in the direction of the male quartet.

"Let's have the truth, Elliott," Jack said lightly, "did the biological sport come up to our young hero's expectations or does the sum of ten pounds find its way into the club's needy coffers?"

"Was I ever wrong about a girl?" Elliott hoped the hollow sound of his laughter was apparent only to his critical ears.

"If Chubby's sister is everything you hoped for," little Willie Owens piped up, "I'm sorry for you, Elliott. Do you know who rang you this afternoon? Marietta. She's come back specially for the dance to-night. I wouldn't be in your shoes for a kingdom. They say somebody once looked at Marietta and the definition of jealousy was born."

Catastrophes had happened to close friends of Elliott Brooks, even to very near relatives, but he had never met one so unpleasantly close before. His first wild thought was to go over to the hospital and kidnap Chubby. The others, however, did not give this idea any support.

"If you want to make all the arrangements," Willie told Elliott, "I'll take Marietta myself. I won't take a chance on a girl I've never seen, but I've always wanted to take out Marietta."

Later, as Elliott emerged from the telephone box after phoning Marietta, he dabbed fitfully at a moist brow with his handkerchief. Whew! That had been a close thing! What turned the trick had been telling Marietta what a funny little thing Susan was.

Suddenly Elliott came to an abrupt halt, caught in the grip of a grisly thought. Perhaps Susan wouldn't look as funny to-night as he had so fondly pictured to Marietta. Hadn't he, like the ass that he was, arrayed Susan as a human being that very afternoon? And once Marietta saw a Susan that was attired as the best of them, he, Elliott Brooks, might just as well relinquish all thoughts of a love life.

Before he fully realised it, Elliott was standing in the entrance hall of Susan's hotel, asking to speak to Miss Hedges.

"Miss Hedges says," the clerk yawned at Elliott, "that you weren't expected until nine."

Elliott moistened his dry lips. "Tell Miss Hedges," he replied, "that I must see her immediately. A matter of—of desperate importance."

After a bit Susan came down, wearing the glasses that pinched her nose, the strained-back hair, and the same funny-looking dress that she had arrived in. Elliott noticed these things now with a certain degree of satisfaction. No miracles had been worked on Susan since he last saw her.

"Susan," he announced, "I must have that dress back I bought for you this afternoon."

Susan took it harder than he expected. Behind the prim glasses her brown eyes held a stubborn look.

"I thought you wanted me to look nice for to-night!" she wailed. Then as Elliott said nothing she flared up angrily: "You old mean-y!"

Without another word Susan went up to her room and returned with the dress.

"You just wear whatever you brought with you," Elliott advised as he sheepishly took the package from Susan. "I'll bet it's a pretty dress, too," he lied gallantly. "And listen, Susan, forget what I said about your glasses. Be sure to wear them to-night. A girl can't be too careful of her eyesight these days."

That evening Harvey Evans arrayed himself in his immaculate linen, his tail coat and his black pearl stud, and was making a systematic search of the club house for his trousers, when Elliott found him. Elliott carried a cheque for ten pounds.

"As you're secretary of this club," Elliott grimly informed the trouserless Harvey, "I'm handing you the money. Chubby's sister was not only everything your fancies painted, but a lot of other things you didn't have enough imagination to think of."

Harvey emitted an ear-splitting yell that brought the others, in various stages of deshabille, crowding curiously about.

"Just as we told him, fellows, Chubby's sister, to put it kindly, proved a great disappointment to our good friend, Elliott." Harvey flourished Elliott's cheque. "He has produced the ten pounds like a gentleman. Didn't even wait for us to render a verdict."

They greeted this announcement with an unseemly display of mirth.

"Remember, my lad," Henderson Mead spoke up ably, "it is not always a pretty face that meaneth the most to a man. There may have been other sterling qualities. How was her figure?"

"Perhaps she has a heart of gold," Willie Owens hooted derisively, "like that girl Harvey stuck me with last week."

The men continued to wax hilarious. In fact, so hilarious did Ted Gilmore become that he carelessly allowed his dressing-gown to part, treacherously revealing Harvey's missing trousers beneath.

Please turn to Page 37

HOST HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604960

SAVE THE CARDS FROM MONKEY BRAND

Ask Mother to buy Monkey Brand and you'll soon have a collection of fine animal cards—there's one in every packet! Mother will be glad of the hint, too—every cleaning job is easier when Mr. Monkey is there to lend a hand.

MONKEY BRAND
for Pots, Pans, Porcelain and Paintwork
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
3.70.30

SIMPLY
COULDN'T SLEEP
Until Esterin gave relief!

LONG sleepless hours, night after night, threatened to bring on complete breakdown. She was one of hundreds who suffer from nerve pains that make days a trial and nights a torment. NYAL ESTERIN tablets gave her quick relief, soothing her worn nerves and taking away pain. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres, eliminating headache, neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, etc., in a rapid, safe manner. It is not a habit forming preparation.

Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets at 1/3 a tin of 24 tablets.

NYAL
ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431H, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
WW 18/8/34.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 1d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

WHO WILL *Meet* SUSAN?

Continued from Page 36

ELLIOTT had wisely arranged with Willie for the four of them to go to the dance together. When stuck with an unattractive girl, this method was always popular among members of the club. It wasn't particularly popular with Willie just now, but when one doesn't possess one's own car the luxury of being captain of one's soul is not to be thought of.

Elliott assisted Marietta and Willie into the dicky. Marietta's beauty, of the sloe-eyed, siren variety, was not set off to advantage in a dicky. She was undeniably not a dicky rider, and she let Willie gather this from the lofty manner in which she withdrew to her side of the car.

"Now, whatever you do, Marietta," Elliott pleaded as he brought his car to a stop in front of Susan's hotel, "be nice to the poor little thing. Remember she didn't choose to look like that. It was all arranged for her by an accident of birth."

"Don't be silly, Elliott," Marietta snapped shrewishly. "I'm always nice to everybody." She paused a moment coldly to request Willie Owens to keep his dirty feet off her evening slippers. "Besides, I don't believe Susan Hedges is as funny as you say she is." Marietta's tone, however, implied that she had better be. Then a happy thought struck her. She smiled sweetly at Willie. "It wouldn't surprise me," she cooed, "if Willie-boy liked Chubby's sister and wanted to switch partners."

"Now don't try anything like that with me, Marietta!" Willie-boy warned in a threatening voice. "If you're not going to be my girl all evening, you can just leave the party now. Willie-boy isn't going to be made a fool of."

Marietta subsided into a fit of sulks.

Do You Know . . .

That an average-size tree with a spread of fifty feet of foliage under normal conditions throws off five barrels of water a day in the form of vapor. This is attracted to the clouds and returns to the earth as rain.

but Elliott told himself she would recover when he produced Susan, glasses and all. Nobody but a half-wit could be jealous of Susan Hedges.

The clerk rang Susan's room, and Elliott sat down to brace himself for the fresh shock of her appearance. He wished the wretched evening was over. He'd have to waste most of his dances on Susan, anyway, though perhaps Jack or Harvey could be bribed to take her off his hands for the supper dance.

"Good evening, Mr. Brooks!"

Elliott looked up at the gorgeous girl who addressed him. Then he gathered himself together and managed to rise.

Now where had he seen her before? The face was hauntingly familiar, but the body evaded him. He eyed her from top to toe. This marvellous creature in the floating gown with the cunning little wrap to match, couldn't be Susan. Hair all fluffed out, lipstick, eyelash black, and a lot of other things Elliott couldn't even guess. Either he was a victim of some malignant form of brain softening or somebody had played him a trick. Loveliness, such as this, was not something born of a few hours. You had to begin learning to be like that in the cradle. Elliott looked at her hopefully again. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't really Susan.

"In the flesh," she smiled sweetly in answer to his look, too sweetly, Elliott thought; "and not a motion picture."

He caught his breath.

"I thought," he accused her in the hurt tone of one who had been foully betrayed, "that you promised to wear the dress you brought down with you. The pink with the——" Elliott remembered then that he hadn't listened to the details.

"My dress is pink," Susan insisted, slipping out of her wrap, "and I was going to add 'without a back,' but you didn't let me get any farther than the 'with.'" She turned slightly, and Elliott viewed a flawless sun-tanned back that looked Indian-brown against the pale pink of her dress.

Elliott's first thought was that he couldn't take Susan in all her glory out in the open to face Marietta. He wondered if Susan could be persuaded to stay at home with a good book.

"You're sure, now, that you want to go to this dance?" he questioned severely.

At this, Susan's slender pretence of having a nice disposition completely fell away.

"You don't think I'm all dressed up to take in washing, do you?"

Elliott saw then how horrible life could really be. With a resigned sigh he led Susan to his car. There was an angry glitter in Marietta's eyes, and quite a bulge in Willie's as he presented Susan.

"I say, Marietta, if that talk of yours about switching partners still holds good, I'll take you up on it." Willie turned coaxingly to Susan. "How would you like to sit here with me, my pretty maiden?"

Susan turned and grinned at Willie from the front seat. Then she lowered her long lashes in an expression of mock coyness.

"I'm afraid I must stay with the young gentleman who called for me," she said in an exaggerated mid-Victorian voice that made Willie chuckle.

Not that Susan was staying with Elliott with any intention of brightening his evening. It didn't take a sensitive man to see that Susan hated him passionately. Elliott finally stopped talking to her at all. The cutting replies she made to his engaging attempts to be nice were such as couldn't be coped with.

It wasn't necessary for Elliott to waste the supper dances, or, in fact, any of his dances on Susan Hedges. Once round the floor with her, and the men realised why they had been created. Susan was a sensation. Before ten o'clock rolled round, Harvey Evans voluntarily came over to Elliott and returned his cheque.

"Elliott," he said kindly, "as secretary of the club I am returning your cheque to you. The club couldn't take money from you under false pretences. What your game is, I don't know. You always were a deep one. But harken to these words. The club is going to remember Susan Hedges long after the founder's name has faded from its memory."

AS far as the masculine portion of the dance was concerned, Elliott could have Marietta. Not only could he have Marietta, but he could have almost any other girl there without half a struggle, as long as that girl wasn't Susan. And still he wasn't satisfied. Fool that he was, he'd let Susan get into his blood! Though he was the world's prize idiot, he had to admit he'd give a lot to have Susan tease him the way she teased Willie Owens and laugh at his jokes the way she laughed at Henderson Mead's, and what he'd give to kiss her—— Well, he wasn't mad enough to think about that.

Nevertheless, when, in the wee hours of the morning, he caught Susan trying to sneak away with little Willie Owens, Elliott took it hard. Diplomatic instincts cautioned him to maintain a dignified silence, but his fighting blood cried out for action.

He went up and masterfully grabbed Susan's arm.

"What's the idea of leaving me like this?"

Elliott's tone was cold, menacing. Even the most possessive Turk would have felt that this was going a little too far.

Susan drew her arm away, quite in the manner of a queen.

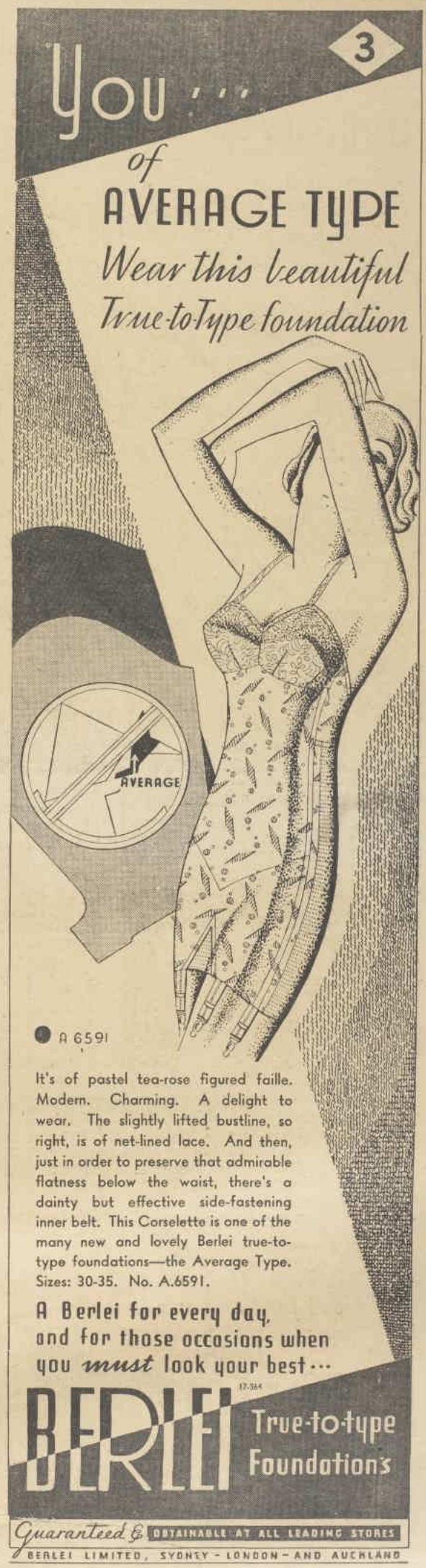
"Listen to me, Mr. Brooks," she said in a remarkably clear voice that guaranteed the audience, mostly close friends of Elliott's, a good performance, "my brother Chubby told me you once turned thumbs down on a girl because the shade of her lipstick wasn't right. That's true, isn't it?"

Elliott grew very red, and traitorous sniggers could be heard from even the staunchest of Elliott's friends.

"Well, you see, I'm rather particular, too," Susan went on. "Of course, I seldom turn thumbs down on a man because I don't like his hair"—her eyes swept Elliott's wavy fairness—"or because his features don't please me"—her glance flashed over his embarrassed face—"but I am rather fussy about minor things, such as manners and tact. Occasionally, I turn thumbs down on a man who hasn't either." Susan drew her wrap haughtily about her. "Come, Willie."

Willie, glad to escape that look in Elliott's eyes, followed her meekly.

Please turn to Page 38



It's of pastel tea-rose figured faille. Modern. Charming. A delight to wear. The slightly lifted bustline, so right, is of net-lined lace. And then, just in order to preserve that admirable flatness below the waist, there's a dainty but effective side-fastening inner belt. This Corselette is one of the many new and lovely Berlei true-to-type foundations—the Average Type. Sizes: 30-35. No. A.6591.

A Berlei for every day, and for those occasions when you *must* look your best . . .

BERLEI True-to-type Foundations

Guaranteed & OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON - AND AUCKLAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604961

For 4 ABDOMEN TYPES

True-to-Type foundations are utterly essential

Larger figures can be so very lovely. It's mainly a question of wearing a foundation which is true to your own type. Women of abdominal development require a garment planned on lines entirely different from those designed to care for big-hipped types. Only Berlei true-to-type foundations observe this distinction. And it's vitally important.

Controlette of tea-rose faille, with lace and hand-knit silk elastic. Boned lining over abdomen supports and slenderises. Sizes: 39-45. No. Ab.6593.

A Berlei for every day, and for those occasions when you *must* look your best...

22.364

BERLEI True-to-type Foundations

Guaranteed & OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 5

OF course, if Bugle's body were found . . . But dead bodies sank. I had a hazy idea that after six days they floated . . . after six days . . .

Somewhat dazedly I surveyed my surroundings.

Rush offended me. Besides, I wanted my belt.

I stepped to its side and unstrapped and unlashed the corpse: this subsided sideways, over the arm of its chair. I walked to the cut in the wall, regarded the steps for a moment, and slammed the panel that hid them into its place. The cellar would make me no exit: that was beyond all doubt.

For some absurd reason a verse of the Bible kept coming into my head. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

Its irrelevance angered me.

I had no desire to take anything out of the world. Nor, for that matter, had Pharaoh. If instead of world you read room—he had brought nothing into this room and now it was very certain that he would carry nothing out. Or Dewdrop, either. Or Rush. Not a single golden sovereign—not even their lives, although they had brought them in. It occurred to me that I, too, had brought my life into this room.

It is certain we can carry nothing out.

I stamped uneasiness down, and turned again to the walls. No windows, no doors. How did one get out of chambers that had neither windows nor doors?

It was then that I thought of the fireplace.

A grate must have a chimney; and if the chimney was wide . . .

The chimney was wide—and barred by a massive grille.

With the aid of Dewdrop's torch I examined the heavy lattice. This was corrupted by rust. If I had a crowbar . . .

My eye fell upon the cross-bar which was resting upon the dogs—the bar to fend logs from falling on to the slab . .

This bar was of polished steel, and though I soon found that I could not burst the lattice, after two minutes I felt the whole grille move. At once I turned my attention to the clamps which held it in place, and ten minutes later I had torn two out of the sockets in which they had stood so long. Then I laid hold of the grille, and under the weight of my body the side no longer supported slowly gave way.

I have said that the chimney was wide; and so it was. If I could find a foothold I could climb it for several feet. My fear was that it would be narrow before I had gone very far.

I need not have feared for my foothold. A series of slots had been made for the feet of a sweep. And though as I mounted the flue it certainly diminished in size, I was able to move, not, indeed, with freedom, but without any actual danger of being wedged.

It was not a pleasant experience, for soot and filth kept falling into my eyes and choking my nose and mouth with each breath that I drew, and, after some twenty feet, as luck would have it, I let fall Dewdrop's torch.

With a venial flurry of oaths I decided to let this lie. At the moment it could not serve me—I could hardly go wrong.

So I went on my way blindly, cursing the soot and the cobwebs and hoping as hard as I could that the flue was not peculiar to the room I had left.

I must have climbed forty feet when my hand encountered a ridge and I felt a current of air. And then I knew I was saved, for the ridge and the draught were declaring the mouth of a second flue.

I had to climb above it before I could leave the main shaft. Then I put my feet over the ridge and, since I could find no foothold, began to let myself down.

With my hands on the ridge I sought foothold—and sought it in vain. The flue was becoming enormous; I could scarcely straddle its width. Unless I could find some ledge.

And then I knew that I had come to a fireplace.

An instant later my feet were touching the wood that was laid on the dogs.

I could, of course, see nothing. The room was dark. But as I crawled out of that fireplace I knew where I was.

I had come to Helena's bedroom.

I took two paces forward and bore to the left.

An instant later I was touching her standard lamp.

The room was little disordered.

A wardrobe door was open, and three or four dresses were hanging out of its mouth. I could see that the bed had been lain on, and a little gilt chair had fallen on to its side.

As my eyes travelled round, I saw myself in the pier-glass.

Please turn to Page 41

WHO WILL *Meet* SUSAN?

Continued from Page 37

ELLIOTT BROOKS didn't get up the following morning, for the obvious reason that he didn't go to bed. What a ghastly night! Not that Susan didn't have sufficient cause for enacting a scene like that. He didn't even blame her for coming to town and pretending to be a little freak. He had always been hard on his women, and a trick like that had been coming to him. But he knew Susan hated the very ground he walked on.

At nine o'clock sharp, Elliott Brooks found himself at the hospital, calling on Chubby Hedges. He brought with him his best bedside manner, tulips, and a wonderful hope that Susan would put in an appearance.

"Well, what do you want?" Chubby demanded in a peevish tone the minute he saw Elliott, adding, with charming frankness: "I don't want any company. Go away."

Elliott was pained that good old Chubby should take an unreasonable stand like that. Especially as he, Elliott, couldn't possibly leave until Susan arrived.

"Look, Chubby"—Elliott tried to divert him—"I've brought you some flowers."

Chubby cast quick, furtive glances about the room, grabbed the flowers and threw them under the bed.

"What do you think I am?" he grumbled ungraciously. "A confounded old woman? Go away, I tell you!"

Elliott saw the folly of humoring Chubby further, so he sat down beside the bed just as if he were really wanted.

"That sister of yours was certainly all you said she was, Chubby."

"Yes?" Chubby wasn't interested. "Tell me about it some other time, when I'm feeling better. Go away now!"

At that moment the nurse brought in Miss Susan Hedges, looking unbelievably lovely in a trim little grey suit.

"Chubby, dear," Susan cried, just as if she didn't see Elliott sitting on the other side of the bed, watching her, fascinated, "are you really and truly ill?"

"Oh, no," Chubby retorted bitterly. "I'm just breaking in the bed for a friend! Am I really and truly ill?" he mimicked Susan in a nasty voice. "What do you think I'm doing in this place? Rehearsing for it. And don't bother to sit down," he warned her inhospitably. "The nurse is coming round any minute to give me my bath."

Chubby's very churlishness was the bond that drew Susan and Elliott together. They exchanged a long, sympathetic glance.

"I'm terribly sorry about last night," Susan mentioned to Elliott in a contrite tone. "It was perfectly nasty of me. Besides, I had no right to play that wretched joke on you yesterday."

Chubby rested disgusted eyes on his sister's face. There he read the familiar signs that told him that once again his sister Susan was in the throes of a great love. He turned over on his other side so as to shut out the sickening sight.

"But it was only what I deserved, Susan," Elliott insisted humbly. "When I think of the way I treated a wonderful girl like you——"

Chubby couldn't help seeing Elliott's face. On it he read the familiar signs that told him that Elliott Brooks was once again in the throes of a great love. He turned completely over, and lay on his face, so as to shut out the horrible sight.

"Go away, both of you!" Chubby's voice came from the muffled depths of his pillow. "Go far away somewhere and find a balcony."

Not that they paid the slightest attention to him. It was absolutely the worst case of its kind that good old Chubby had ever witnessed.

When Susan and Elliott finally left together, Chubby sat up in bed and gravely shook his head.

"Well, personally," he muttered, ceilingward, "I'll take tonsilitis."

(Copyright)

obtainable at all chemists and leading stores at REDUCED PRICES

Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-.

HOST n. I brew brook. The'

Younger Every Morning

Try this recipe to-night

Thanks to this marvellous discovery lines can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty.

Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes wrinkles. These precious substances can now be restored in the form of 'Biocel' the amazing product of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. 'Biocel' is now contained in Crème (Greasy) Tokalon. By its use an ageing skin can quickly be rejuvenated—a faded complexion made fresh, clear and youthful.

Try Crème Tokalon containing 'Biocel' to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference. In the daytime use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). After one month's use in this way you will look at least ten years younger. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Crème Tokalon

PROVED BY BLOOD TESTS

Throughout the world, thousands of people have testified that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of definite benefit to them in the treatment of nervous, run-down conditions. That is evidence—now comes PROOF. It is furnished in the recorded results of blood tests made by a reputable physician on patients who were in a run-down, tired-out state, due to impoverished blood.

The sure proof of the efficacy of a blood tonic is its power to improve the haemoglobin content of the blood. Haemoglobin is the oxygen-carrying element of the blood. It builds body cells and clears the system of poisons. Splendid health and energy are possible only when the haemoglobin content of the blood is normal.

The physician blood-tested a typical group of under-par, anaemic people. They were then given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month, and afterwards had another blood test. In the physician's own words, the haemoglobin increase was "nothing short of remarkable." The patients had better colour, more strength and vigour, more desire to work. They were no longer anaemic.

Why not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? They will revitalise your run-down system and brighten your life and are ideal for young girls and weak children. At chemists and stores, now 3/- bottle.**

DON'T BE BALD

Your hair may be thinning from any one of several causes. No-one can prescribe a correct treatment to make your hair grow again until the exact cause of YOUR baldness has been diagnosed. Edwin Holland can diagnose the exact cause of your baldness—

BY MAIL FREE

This unique free service has been perfected by over 50 years of unequalled success.

Edwin Holland

treatments are inexpensive yet the most successful known. Grow thick, vigorous hair once more. Send no money. Tear this out, write your name and address in the margin, post to—

EDWIN HOLLAND PTY. LTD.,
349 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE, C.1.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604962

INDIGESTION

DYSPEPSIA, AFTER-MEAL PAINS, ACID STOMACH, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE

End your Torture and Serious Danger with this New-Principle Remedy

Here is an indigestion remedy absolutely unlike anything ever offered before to dyspeptic martyrs.

This immediately successful preparation, De Witt's Antacid Powder, with its entirely new principle, gives astonishing and splendid results at once.

No purgative salts or strong sodas, but a remedy that removes the *cause* of your trouble, soothes and strengthens the digestive organs, and is quick, safe, sure in action.

One-time sufferers tell how they now enjoy meals, and eat food they used to dread. Here is proof-positive in just a few extracts from letters proving that you, too, can start to overcome digestive danger at once. Read them carefully and say whether you will stay in misery and danger longer

Acute Indigestion
After trying everything for acute indigestion I got complete relief thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is a grand feeling to enjoy a meal.—No. 28.

Gastritis Gone
I had terrible pains from gastritis, but now know what it means to enjoy meals, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. I wouldn't be without it. No. 29.

Heartburn Ended
I am no longer troubled with heartburn. The first dose gave me relief. I tell all my friends of De Witt's Antacid Powder.—No 44.

Flatulence Ended
De Witt's Antacid Powder has done me more good than anything I ever tried before. I have suffered from flatulence for nearly 20 years, and it is a blessing to get relief.—No. 51.

Yes, De Witt's Antacid Powder for indigestion is really wonderful.

1. Of nine specially-chosen ingredients, first the bismuth and colloidal-kaolin soothe irritated stomach lining—the cause of so much gastric trouble.
2. The valuable malt-diastase ingredient helps the absorption of body-building, muscle and nerve-forming food ingredients. It helps to expel waste easily, thus avoiding the dreaded evils of constipation.
3. This remedy builds up the alkaline resistance of the body, so that the acidity—which causes dyspepsia, burning and flatulence—will no longer trouble you.

Don't be a dyspeptic martyr longer. Don't wait for that slight indigestion to place you in serious danger. We know this splendid remedy can and will help you quickly. When all else has failed, we tell you there is sure relief in

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

The IMPORTANCE *of* MOTHERCRAFT TRAINING as a *Career!*

How Skilled Nurses are Made

By MARY TRUBY KING

MOTHERCRAFT, as distinct from motherhood, is among the skilled arts, and this article tells how it may be learned, as a means to earning a livelihood, or merely as an added store to knowledge, in readiness for those happy days when a girl can utilise it for the benefit of her own children.

I QUITE agree with "A Mother," writing in The Australian Women's Weekly, that the modern girl makes as good a mother as did her forbears. One constantly receives letters from such girls who are contemplating matrimony in which they ask for guidance during pregnancy in the matters of smoking and drinking. I have always found these young women only too glad to sacrifice smoking and drinking entirely when it has been explained to them the effects of both on the coming child.

The Australian Mothercraft Society is constantly giving training in mothercraft to young girls who intend marrying, also to Girl Guides and school children.

Not every girl who applies for this training is accepted, for the reason that the girls, when they have passed the necessary examinations, are entitled to go out into private homes as "Karitane Nurses" and to receive £2/2/- a week (in addition to living with the family) in return for their services as mothercraft nurses. It is necessary, therefore, that the applicant for training should have obtained her proficiency certificate, or its equivalent, and that she has a natural love of babies and aptitude for her work.

Applicants must be over 19 years of age, and, if accepted, must be placed on probation at one of the Truby King hospitals for one month. At the end of that time she is given a test paper on observation and general knowledge of her work. The result of this paper, together with her practical work during the month, decides whether or not she shall be kept on for the full year's training.

* * *

THE year's training is an intensive one, as will be seen by the following list:—

Brief outline of syllabus for "Karitane" trainees:

Elementary anatomy and physiology, especially of the digestive tract.

The management of normal breast-feeding. Detailed instructions in the increasing of human milk.

The complete understanding of the principles of calorie estimation and the values of foods used in infant-feeding. Also of the percentage composition of these foods, and their protein ratio.

The full care and management of the normal child to five years. This is taught as the basis of the duty of the "Karitane" nurse in a private home.

The study of Truby King text books; all teaching in lectures and otherwise is correlated to the simple principles set forth in these books.

Artificial feeding, the management of the bottle-fed baby. The difference between the milks of various mammals, how to make humanised milk—the different methods and the value of each.

The correct feeding of toddlers and older children. How to cook simple foods.

Observation in the dieting of babies. Each baby admitted is allotted to one particular nurse (as can conveniently be arranged), who shall "mother" it, be familiar with its history from before birth, and, with the guidance of the matron, suggest the diet and treatment throughout its time in residence.

Infantile ailments and simple nursing treatments.

The making of a complete set of baby clothes. How to wash baby clothing, iron, and use.

Cot-making. The value of simple beds and the drawbacks of airless cradles.

The care of premature infants.

The duties of a "Karitane" nurse in a private home. Throughout training every endeavor is made to correlate hospital theory and practice to the work of the nurse in the home.

Before the nurse leaves hospital she is given the sole charge of one baby for two or three weeks or longer—being on duty with it at night as well as by day, just as she would be in a private home.

Doctors' lectures include lectures on the respiratory tract, bronchitis, pneumonia, etc.; the digestive tract, including vomiting, simple diarrhoea, gastro-enteritis, etc.; rickets, scurvy, rashes in infancy, and simple anatomy and physiology. The nurse learns to detect over and under-feeding, pyloric stenosis, etc., and when she leaves hospital is well equipped to face the responsibilities of looking after her own or someone else's babies.

Many trainees take the course with the sole idea of learning mothercraft before marriage. Others go to positions as soon as the course is completed. There is always a very good demand for Karitane nurses.

* * *

MOTHERS may like to know what, exactly, are the duties of the Karitane nurse in the home, with a view to employing such nurses for their own families.

The Karitane baby nurse is qualified to undertake the care of normal babies and young children or premature babies, but not the nursing of cases of definite illness other than digestive disturbances.

She is instructed to carry out the doctor's instructions to the best of her ability, in cases where the baby is under medical care, and at the same time to make it known to both doctor and mother that she is not a general-trained nurse.

The nurse is responsible for the care, cleanliness, and neatness of the baby's room or nursery, also of her own bedroom; for the washing, ironing, and mending of baby's clothes, also for assisting with the making of simple clothes for baby; for the care of everything in connection with baby's food, and for all duties directly pertaining to her charge, including baby's daily outing.

By mutual arrangement between mother and nurse, in cases where the baby is normal and well trained, the nurse is expected to assist in the general routine of the home, especially in regard to the care of other children—always provided such duties do not interfere with the requisite care of the baby.

As the nurse's day commences with the baby's first feeding at 6 a.m. and ends after his last feeding at 10 p.m., with the added possibility of broken nights, the mother is expected to allow the nurse some definite time for relaxation and rest. Two hours off duty daily should be allowed the nurse, one half-day off duty weekly, from 2 to 11 p.m., one whole day off duty every fourth week from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., and alternate Sundays from 2 to 10 p.m.

The Karitane nurse is entitled to be treated as one of the family—she is in no sense a nursemaid, but holds a responsible position. Anyone engaging a Karitane nurse pays her travelling expenses from her home or previous case, also back to her home at the termination of her engagement, unless she is proceeding to another case.

No, SIR!

I must say "No," I know not why,
But read the message in my eye.
I know not why I must say "No,"
Tho' lips, refusing, are aglow.
It might, I think, perhaps be bliss
If you should rudely snatch the kiss
That shyness lets me not bestow—
But if you ask, I must say "No."

—Blanche Amsel.

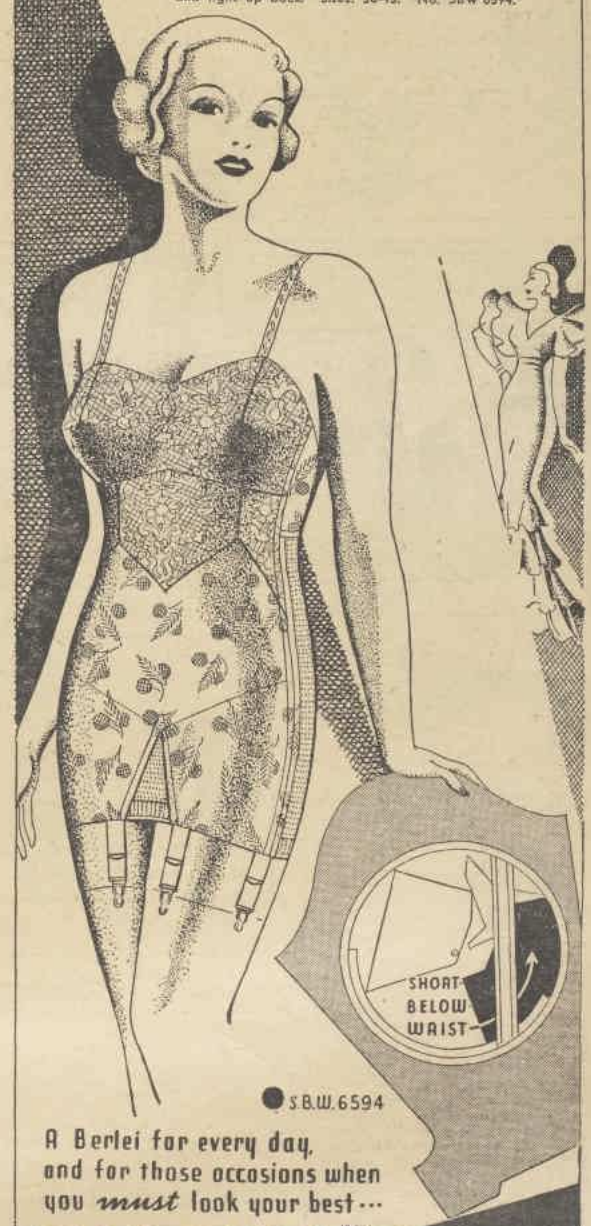
HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.***

5

Good lines assured *when* SHORT BELOW WAIST TYPES *wear True-to-Type foundations..*

Women of the Short-Below-Waist Type of figure cannot know what real comfort means unless they wear a foundation absolutely true to their own type. Only a Berlei true-to-type foundation — a Short-Below-Waist Type — can fit this figure faithfully; give it graceful, lengthened lines.

A lovely Contralette in tea-rose faille; with embroidered double net lace. Hand-knit silk elastic sections combine freedom with marvellous control. Boned over abdomen and right up back. Sizes: 36-45. No. SBW 6594.



A Berlei for every day, and for those occasions when you *must* look your best...

18-364

BERLEI True-to-type Foundations

Guaranteed & OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON - AND AUCKLAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604963

TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

TWO little new arrivals came to Mushroom Grove. They were Alan and Betty Joycome, who had up to date been living in China.

Many, indeed, were the stories they told of the Chinese girls and boys. Stories which held the little ones at Mushroom Grove spellbound, and made their little hearts go pitter patter, and stories which made their merry laughter ring out and made them very happy.

BETTY and Alan, with their kites.

"What fun it must be to live in China," said Fred one day after Alan had told him an amazing story all about a mysterious Chinese woman.

"It's all right in China," answered Alan casually, "but I like Mushroom Grove much better. Now, about playing kites?"

"All right," answered Fred not too anxiously, for playing kites did not seem a fitting game after hearing stories of the mysterious East. Fred would have much preferred to play bandits or pirates, or something more mannish than kites.

Fred, followed by Alan and Betty, then went to his room to get the kites. "I'm afraid we'll have to get some cobwebs from Spider Brown for some strings," said Fred, eyeing the kites carefully. "He'll give us as much as we want."

"Spider Brown!" ejaculated Alan. "You don't mean a real spider, do you?"

"Why not?" answered Fred. "What's wrong with a spider?"

"Er," said Betty, tossing her head, "they're horrible crawly things. I don't want to play kites if I have to use cobweb for my string."

"No, neither do I," said Alan, decisively. "It wouldn't be strong enough anyway."

"Don't be silly!" said Fred good-humoredly. "Spider Brown wouldn't hurt a fly. Come along, and I'll introduce you to him."

At length they decided to go with Fred, and the three then went off to Spider Brown's home.

* * *

THEY came at last to a huge cobweb, and as it was washing day at Spider Brown's place, half the web had clothes pegged on it. Fred went round the side of the web, and pulled a long silver thread. Immediately there was a jingle of bells.

This brought out Spider Brown, who grinned good-naturedly at them.

Fred introduced him to Alan, and imagine poor Alan's embarrassment when Spider Brown put out at least six hands to shake hands with. Alan hesitatingly shook hands with each in turn, as he thought that the correct thing to do, and luckily it was, for Fred told him next day that all spiders shake hands with every hand.

Next, Betty was introduced. She didn't shake hands. She just murmured a soft "How do you do."

Fred then told Spider Brown what they wanted. Spider Brown then disappeared inside for a few seconds, and then came out with three neatly rolled bundles of cobweb.

They thanked him kindly for it, and then departed.

And, weren't Alan and Betty delighted when they discovered it was magic cobweb, and would take their kites wherever they wanted them to go.

Of course, from then on, Alan and Betty did not refer to spiders as nasty crawly things; in fact, they always spoke well of them.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Here is an amusing trick that any of you may perform with ease. First place a number of hats on a table and then ask for the sugar-basin. Next select a lump of sugar and say that you will swallow it, and, by a magical power which you alone possess, will guarantee that it shall be under one of the hats—whichever hat anyone may choose to pick.

INTRODUCING JIM Marley, of Lindfield. —Pelk.

All eyes from then are, of course, kept on the sugar-bowl, in case you may pick up another lump of sugar without being seen. Now you swallow the sugar, ask which hat it is to be under, and on being told place that particular hat on your head—and, of course, you have done what you said you could do!

The best letter for the week comes from Valerie Barclay (Yamba, Clarence River, N.S.W.), for which she wins a prize of 5/-. Here is a short extract from Valerie's letter:

"Yamba is a pretty little country town situated on the beautiful Clarence River. There is a picnic ground, two miles from Yamba, named Angourie."

Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Prize of 3/- to Joan Hague, Denison St., Mairaville, N.S.W., for this clever sketch in black and white.

My Grandma

By ALLAN KIRKWOOD

My grandma's nodding by the fire,
She'd almost gone to sleep,
Upon the fender, nice and warm,
She puts her slippered feet.
The wireless croons a sleepy song,
Then grandma sings a ditty,
The tune to her sweet memories bring,
When she was young and pretty.
Oh, if those years would come again,
How lovely it would be,
For I would have my grandma then
A lot more years with me.

Prize of 3/- to Allan Kirkwood (12), Cardie Yale, via Allansford, Vic., for this clever verse.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION.

FOR the best coloring of the picture, entitled "A Little Duck," Bill Taylor (Olivia, 21 Forsyth St., Willoughby, N.S.W.), wins the prize of 3/- for the prettiest entry.

For the next best Prize Cards are awarded to Beverley Scott, P.O., Minto; Hebe Salter, 4 Bright St., Brighton, S.4, Vic.; Joan Mare, 12 Chase Rd., Turramurra, N.S.W.; M. S. Reid, 3 Evans Rd., Kew, Vic.; Merle Daniel, 143 Parramatta Rd., Haberfield, N.S.W.; Valdai Treadwell, 413 St. Kilda St., Elwood, S.3, Vic.; Iris Skelton, Louisong, via Milduro, Vic.; Doreen Parry, 15 Penshurst Ave., Penshurst, N.S.W.; Jill Thompson, 17 Bennett St., Hilton, S.A.; Brian Ralfe, Kingston, Canberra, F.C.T.; Jean Dunstan, 318 Merryland Rd., Merrylands, N.S.W.; Ruth Patterson, Tintinara, S.A.; Lucy Bunny, Millee Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.; Evelyn Windsor, 261 Cheringhap St., Geelong, Vic.; Florrie Hindle, 48 Kenyon Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.; and Winfred Nelson, Urunga Rd., Nikrunah, Qld.

FOR FUN & FANCY

OLD LADY: What have you in the shape of oranges?

Greengrocer: Tomatoes, mum.

Mike is in a hog up to his ankles!"

"Well, let him walk out?"

"But he's in head first!"

Prize Card to Gladys Calshaw, 1 West Ave., Cessnock, N.S.W.

Small child (entering shop): Please, mother wants six fullers.

The shopkeeper looked puzzled. "Fullers, dearie?" he asked.

Child (after much consideration): Oh, no, mister. I think, now, mother said six tumblers.

Prize Card to Tom Baddiley, Rose Avenue, Yerunga, N.S.W.

Teacher: Can any boy tell me of a nut which hasn't a hard shell?

Bill: Yes, sir. A doughnut.

Prize Card to Dulcie Anderson, Fairfield, Urana, N.S.W.

Two miners were enviously gazing at the glittering display in a jeweler's window.

"Wouldn't you like to have your pick among that lot?" said one.

"I'd sooner have my shovel," was the reply.

Prize Card to Jack Simon, 9 Martin St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

Dentist: Then you won't have gas, sir?

Patient: Certainly not! I'm the director of an electric light company!

Prize Card to Betty Pinlayson, Fourth St., Speers Pt., Boolaroo, N.S.W.

Gordon: Are stars dangerous?

Mother: Stars dangerous? Of course they're not.

Gordon: I am not so sure. What about shooting stars?

Prize Card to Merle Carroll, Bookham, via Bowning, N.S.W.

Union Jack

BLUE is shown by black, red by dots, and white is left plain.

EVERY Pal must have seen thousands of Union Jacks, but how many of you can draw one accurately? Now, here is a test for you. Take a piece of paper and a pencil, then sit down, and sketch one. It is not sufficient to draw some lines overlapping one another; you should be able to indicate where the narrow and the wide lines come, and what color they should be. When you have drawn your Union Jack just compare it with the diagram, notice where you have made mistakes, and then keep at it until you can draw one accurately.

EVERY DAY

CAN you remember a day on which you did not buy something? Actually, EVERY day is a spending day, even if no money passes, because each day must bear its proportion of such running costs as rent, electric and gas service, wear and tear of clothing, and so on!

Everyone tries to earn as much as possible, and to spend as little as possible when spending is necessary, and, after all, real thrift is usually practised in spending.

Surely a thought can be given to the other kind of thrift on at least one day a week—pay-day—the kind of thrift which operates from a determination to put away at least a small sum that will NOT be spent.

Put the small sums in a Savings Bank account to accumulate, to bear interest, and to be available when really needed.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604964

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 38

As may be imagined, my state beggared all description, and I made at once for the bathroom to do what I could. For me to move was to damage, but at least the tiles in the bathroom would take no hurt.

Roughly I washed the filth from my head and my hands, but though I did what I could to wipe the soot from my shoes, I very soon saw that until I could change my clothing I should not be fit to move in a furnished room. And what clothes I had were at Plumage.

At once to get to the farm became my burning desire.

Before I did so I must set Helena free. That was simple enough. I had her master key, and there was her private stair to bring me down to the hall. And yet I dreaded the duty. I did not want to see her—at least not now. I dreaded the explanations which I should be forced to give. I did not want her to know that I had been there in that room: that I had seen Pharaoh break her, that I had heard her purchase my safety for ten thousand pounds a year.

Almost I decided to go and seek some servant and commit to him the honor of setting his mistress free. But that would have seemed an insult which would have been hard to explain.

As I stepped to the curtain I heard the whine of a dog and then the scratch of claws on the door that led to the ramparts—not that I was proposing to use. In a moment I had it open, and there to my joy was Sabre, still, of course, very wet, but safe and sound.

I afterwards learned that, perceiving the bustle above him, the dog had declared, by barking, that he was down in the moat. His rescue effected, he had, as Pharaoh had conjectured, at once been impressed and taken into the meadows and encouraged to scour the woods: but, knowing better than his betters, he had presently given them the slip and had made his way back to the castle and up to his mistress' door.

The great dog seemed pleased to see me, but none too pleased to see that I was alone. At once his nose fell to the floor and he moved to the bed. I watched him curiously. At the bed he paused, and I heard him let out a growl. Then he found his way to the wardrobe. . . . As he stood with his nose to its sill, I saw the hair rise upon his chine.

I picked up a box of matches and turned to the private door.

"Come and find her, Sabre," I said. "I know where she is."

The Alsatian started and stared. Then he bounded towards me, put his great paws on my shoulders, and licked my face.

One minute later we stood in the little hall.

With the master key in my hand I turned to the turret door. For a moment I hesitated. Then I took a deep breath, fitted the key to the lock, and pushed open the oak.

"Helena," I said.

She made no answer, and I took the box from my pocket to strike a match. Here the door returned upon me, and in some impatience I pushed it roughly away. As I struck the match, the door swung back to the wall and stayed where it was.

Helena was not to be seen. Neither, for that matter, was Sabre. He had gone to join his mistress at the head of the turret stair.

I was wondering whether to follow or whether to wait where I was, when I suddenly saw that my duty to the lady was done.

The appearance of Sabre would show her that she was released. The way to her bedroom was open, and she had no need of escort, because the terror was laid.

With trembling fingers I whipped the key from the lock of the turret door. Then I opened the door which gave to the winding staircase, passed through and locked it behind me with all dispatch. Five minutes later I crossed the moat by the footbridge and entered the tunnel which would bring me into the woods.

I have till now said little of how I had been affected by Helena's words and demeanor when she was in Pharaoh's power. Until I was clear of the castle I had no time to consider what she had said and done; but the blazing honor she had shown me had made, as it were, a background to every thought I had had.

As I walked to Plumage I remembered those terrible moments—how in her pride she had flung my puny efforts in Pharaoh's face and how in her fear and trembling she had sought to buy my safety by committing a breach of trust. No queen could have done more for the king she loved. And Helena had done this for me—who had broken off our engagement and told her I did not love her six hours before.

I walked to Plumage, found the farm silent but open and the men of the house abroad. No one saw me enter, find a change of clothing, and take my leave. I made my way to the footbridge that spanned the stream, and when I had put off my corruption I hid my foul clothes in the bushes and set out for Annabel.

As I went, the dawn came up. . . .

All the way three scenes continually presented themselves, not separately and in order, but confounded and intermingled beyond belief. Helena commanded them all. The first was laid in her bedroom, lit by a flickering fire; the second lay in a valley, where the cool of the day had come in and the air was sweetness itself; and the third was a cold, white circle of merciless light. Yet, as I say, I could not keep them apart. While I thought of her words in the valley, I saw her broken and trembling at Pharaoh's threat; and when I saw the scene in her bedroom, the words that she spoke to Pharaoh kept thrusting into my mind. But at last, out of all this welter, I came to four conclusions—and they were these:

That her "love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," a thing too rare to be committed to pen and ink; that my severe reception of her deceit was inspired by a just resentment at being addressed as a lover, but used as a child; that for me no other woman would ever so much as exist; that I was stopped from seeking to repair what had happened, because she had told me plainly that after what I had said she never could be my wife.

I have set down these things precisely as though they were counting-house matters instead of the selfsame stuff as that from which poets have wrung everlasting rhymes. But that is because, since all is wheat to me, I cannot sift the grain from the chaff. On that day and the days that followed I think my heart found itself, working out its own salvation by studying the scenes and conclusions which I have set forth, and scourging itself with the phrases of that gentle indictment which a girl had preferred against me in a valley that knew no sun.

Although I had once postponed and had come to regard with increasing apprehension the opening of Helena's eyes—to the truth, of course, that it was I and not Bugle that had stood in the secret chamber and had listened to all she said—it had never occurred to me that, if only I held my tongue, neither she nor anyone else need ever suspect that I had entered the castle that Friday night. Yet before my cousin had spoken a dozen words I saw that if I was careful, my secret would keep itself.

Please turn to Page 42

PLAY SUITS are important in the summer sports wardrobe. Gertrude Michael, Paramount player, wears this three-piece suit of green jersey. The shorts are full to allow for active sports, and the cape may be worn over the shoulders or as a skirt in wrap-around fashion.

Arnott's Famous Xmas Cakes and Puddings will be available at your grocers during November and December of this year, and will be of the usual excellent quality.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604965

"Why do I often feel like this?"

The Answer to a Question Many Women are Asking

Thousands of women, and men too, live in a perpetual state of ill-health and are at a loss to know the reason why. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the cause is acid dyspepsia. With the stomach in a constant state of sourness you are bound to get the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. To restore normal health it is necessary to overcome the habitual sourness of the stomach and this can be most effectually accomplished with 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the supreme stomach remedy with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy. A teaspoonful of powder, or 2 to 4 tablets, three times daily after meals, never fails to work wonders. If you have the symptoms described above, why not try putting your stomach right? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day by taking the first dose after your next meal—its restorative effect will be a revelation to you.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
Every package bears the oval 'Bismag' Trade Mark→ BISMAG

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails!
Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a speciality—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start!

C. WINTER
63 WELLINGTON ST., KEW, E.4, VICTORIA.

THE BRUCE EASY PROVEN CERTAIN PILE REMEDY
FOR EXTERNAL USE
Read what an eminent chemist reports:
The Laboratory, 22 Napoleon St., Sydney, March 14, 1933.
The formula of your pile remedy submitted to me could have no effect other than beneficial. I gave your sample to a client who had suffered for many years, and before he had used half the bottle he reported himself cured.
GROVE JOHNSON, F.C.S. (Lond.)
"Honours" City & Guilds of London Institute, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.
TESTIMONIALS POSTED FREE.
Price 5/- per bottle
Post free 5/9, securely packed in plain cardboard box.
Obtainable from
Robert Bruce, Room 7, 15 Hunter St., Sydney. Also at 14 Upper Bayview St., McMahon's Point, North Sydney.

ALL THROUGH THE TEETHING YEARS

From the sign of the first tooth to the age of fourteen years, Steedman's Powders are the safest, most gently effective aperient you can give the children. They keep habits regular and the blood-stream cool.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION
John Steedman & Co., Box 494AA, G.P.O. Sydney. Box 831 F, G.P.O. Melbourne 93

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 41

HE found me finishing breakfast in his room at The Reaping Hook.

"Well, you have missed something," he said. "Let that be your punishment for deceiving three simple souls. Not that I blame you—this time. My lady had no right to treat you like that. I told her as much in the coupe. But she wouldn't listen to me. But that's by the way. You've missed—in a way we've all of us missed the most astounding show that ever was seen. Lady Helena saw a good bit—more than enough, I'm afraid." He threw himself into a chair. "Upon my soul, I don't know where to begin."

I moistened my lips.

"What about at the beginning?" I said. "Oh, and don't leave anything out. This show's bung full of detail, and details count."

Geoffrey fingered his chin.

"No, they don't," he said. "Now isn't that funny? Details don't count any more. Never mind. You shall have your wish. Ask what you like, my dear John. I'm 'in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent.'"

"What do you know?" I said.

"I feel sure," said my cousin, "that you will be glad to hear that your failure to arrive at the castle knocked the three of us flat. We couldn't assimilate the fact that simple, honest John Spencer had laid himself out to deceive us—and done it so devilishly well. You certainly got your own back. Lady Helena was wild. 'I'd never have believed it of him,' she raged. And when she saw my lip twitch, 'I suppose you mean I taught him,' she said.

"Well, now that she was safe in the castle, I was only too glad of an excuse to get out, and so I announced that Barley and I would seek you without delay. She insisted that we would take Sabre and gave the dog his orders before we left. It's right that you should know that she was extremely worried, not to say deeply distressed. 'Pharaoh hates him,' she kept on saying. 'His fingers were itching last night to take his life. That's why he made Dewdrop cover him—because he knew that he couldn't trust himself.'"

My cousin paused, to frown on his finger-tips.

"I hope, in the merciful course of time, to forget the way we employed the next two hours. We used Sabre exactly according to the instructions on the box. 'Should the dog display emotion, release him at once. Remain exactly where you were when he left you, until he returns. Then take hold of his collar and he will lead you to John.'"

I began to shake with laughter.

"Quite so," said Geoffrey. "Quite so. After about an hour the dog displayed emotion and was released. After another hour Barley and I displayed much more emotion and withdrew to survey the mouth of the entrance drive. . . .

"We hadn't been there ten minutes when we heard the Carlotta coming—coming from the castle all out. By the use of our torches we stopped her, to find that she was manned by a flying squad. Watchmen, porters, grooms—all of them armed to the teeth. They were going to compass Yorick, travelling east: and the coupe was coming after, to travel west. The Countess Helena had been kidnapped. Yorick was plunged into darkness and my lady was gone. Let down in a sheet from the ramparts. Her handkerchief had been found on the drawbridge and Sabre had been found in the moat."

I felt that it was time to say something.

"But how," I began.

"Don't interrupt," said my cousin. "Listen to me. Well, I let the Carlotta go, deciding that Barley and I would do better on foot. I sent him east and ran west—yes, ran, with my heart in my mouth. The idea was to find the Rolls . . . if the Rolls had not gone.

"I found her at a quarter to one, up a little track—and very near cried with relief. You see, that meant that my lady was yet in the park.

"I rushed off and stopped the coupe, which was lapping for the twentieth time, told the chauffeur to go on patrolling, but to send me reinforcements and tell everybody he met. Then I went back to lay my ambush. I soon had plenty of men and I did the job well. Pharaoh simply hadn't an earthly. Though he didn't know it, that track had become the scaffold on which he and his little friends were going to die.

"At a quarter to two a wallah comes pelting with a message—we very nearly killed him, of course. But by the time he'd said his piece he was nearer death than before. The Countess Helena's compliments, and will Mr. Bohun come back to the castle at once."

My cousin covered his face.

"I don't think I've ever felt such a blasted fool. But blasted . . .

"Well, I took the Rolls and drove back—to hear Lady Helena's tale.

"She was lying, dressed, on her bed when a gag was clapped over her mouth. Pharaoh, of course; but alone. She put up a fight, but he very soon had his way. He bound her wrists and ankles and took her master key. Then he carried her down her private staircase and into a secret room—the ante-chamber, in fact, to the cellar where lies the gold. And there he left her, while he went to do in the switchboard, throw a red herring to Florin and let his confederates in. He told her as much. Sure enough, before he returned the lights of the room went out, and five minutes later she was alone with the four.

"What then took place I don't know. I'm afraid there's no doubt that she suffered; but, except that Pharaoh put it across her, she simply leaves that bit out. But he must have been pretty ruthless, for in the end she opened the secret panel concealing the cellar steps.

"Well, Pharaoh and Dewdrop went down to view the gold; but Rush and Bugle remained in the chamber on guard. I ought to have said that her hands and her feet had been freed. Still, she hadn't much chance, for they kept a torch on her face.

"I shall never understand why Pharaoh employed two such wash-outs as Bugle and Rush. The first thing those two bright lads did was, between them, to drop the torch. By the time they'd found it again their prisoner was gone. The door to the secret room is a secret door. It cannot be opened from within. It was, therefore, standing open. In a flash my lady was out and had shut the door.

"Well, though she was safe, she wasn't clear of the wood. She was locked in a staircase-turret, and Rush had her master key. She called from the embrasures, but, as the castle was empty, there weren't any ears to hear. Then after a while she found Sabre standing beside her, licking her hand."

I felt that such a statement demanded some sort of expression of disbelief.

"But you said——"

"You shut your face," said Geoffrey. "Truth is stranger than fiction—every time. The door to the turret was open and so were the doors to her room. But her room had been used. The thieves had escaped by the chimney, entered her room by the fireplace, cleaned themselves up in her bathroom and disappeared."

"But that's fantastic," said I.

"The very word I used," said Geoffrey. "I also employed 'grotesque.' I used the phrase 'out of all reason.' That they had escaped was clear. But why release my lady and make themselves scarce?

"The obvious thing to do was to search the castle forthwith. I ought to have said that long before I got back the switchboard had been repaired and the lights had come on, and while my lady was talking the staff which had been scattered was trickling back. Florin and I induced some sort of order before beginning the search.

"We began with my lady's bedroom. One look at the hearth was enough. There was soot all over the place. But nothing and nobody else. We left the watchmen there and my lady and Florin and I went down to the secret room. It was empty now, we knew, for Pharaoh and Co. were gone; but the door to the cellar was open and my lady wanted it shut."

He took a deep breath.

"I'll tell you what we found. We found Pharaoh, Dewdrop and Rush—all three of them dead."

"Go on," said I incredulously.

"Fact," said my cousin shortly. "I'm glad you weren't there to see it. It was a dreadful sight. Bugle had done the three in and then cleared out. I fancy there'd been some scrap. Pharaoh's back was broken; he had no wound.

"And here's my interpretation of this astounding find.

"In Pharaoh's absence Bugle and Rush between them let Lady Helena go. Warrantably fearful of the consequences of what they had done, Rush and Bugle quarrelled, and Bugle killed Rush. Afraid to face Pharaoh—such a dereliction of duty meant almost certain death—Bugle decided to kill him and Dewdrop, too. And so he did. Then he escaped by the chimney, with Lady Helena's master key. This let him out of the castle by the way by which he came in. Why he waited to let her out I cannot conceive. Possibly some twinge of conscience—you never know. That's one of the points which we shall never clear up."

"Then everything's over," said I. "The terror is laid."

"The terror is laid," said Geoffrey. "Bugle remains, of course. But I very much doubt if we shall see Bugle again."

Thoughtfully I regarded my napkin. Was it five or six days before a corpse rose to the surface of the water in which it lay?

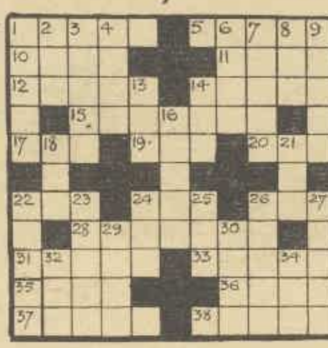
"Then everything's over," I repeated.

"Except the interment," said Geoffrey; "which is fixed for to-morrow evening, as soon as it's decently dark. As you seem to have had a night off, I think you might help with that."

To be concluded.

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS
1. Mend clumsily.
5. Renew.
10. Cricket term.
11. Unite.
12. Ventured.
14. Skin.
15. Dark.
17. Stamp.
19. Bark.
20. Message.
22. Conjunction.
24. Unite.
26. Paid.
28. Attain.
31. Food.
33. Analyse.
35. Pastures.
36. Claim.
37. Bird.
38. Measured.



CLUES DOWN
1. Prophesied.
2. Eggs.
3. Neat.
4. Men.
6. Every.
7. Skins.
8. Indisposed.
9. Classes.
13. Fish.
14. Pen.
16. Entangle.
18. Hostelry.
21. Lay.
22. Stroll.
23. Awe.
24. Packet.
25. Slope.
26. Worth.
27. Incline.
29. Rest.
30. Auction.
32. Money.
34. Diocese.

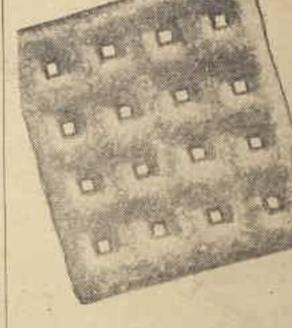
Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS: Miracle, stage, oral, monitor, vents, enter, elk, agile, Asa, dashy, R.A.H., adduce, Senlac, seg, flits, urn, aware, nip, loins, dense, apposes, mete, reedy, endured.

DOWN: Moved, Ireland, ranks, alt, Empire, sneer, tin, attar, goes, erratic, say, house, annal, angular, artiste, chaise, snipe, gassy, fed, inner, speed, rope, nod, emu.

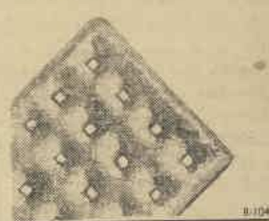
HOST BOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA.
NEVER FAILS!
W 10-34



They're called LATTICE BISCUITS

PUFF biscuits are nice, of course. So are the sweet ones. But—imagine the delicious puffiness of a puff biscuit combined with the sweetiness of a sweet biscuit! Imagine that, and you have an idea of what these delicious LATTICE biscuits taste like! They'll satisfy the masculine members of the family who scorn "fancy" biscuits. Yet they're sweet enough to please the sweet tooth of the feminine members too.



Made in Australia by
PEEK FREAN
All Grocers & Stores

Are you 'reducing'? Radox will help!

BEAUTY experts recognise Radox as an indispensable factor in any method of weight reduction, for whether you rely on diet or exercise, these Radox baths (extra strong for reducing) are a decided help towards the attainment of slimmer lines. And the Radox way is so very simple. Twice a week add the necessary quantity of Radox to your hot bath (complete instructions are included in every packet). Once you have reduced your weight to normal, a Radox reducing bath now and then will help to keep your figure slim.

At all Chemists.

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

THE FINISHING action of the pitcher. The weight is transferred on to the left leg, and the arm and wrist is fully extended as the ball leaves the hand. The grip of the ball as used by M. Flaherty, Australia's foremost pitcher, is shown in the second picture.

CLUB, firmly gripped by both hands, should be held on a level with the left shoulder. Elbow well up, feet together.

THE FINISH of the stroke. The shoulders and arms should make a complete circle in the follow through.

IMPROVE *Your* GAME!

No. 4 Baseball

This series of instructional pictures of women's sports has been arranged for The Australian Women's Weekly by Ruth Preddey. Hockey, basketball, and rowing have already been dealt with.

WHAT IS commonly called the "fade away" slide. The players make full use of their length, touching the bag with their feet.

RECORDS *Topple* when WOMEN *Enter* SPORTS ARENA

They are Creating New Standards All Over the World

By RUTH PREDDEY

This year has been a phenomenal one for women in sport. Success has followed success.

At the Women's World Games this week, three world's records were shattered on the opening day, when competitors had hardly got into their stride.

Despite Australia's non-representation at these games, our banners were upheld by Joan Hartigan, who won the Hampshire singles and doubles tennis championships, and Clare Dennis and Lesley Thompson, who won further laurels at the Empire Games.

IN the finals of the Hampshire tennis championships, Miss Joan Hartigan once again proved her superiority as a singles player in winning this event and beating Miss Slaney.

In the first set Joan was unsteady, and netted several returns, giving Miss Slaney the first set. The next two sets were Joan's.

She was merciless in her onslaught, and sent along drives directed to Miss Slaney's backhand, which she found impossible to return with any accuracy. Joan won the match at 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, and the championship of Hampshire.

V. B. McGrath won the men's singles, and, partnered with Jack Crawford, annexed the doubles championship.

In the final of the women's doubles, Joan Hartigan and Mrs. P. D. Howard won in two straight sets, defeating Mrs. E. C. Peters and Miss Slaney, 11-9, 6-3.

The little band of Australians who were sent abroad to take part in the British Empire Games are naturally jubilant at their successes, too. Eight firsts, four seconds, and two third places were gained.

Of the women, Clare Dennis won the 220 yards championship, and established a new Empire Games record, and Lesley Thompson, on her first trip abroad, secured two seconds in the high diving and the springboard diving events.

This has been the most successful team of athletes that has ever represented Australia abroad, and besides Miss Dennis, Noel Ryan and J. P. Metcalfe established new Empire records.

World Sports

THE fourth women's world games took place in England during the week, and competitors from many nations took part. This is perhaps the only large organisation in the world that is conducted solely by women.

How Australian women athletes missed representation at these games is a story yet to be told, but it is not too soon for the Australian Women's Amateur Athletic Association to commence organising immediately, so that at least two women athletes may be given the opportunity of representing their country in 1938.

It is interesting to survey the results of this year's games in view of the possibility of Australians taking part in the next series.

The White City Stadium, Shepherd's Bush, has a red cinder track, which can only be reached by an underground tunnel, along which the competitors walk from their dressing-rooms. Ample room is allowed for the spectators, and the stadium is capable of accommodating over 80,000 people.

The conditions applying to these games are that only two competitors or representatives from each nation and two reserves are allowed to enter each individual event.

In the relay race, a team comprising four competitors and four reserves is allowed.

A trophy is presented to each of the first three nations, and medals are given to the first three competitors in the individual class. Souvenir badges are presented to all the competitors and officials.

This year the games opened with the 100 metres final, which was won by Fraulein Krauss. So, in spite of the edict issued by Herr Hitler in reference to women and their sport, the first victory at the Games went to Germany. In fact, most of the winners on the first day were comprised of competitors from either Poland or Germany.

Two notable absentees, who will not be defending their titles this year, are Miss de Kock, of Holland, who was the weight and javelin champion, and Miss Ruth Christmas, who won the 800 metres championship, and is at present away from England.

The opening day brought forth a number of surprises, but perhaps the greatest of all was that three world's records were broken on that day.

The next world's games will take place in 1938, and with a view of making preparations ahead for these world-wide events a congress has just taken place in London, the results of which will shortly be published.

AUSTRALIAN *Council* to *Control* BADMINTON

During the visit to Adelaide of interstate badminton players, it is likely that an Australian Badminton Council may be formed.

Hitherto men and women players have combined, but it is expected they will now form separate branches of the proposed council.

BECAUSE there is no existing council, all championships played to date have been unofficial.

Already players have begun to arrive in Adelaide. Miss I. Daymond has been the guest of her brother here. Others are coming by boat, train, and motor from Tasmania and Victoria.

South Australia expects Tasmania to carry off the women's laurels because badminton is regarded as the national game in that State, and this is the second interstate venture for South Australia.

Victoria's team is considered a formidable one. The interesting thing about South Australia's team is that the average age of the players is quite a few years younger than the average of visiting teams. South Australia's is estimated at 22 years, and others at 24 or 25 years.

Victoria's team comprises Misses M. Horsburgh, S. Hewett, E. McCay, B. Davies, L. Gorman, H. Crozier.

Tasmania's comprises Misses I. Daymond, N. Wing, E. Wing, E. Crowe, Mesdames Miller and Colquhoun.

South Australia: Misses M. Wilson, M. McKay, N. Phelps, C. Thompson, O. Willson, and P. Quirke.

Miss Daymond arrived much before other interstate players, and got in valuable practice with Adelaide men. She astonished them with her remarkable, accurate, and forceful play. There is a good purpose behind every stroke, which is said to be typical of Tasmanians.

All teams are to play in white tennis frocks. Miss Daymond said Tasmanian girls, especially in the North, would not dare appear in public wearing shorts, and the badminton team is not permitted to wear them.

Matches will be played on August 20, 21, and 22, beginning at 7.30 p.m., at the Home Industries Hall, Wayville Showgrounds, and championship matches will follow.

The Victorian badminton teams left for Adelaide on Sunday, some by car, others by train.

The teams include the Misses Horsburgh, Hewett, McCay, and Davies, and Messrs. B. Tonkin (capt.), E. Grenfell, R. Cope, and W. Huth.

WOMEN *Sharpshooters* BANNED!

Men Aim To Keep Them Off the Rifle Ranges

Our riflewomen have themselves become the targets for a direct hit from the Men's Rifle Association. They have been banned from the rifle ranges in Victoria, and their position in the other States is uncertain.

TWO well-known riflewomen, Mrs. J. Stuart and Mrs. S. F. Dobbyn, who will be affected by the ban.

WOMEN in all sports have not been given the support and consideration they warrant, and this has always been viewed with the greatest concern by those women who spend most of their time indulging in some game out of doors.

In nearly every case they have met with opposition, and the keenest rivalry by the men players who, as controlling authorities, have held the whip hand.

The latest example of this is typified in the Victorian Rifle Association's edict to debar women from partaking in any of the main shooting events that may take place in Victoria.

Women have been competitors in rifle shooting events for many years past, and to debar them now under the guise that a Rifle Association must be of an entirely military nature seems a very feeble excuse.

Women rifle shooters, it is expected, will organise, and form their own associations and there is not the slightest doubt that in the near future an Australian Women's Bisley meeting will be held.

AT the Victorian Rifle Association council meeting last week the secretary was instructed not to accept further entries from women competitors.

This new ruling will affect women who shoot at the open range with the stumpy rifle from 300 to 900 yards.

There are only about five women who shoot at the open range at Port Melbourne—Mesdames Dobbyn, Stuart, Constable and Misses Hatton and Pepper.

As the Government provides ammunition at reduced rates for men at the ranges they are anxious that shooting at these places should be done from a defence point of view, and do not want it to become a sport, as is golf.

No doubt there will be disappointment among the women rifle shooters, as there are some brilliant shots among them.

Mrs. Dobbyn won the Tyro Aggregate in the third stage of the King's prize four years ago, and was the first woman in Australia to do so. She also won the quarterly gold medal. Mrs. Constable has won numerous prizes at the range, and Mrs. Stuart has also been shooting brilliantly.

The new ruling debars women from competing for the King's prize and quarterly shoot.

However, it will not affect women's miniature rifle clubs, as these shoots are held indoors at 25 yards range, and B.S.A. small bore rifles are used.

There is a large difference in price of cartridges. The B.S.A. small bore rifle takes cartridges costing 30/- per thousand, while those for the stumpy rifle cost £7/10/.

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney

AUSTRALIAN *Golf* TITLE

ASSOCIATES from New Zealand, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland will be the only representatives to bid for the Australian golf championship, which will commence at the Royal Sydney Golf Links on August 31, and continue until September 12.

Miss O. Kay and Miss Gaisford, the two New Zealand players who have been touring England, are expected to arrive in Sydney this week. They have had a very strenuous tour abroad, but the experience should make them first favorites in the championship.

Both these players will stay with friends while in Sydney. Miss Gaisford will be the guest of Mrs. R. H. Bettington, who is herself a keen golfer, and ranks amongst the foremost players at the Royal Sydney.

In the interclub matches, the Royal Sydney Club headed the list without a loss, but considering the fine players they have this result was not entirely unexpected.

Sixty-eight entries have been received for the Australian championships, and visitors are already beginning to arrive in Sydney, where they hope to practise and get into form before the championships commence.

Besides Misses Gaisford and Kay, there are Mrs. Stanley Briggs from Brisbane, and Misses M. E. Reid, D. Berry, and M. C. Jones from Tasmania. From Victoria come Miss Mona McLeod, the holder of the title, Mrs. Sloan Morpeth, and Misses Shirley Tolhurst, Leslie Bailey, Betty Kernot, Peggy Nankivel, and Mrs. Russell Grimwade.

A large field of players from New South Wales will take part in this event, and as both Victoria and New South Wales have nominated a strong team for the Tasman Cup the competition this year should be keener than ever.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604967

at DAVID JONES'

If you were shopping personally you'd find it hard to be more satisfied with the service and attention than when you order by Mail from David Jones'. David Jones' employees give their best attention and consideration! To obviate any delay, order early so that ranges, sizes, and colours are complete.

POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA., G.P.O. SYDNEY

9/11 "The PAGAN"

A success over three summers—so you can be quite sure that these are ideal shoes for Maids' Summer Service! Light and cool to wear, and so attractive with Cottons—you'll be pleased with them! This year we have introduced a new style in leathers in White, Red, Fawn, Blue or Brown. With Veldschoen Leather Soles. All sizes, at 9/11 pair.

MAIDS' SHOES—THIRD FLOOR

DAVID JONES' *adopts a marvellous method of* PERMANENT HAIR-WAVING

MACHINELESS

This marvellous system of permanently waving the hair recently adopted by David Jones' is an absolute boon to women who have always been a "little afraid" of electricity. Now! every woman can have a luxurious permanent wave without the slightest fear because this wonderful process absolutely eliminates all discomforts associated with electrical permanent waving.

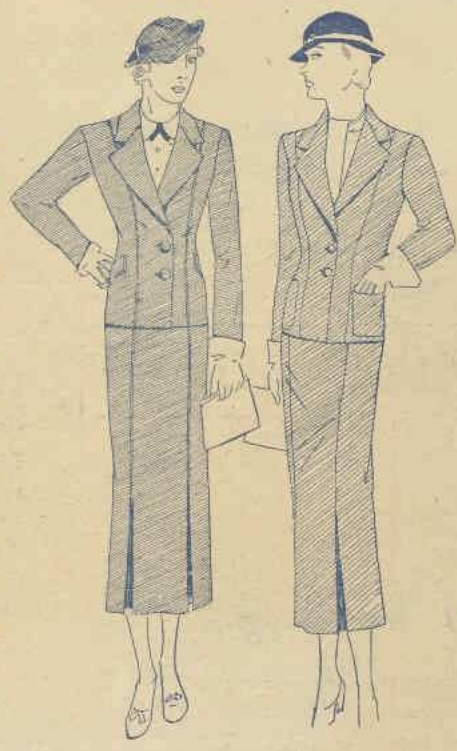
NO ELECTRICITY

NO HOT IRONS **NO** BAKING!

Therefore there is not the slightest risk of damage to the hair in colour or texture with this revolutionary process.

Do not bargain with the priceless beauty of your hair! Cherish it! Protect it! Entrust the waving of your locks to the non-electrical process and then only to David Jones' skilled and experienced operators. Every woman longs for a glorious permanent wave, but many have hesitated because so many suggestions have been made as to waving machines ruining the natural colour and texture of the hair. Now! those fears can be abandoned for ever. With this important introduction of the non-mechanical heating method of hair-waving at David Jones' there is NO machinery, NO harmful chemicals. It's gentle, clean, infinitely more comfortable, and executed entirely with pure steam.

Call in to the Hairdressing Salon, 3rd Floor, and ask the skilled operators to show you some of the fashionable and unusually charming dressings of the hair which are daily being perfected by the Machineless Permanent Hairwaving Process. Make an appointment in the Salon, or Phone 0444.



This season you'll see these

SUITS

on all the "best dressed"!

5½ GNS. TO-MEASURE

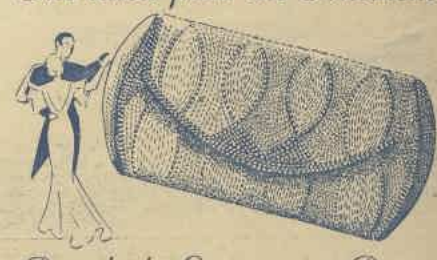
... and not only this season, but every season it's the same—Spring into Summer and Autumn into Winter—Suits are on all the "best dressed"! Suits such as these—man tailored, which means those little tricks of setting a sleeve, shaping a shoulder, giving them a crisp, mannish look—have been attended to! Before you order yours see the new lightweight Worsted Men's Suitings and Tweeds—you'll agree that, tailored-to-measure by David Jones', with Crepe-de-chine lined Coat, they're outstanding value at 5½ guineas.

AVAILABLE IN TWO FITTINGS!

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

IMPORTED!

The latest from the Continent



Beaded Evening Bags

Direct from the Continent to David Jones'—delightful Evening Bags, with rochettes of pearl beads in pastels, also black, and silver! Special Value at **15/6**

HANDBAGS—GROUND FLOOR

IMPORTED

All-silk Crepe-de-Chine

NIGHTGOWNS at 15/11

The price is exceptionally low in relation to their value! Lovely Hand-embroidered Crepe-de-chine Nightgowns that you can take our word for will wear no end. S.W., W., and O.S. Pink, Sky, and Nile. Special at . . . .

UNDERWEAR ON THE THIRD FLOOR

Newly constructed

HOCKEY SHOE 8/11

Copied from Overseas styles

Now a "Skid-proof" Hockey Shoe—what a boon to lovers of the game! These Shoes will withstand the most difficult play on wet grounds because they have specially shaped and barred soles! Double texture Canvas Uppers, with new toe lacing on Vamps. Rubber soles. In Black or Brown. Sizes, 2 to 6. Price, per Pair, only 8/11

ON THE THIRD FLOOR

"Spectator" SHOES

Choose—BLUE AND WHITE • BROWN AND WHITE •

23/6

Three-hole Tie in Blue Calf with White Buck. Baby Wurt. heels. Price, Pair, 23/6

You can count on these Shoes to give your Frock or Suit that little "something extra" that will make it distinctive! Besides, every woman should have a pair of "Spectators." They're almost a classic! Illustrated above. In Brown Calf and White Buck. Spike Heels. Price, per pair, 23/6

REMEMBER — DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!

DAVID JONES' POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503 AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604968

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

Saturday, August 18, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

FILM Personality QUEST

Judging of Entries is Now in Progress . . .

PEOPLE of every age of the most varied occupations are included among those who entered for the great Screen Personality Quest, which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

INCLUDED in the list of competitors are a swimming champion, a flying expert, a bank clerk, several girls at present on the stage, a dentist, a restaurant proprietor, an acrobat, dancers, musicians and large numbers of other talented people.

Many of these competitors, writing of their special qualifications, have asked will these increase their chances of winning the contest. It must be remembered that most pictures are records of our daily life, and for one picture requiring an acrobat or a swimmer, a hundred will need a "romantic lover" or a "thorough-going villain." Personality, a melodious voice, and good carriage are of greater importance than the ability to swim or ride well.

Therefore those who have no one outstanding gift need not be discouraged, for the greatest demand is for actors and actresses who can depict love and hate, joy and sorrow—who can convincingly portray the daily happenings of an average life.

MR. ROBERT C. POCKLEY, Raglan St., Mosman.

MISS PETER WALKER, Mona Rd., Darling Point, Sydney.

MISS JOY BOYLE, Beach Rd., Darling Point, Sydney.

MISS SYBIL BARKER, Castlereagh Flats, Victoria St., King's Cross.

MISS AUDREY MOSSOP, Pasadena Flats, Beach Rd., Darling Pt.

MR. C. V. LANE, JNR., Cremorne Rd., Cremorne.

MR. R. L. PARSONS, c/o 54 Hastings Pde., Bondi Nth., N.S.W.

The Judging

THE formidable task of judging the record numbers of entries is now well under way.

Notices have been sent out to all contestants and competitors who have not received a notice should communicate at once with this office.

Several contestants have sent in incomplete entries. For instance, some have sent entry fee, and no form; others entry form and no fee; others only a photograph, or a photograph without any name written on it; others have sent form, fee, and no address. It has been impossible to send notices in these cases, but if these competitors will call or write we shall do our best to overcome their difficulties.

This week, Mr. Lane Bayliff is judging Bathurst and Cootamundra entries. On the morning of the 20th he will journey to Newcastle and judge there that afternoon, and the following morning, the 21st. The management of the Greater Union Theatres have kindly lent the theatre for these adjudications.

The northern adjudication dates have now been finalised. Mr. Lane Bayliff will visit Tamworth on September 3, when he will adjudicate both morning and afternoon at the Capitol Theatre, by kind permission of the management.

On September 5 he will be at Lismore, at the Star Court Theatre (by courtesy of the manager) in the morning from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Notices have been sent to all entrants at these centres.

The Sydney judgings will commence on Thursday, 23rd, at 10 a.m., and will continue for more than a week. Some will be held at Paling's Music Hall, Ash St., and others at the Cinema Academy, so contestants are advised to read their notices very carefully. The public will not be admitted to these first tests, as this would put too much of a strain on some of the competitors, but it is hoped to admit the public at a later stage. After this first test, there will be a second one for those who successfully pass the first.

Typical Speeches

FOLLOWING are samples of speeches which will be chosen at the second test. Other examples will be published next week:—

Man's Character Speech: "Yer know, son, life gets hold of a man that way. We set out with the idea that we're goin' to take hold of life in our big paws, and crush what we want out'v 't. Instead iv that, life gets hold of us and crushes us between the years 'us' like a strong man crushes a walnut. Look at this orchard; full o' peace an' contentment; the sun overhead, the bees flyin' from bud t' bud t' keep the world in sweetness; the good, brown earth sunnin' itself. What more could you want? Money? Would hard cash make the sun shine any better, would a louder jingle in yer pocket make yer lungs take in a deeper draught of this fine air? Not a bit'v it! An' you want t' leave it all, an' go to the city. What is a city? A place where man has built stone, an' iron, an' asphalt to hide the good brown earth; where poor people live on dreams and not life; like beautiful an' bad wimmin, who're only beautiful on the outside, it attracts fer a time. An' then you wake up someday, an' say 'What a fool I've been!' Son, I've seen it all, an' I'm sayin' the nearer you are to the good, brown earth, the nearer you are to that bloomin' thing we call happiness."

Woman's Character Speech: "An' there she was, the brazen 'uzzy, 'angin' outer the winder as though she could look the 'ole world in the fyce. An' she didn't hat a hyelid, as I walked parst wiv 'me 'ead in the hair like Queen Elizabeth goin' t' meet Sir Walter Raleigh. An' then me blood boils, it does, an' I turns to 'er and arsks what she means be takin' a dozen 'iv me clothes pegs wivout even arskin'. An' what does she call me . . . a hupstart! A hupstart, minds yer, as though I didn't know 'er farver wasn't foreman at the hice works, but swingin' a pick fer the guvimint fer twelve munce! An' I'm not a woman t' talk, but what I says t' 'er couldn't bear listenin' to . . . not that I didn't say it nicely like, Alice. An' then she said somethin' about me puttin' on side, becos me son runs the two-up school on the 'ill. Now, I'm fair an' square, Alice, an' that sorta 'igh attedness gits me 'air off. I told 'er I knew about 'er takin' them bottles outer the wash'ouse an' sellin' them as though they wus 'ers! 'ers, mind yer, an' I emptied 'em all meself. Then, Alice, I remembered somethin' I 'ad in me dilly bag. Out comes an onion I'd jus' bought at Jones' . . . tuppence a pound I paid fer 'em, too . . . and I dongs 'er in the hye. My, didn't she say things! But as I'm a lady, Alice, I just hignored 'er, an' walked on down the street like Queen Elizabeth as though nothin' 'ad 'appened."

CLEVER IDEAS

TO WHITEN handkerchiefs which have become a bad color, wash in the usual way and leave to soak overnight in clear water to which cream of tartar has been added in the proportion of one teaspoonful to every quart of water.—**Mrs. L.O., Mudgee, N.S.W.**

JAM COVERS can be made by moistening kitchen paper with white of egg or new milk. Put on damp and stretch. As the covers dry they will become tighter and completely air-proof. When tying down jams and jellies it is a good plan to damp the string so the knot doesn't slip.—**"Mary," Brisbane.**

SOMETIMES WHEN one arrives home late and has only ten minutes or so to prepare tea, one can't think of a pudding that could be made in such a short time. Try this. Put a pint of milk, or more if liked, on to boil and, when boiling, keep over a very slow flame and sift in dry flour, stirring vigorously until the mixture is like a thick custard. Pour into a shallow dish, add a drop of flavoring, put a few dabs of butter on it, and sprinkle plentifully with brown sugar. It will be a great success. Kiddies, especially, love it.—**D. Stagatich, 15 Duke Street, Alberton, S.A.**

IF YOU have a clock which has the habit of stopping during the winter months, try putting an eggcup of methylated spirit inside it—this invariably does the trick.—**L. L. Kily, Qld.**

TO IMPROVE your hands, mix together a pinch of alum and the white of an egg, and spread this on them after washing at night. In the morning wash in soft, warm water, and rub in some lemon juice.—**"Bam," Mt. Gambier, S.A.**

TO REMOVE insects from vegetables, Soak in water with a little vinegar. This removes the pest quicker than if salt is used.—**Mrs. H. E. Pashen, Hillview, Stafford Rd., Kedron, Brisbane.**

FOR THOSE who have glass slabs on their dressing tables. Instead of the usual linen runners, etc., place a good print or picture under the glass, in colors to tone with room, and you will be delighted with the result. I chose mine from the tops of a calendar.—**Mrs. Leila Fisher, Glenelg, Gongelgon, N.S.W.**

WHEN POLISHED floors need cleaning, a wash with warm water, to which a little kerosene has been added, will be found to remove the dirt more easily than soapy water, and will very greatly facilitate the new polish. If it is desired to keep a floor (such as the kitchen or where there are little children) not too highly polished, a wash with kerosene water, then a rub over with a duster, will bring out a nice finish, and do away with the hard work of applying polish more than about once a month.—**J. L. Hobbs, Roger St., Kandos, N.S.W.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604939

Sydney's Speciality Leather House
OFFER 20% REDUCTION
(4/- in the £) off all
LEATHER COATS
for month of August

JOHN BRUSH
371 GEORGE ST. (near King St.), SYDNEY

LEARN DRESSMAKING...
Designing... Cutting... and Fitting
from
Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine—Principal of the Paris Academy of Dressmaking

Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine's System of instruction in dressmaking is recognised throughout the world as the simplest and most practical in existence. Many hundreds attend her school.

Now, in order that those people who cannot attend her school may still have this exceptional course, she has prepared this book. The book contains a complete course of instruction identical to that given at her school, and the knowledge that can be acquired from it will give you lasting benefit and pleasure.

Despite the constant changes of fashion, and the frequent alterations in shapes of garments, the basic of Mme. Fontaine's System and the principles that govern it, remain the same, and are applicable to all styles, whether of the past, present, or future.

"Dressmaking" will give you a full and intimate knowledge of the art of dressmaking, designing, and fitting. It will thoroughly teach you this profession—one of the few that is not overcrowded.

This wonderful book is available to you, on very easy terms. The full deposit now required is 10/-, on receipt of which the Book will be forwarded to you carriage paid, and if desired the deposit can be made by three instalment payments of 5/- each and the balance will be accepted at 2/6 weekly, 6/6 fortnightly, or 12/6 monthly, whichever may be convenient. CASH PRICE, 84/-. TERMS PRICE 90/-. Fill in the coupon below, and send it now, for further particulars.

SIZE AND WEIGHT OF "DRESSMAKING":
Size of Volume, 14 x 11 x 1.
Weight, 5½lbs.
CONTENTS OF "DRESSMAKING"
The contents include: Measurement chart for skirts; Scale of measurements; Observation on form and figure; Balance of waist line; Cutting a dress; Assembling a dress; Fitting a dress; Correcting and re-cutting after fitting; General information ang many special sections dealing with items such as Bodice for Large Bust and Small Hips, Round Back, or Prominent Shoulder Blades, Square Shoulders, Coat Frock, or Maternity Frock, etc.

Published by Virtue & Co., Ltd., London, England, and distributed in Australia by
Virtue Book Co., 1 BOND STREET Sydney

Send this coupon or a post card to Virtue Book Co., 1 Bond St., Sydney. A few copies now available for immediate delivery. Send deposit 10/- for Terms Price, or 84/- for full Cash Price.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
NOTE: Book your order now for August-September Delivery.

THE LECTRO NO-SCRU

Which makes Rimless Glasses almost as practical and serviceable as those fitted with frames. No trouble with loose screws and lenses; as with this new process the lenses always remain rigid.
All spectacle wearers can now really enjoy the beauty and comfort of Rimless Glasses without fear of constant breakages.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,
OPTOMETRISTS & OPTICIANS
6 HUNTER STREET (3 doors from George Street)
378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Horderns') SYDNEY
J. W. BEEMAN, C. A. GIBB } Optometrists
And at NEWCASTLE

1 BILE BEAN —each night WILL KEEP YOU FIT

PICTURES Worth Framing
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS
CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Necklace and Bracelets Matching

Straight from Hollywood —and so Simple to Make!

SPONSORED by Fashion, worn by the loveliest picture stars, you will be pleased, I am sure, to have the simple directions for making these enchanting accessories so inexpensively, and wear them to charming advantage. All you need are the beads and grosgrain or goffered ribbon.

I NOTICED that at one of our outstandingly smart spring fashion parades mannequins wore necklet and bracelets of this type, except that vertical bands of chromium alternated with the beads to give the goffered ribbon effect. But I consider ribbon ever so unusual, and so inexpensive, too!

Such a set will smarten up the plainest little spring frock, or evening gown, and looks particularly effective as the perfect finish to a collarless type of dress.

Both necklace and bracelet are very easy to make—even for the veriest amateur. You may buy grosgrain ribbon, or buy the ribbon to suit yourself, and have it goffered. Moire ribbon would be suitable. Have it about three inches wide if you are going to have three rows of beads, and about two inches for two.

Now you have only to sew a bead between each upright pleat. Your beads will be sewn on a single thread of silk. Place your needle half-way through one pleat, thread on a bead, and pull the needle through. Repeat this, right round.

For the first round you will need the smallest bead, placing the bead fairly high, about half-way down the pleat, so that each bead will show distinctly when the piece is finished. Draw this first row fairly tight.

For the next row, use a slightly larger bead, place in the same position in the pleat as the first, and for the third row sew the bead right into the groove so as to spread the pleat out widely. The effect will then be fan-shaped.

Pearls go beautifully with tartan or printed ribbons, while milk-white beads and ice-blue or white moire ribbon are charming.

Any color in beads can be used, providing the ribbon used harmonises or contrasts in keeping with fashion's dictates.

HOLLYWOOD is always bringing us something new. Muriel Evans shows how smart milk-white grosgrain ribbon and beads can look. On a collarless dress this unusual novelty shows to best advantage.

FAY WRAY, of M.G.M. fame shows us how stunning her necklace and bracelets look in tartan moire ribbon and pearls. For the necklet you will need about fifty-five beads for each row, and for the bracelet about thirty for each row. Have the ribbon about two inches wide.

Pattern Available for this Adorable Nightie

Your little girl will love this!

Such a pretty nightdress for little girls between two and six years of age. Suitable, too, for any fabric—according to the season.

Don't you love the yoke? And notice the clever way in which the collar is introduced. Notice, too, the touches of hand-embroidery in simple cross-stitch.

Collar extends to the shaped front fastening. Material is gathered where it joins the yoke. Material required (for 6 years), 2¾ yards 36in. wide. Paper pattern, sizes 2 to 6 years, 9d. Please quote No. WW234 when ordering.

"DON'T I look nice, mummy?" you can imagine this wee lot saying, as she passes on her way to bed. Paper pattern, 9d. Ask for No. WW234.

A STITCH A WEEK!

I HAVE received many letters from appreciative readers, complimenting us on our "Stitch a Week" series. One Queensland reader writes:—

"It was rather a strange coincidence that the cable stitch should be chosen for this week. . . . I asked a friend last week if she could do cable stitch, as it was a stitch I had always admired, but had never met anyone who could show me how to do it. Imagine my surprise and delight when I opened my paper last night. . . ."

This series is given in collaboration with Rosalie Wilson, one of Australia's foremost needlecraft experts. Watch out next week for a new and fascinating stitch!

Afternoon Sundown & Evening COIFFURES

Exquisite creations by our well-known hair experts are shown here . . . "La Internal," for day coiffures interpreted with soft, sleek waves, fitting close to the head . . . "La Grand Mode" for Evening or Sundown. This new wave introduces an entirely new system of permanent waving in absolute comfort. There are no wires, steam tubes, electricity or chemical heating action, yet the results are guaranteed perfect, and take only 25 minutes to execute, from time of commencing until shampooing for resetting.

PERFECT RESULTS OR REFUND OF MONEY.
Shingle Head 17/6
Full head, ringlet ends 25/-
Ring F3141 for appointment.

FACIAL REJUVENATION Ugly facial hairs and moles, guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Sister Louise, who is one of the few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. Sister Louise also specialises in facial rejuvenation by the famous Andree Beauty Mask Treatment.
Facial Hairs removed 5/-
Course of 6 Treatments 21/-
MOLES permanently removed 10/6
Andree Beauty Mask complete 10/-

Buckinghams
Ring F3141 BEAUTY SALON, SECOND FLOOR, OXFORD ST

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604940

The Room of Her Dreams . . .

Some ideas on furnishing the little haven of the young girl, a kind of dream room she wistfully desires, but cannot always visualise

MOTHERS who encourage and help their daughters in the building-up and decorating of a little room of their very own, no matter how slender the family purse, are doing more to stabilise character than they perhaps realise.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

TUCKED away in the heart of every girl is a dream home, no matter how modern she may appear to be, for she is at heart a potential homemaker. And to encourage her, help her to put beauty into her room, is to put beauty into her life.

On this page I have, as you will see, incorporated several ideas—each and every one charming.

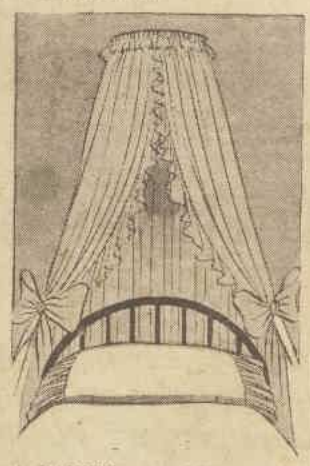
I have featured the draped dressing table, which I consider just enchanting for "Sweet Sixteen's" room.

And what do you think of the canopied beds? I think they are lovely. I always wished for one, but my dream was never realised. They are quite fashionable now, too, and even exotic film stars favor them!

See the little sketch given below. The low bed, with its half-moon shaped top and absence of foot-rail is the ideal type for the dainty canopy of muslin which can be so easily made this way:

Procure a large pair of embroidery hoops or iron hoops more than twelve inches across the longest way. In this case a pair was used for greater strength.

Three lengths of dainty muslin, hail spot in blue and white, green and white, pink and white, or delicate primrose according to the color scheme of your room, are sewn together, each length sufficient to reach from a point near the ceiling to the floor.



A DAINTY canopy for a young girl's bed. How to make this is described on this page.

A hem is then sewn at one end, the hemming being done over the hoops and pushed back on either side. Along the two edges is then attached a two-inch wide ruffle of the muslin and another about the top.

This latter also is tacked with tiny tacks so as to cover the bare part of the hoop from which the canopy has been pushed back. The arrangement is made so that the hoop can be placed with its longest side against the wall.

The next thing to do is to tack the back part of the hoop to a strip of wallboard two inches deep and the length of the hoop on its long side.

This is then tacked to the wall above the bed.

Perky bows of satin ribbon to tone with the muslin tie back the two sides as you will note by the illustration. These are placed about a foot above the head of the bed.

As you will readily admit, the effect is delightful.

Window curtains and bedspread of the hail-spot muslin would give a lovely spring-like effect to the room, not forgetting the little dressing-table.

A PAGE stolen from the past—a dressing-table all silks and ruffles, with a mirror hanging above it. Not only is the mirror itself charming, but its reflection greatly enhances the fittings on the table, and picks up the sweet pea colorings of this most lovely room.

NOW, turn your eyes, for a moment, to the sketch—also given on the page, of the tiny dressing-table before and after its frilly petticoats of hail-spot muslin have been added.

This could be copied by your daddy for you—or a local carpenter could make it quite easily—and at little cost.

If you cannot afford a plateglass top, lacquer will do the trick. A mirror placed above, with lacquered frame, will add to the beauty of the room.

The muslin dress can be simply hemmed at the top and a ruffle added to the foot for extra daintiness.

Through the top run tape or elastic, with loops at either end to attach to hooks which are screwed securely into the wooden frame of the dressing-table. Then when you wish to place shoes or oddments in the little receptacles you can slide the frilly covering out of your way with ease.

Above you will note the very luxurious dressing-table with its taffeta dress. Here a kitchen table was utilised—you'd never believe it, would you?

The taffeta was lined with a soft fabric and then stitched with the machine in diamond pattern to give a quilted effect.

Three rows of cord were run through the top and the bottom shows two rows of pleated frills.

THE girl in her teens is keenly interested in her little bedroom. What more could a girl wish for than this? . . . A canopied bed, rows of books, pretty knick-knacks, also a lovely table lamp close by.

The mirror which is rather lovely, the stool with its flat cushion to shape, may be beyond the reach of the slender purse, but it is brimful of ideas.

Flowered chintz in delicate sweet pea colorings harmonises prettily with the peach-colored taffeta used for the table.

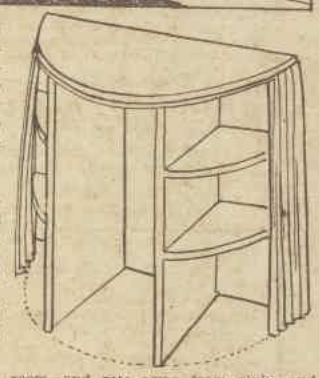
Organdie, too, is delightful for the young girl's room—consider palest rose, blue and mauve as a color scheme.

IN the other picture you glimpse another type of room—silken canopy and bed-spread matching.

Close by, a table lamp and shelves of books over which a long narrow mirror which reflects the curtained window and lamp and knick-knacks so dear to a girl's heart.

Note hand-made rug and above all note the wall-paper of naive design—polka-dotted. Be-ruffled curtains, canopy, bedspread and dressing table in hail-spot muslin would be delightful in such a room.

Any handy man could copy this little dressing-table, and any girl could cover it to charming advantage as shown above.



Other Color Schemes

ON the other hand, a primrose yellow distemper or washable paint would be charming for the walls of a girl's bedroom. Have the ceiling distempered in a paler shade.

The woodwork could be painted or enamelled a deep shade of delphinium blue.

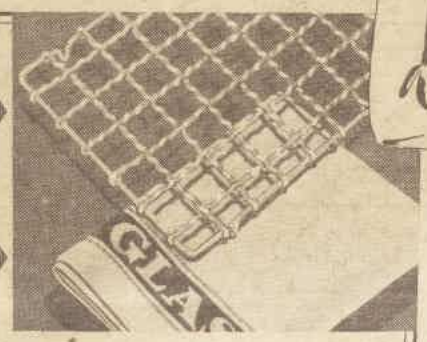
Daffodil and brown is another lovely color combination for the young girl's room—and gets away from pinks and blues so beloved by very little girls.

Sweet pea colors are lovely, I think . . . soft pinks, mauves and deep rich cream for preference.

But a lot depends, of course, on the color or colors best loved by your daughter. Be sure to surround her with color that appeals to her innate sense of beauty and charm—the rest is comparatively easy.—E.E.G.

"I must save that TRUFOOD LABEL"

Every day, everywhere, women are completing their sets of Trufood labels, to secure FREE glasscloths and cake-coolers. And as soon as they obtain one gift, they start saving twice as eagerly for another . . . and another!



FREE!
GLASSCLOTHS
and
CAKE-COOLERS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT!

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have **8** for a strongly-made CAKE-COOLER, 9 ins. x 14 ins., or **10** for a double pure Irish Linen GLASSCLOTH, 33 ins. x 23 ins. Then take your labels to PARKES HOUSE, HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing:—1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of labels enclosed. 3. The gift you require. Post to "FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT," Box 3922TT, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 30th MARCH, 1935

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED 39 EL 19 N

Lighter cakes . . . and rich delicious puddings

Fresh at all times, easier to use, twice as economical, Trufood makes all your cooking tastier and more nourishing. It is real country milk with only the water and the butter fat extracted—no sugar or preservatives are added. Taste the creamy richness Trufood gives to custards and sauces! You'll never be without it when there's cooking to be done.

If the recipe says MILK *use* TRUFOOD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604941

PICK-ME-UP MISSING WORD COMPETITION

What are the ten most suitable words to complete the letter below? Can you supply them and win £50?

Here is a simple competition that gives every competitor an equal chance. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the judges, forwards the ten most suitable words. The rest of the prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

There are 53 Prizes—here is the Prize List:

1st PRIZE CASH £50 : 2nd PRIZE CASH £10 : 3rd PRIZE CASH £5

Also 50 Consolation Prizes, value 10/- each, being orders on the grocer to supply 10/- worth of P.M.U. Goods—FREE!

These Prizes must be won. In the event of a tie for any cash prize, the prize money will be equally divided.

HERE IS THE LETTER:

Dear Reader:

You are .....1..... aware of the added enjoyment which an appetising sauce gives to your meals. In thousands of homes PICK-ME-UP SAUCE" makes all the difference" because of its .....2..... goodness and its mature quality. This genuine Worcestershire Sauce is made in Australia and is equal to the .....3..... imported sauces. May we suggest that you insist on PICK-ME-UP SAUCE being available at .....4..... times. Housewives will find this delicious sauce particularly helpful in the preparation of appetising dishes.

To those who .....5..... a sweet fruit sauce, may we recommend LANCASHIRE RELISH. This P.M.U. Product is winning favour everywhere—let your palate prove its .....6..... excellence.

And don't forget—P.M.U. Concentrated Soups. These carefully prepared Soups are made in .....7..... kitchens from selected fresh vegetables and other pure ingredients. They are nourishing savoury and satisfying. The following Soups are packed .....8..... the P.M.U. Brand—VEGETABLE, PEA, TOMATO, CHICKEN, MULLIGATAWNY. Always keep a few tins in the larder in case of emergency.

As a .....9..... word may we remind you that P.M.U. Products are quality products—you can .....10..... from your grocer with confidence.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION

1.—No entrance fee is required, but competitors in N.S.W. must forward a label from a tin of Pick-Me-Up Concentrated Soup with each entry. Competitors in other States must forward a label from a bottle of Pick-Me-Up Sauce.

2.—All entries must be clearly and legibly written or typed in the spaces provided below, and the name and address of the sender properly filled in.

3.—Competitors may send in any number of entries, provided each entry is accompanied by a label as above mentioned.

4.—The judges of this competition will be Mr. E. Jordan, M.A., B.Sc., Headmaster of University Coaching College; Miss Beatrice Harcourt, L.A.B., Teacher of Literature; Mr. H. Wilshire, M.A., Teacher of Languages, and their decision will be final.

5.—This competition positively closes on Saturday, September 1st, 1934, and no entries will be received after that date.
All entries must be posted to
PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD.,
60 ALICE STREET, NEWTOWN, SYDNEY,
NEW SOUTH WALES,
with the word "COMPETITION" on the outside of the envelope.

6.—List of prize winners will be announced in the Sydney "Sun" on Wednesday, September 12, 1934.

FILL IN LIST OF WORDS HERE:—

1. ..... 4. ..... 7. .....
2. ..... 5. ..... 8. .....
3. ..... 6. ..... 9. .....
10. .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

W.W. 18/8/34.

Mrs. J. BENNET

HIGHEST CREDENTIALS. *Masseuse* 18 YEARS SAME ADDRESS.

ROLLAND H. BENNET, M.P.S., Ph.c.
STATION HOUSE, RAWSON PLACE, CITY
Natural Rational Treatment Reconstructs Health.
Why have bad skin, aches or pains?
PHONE: MA4108
for appointment, or call and try a treatment.

STAMMERING CURED

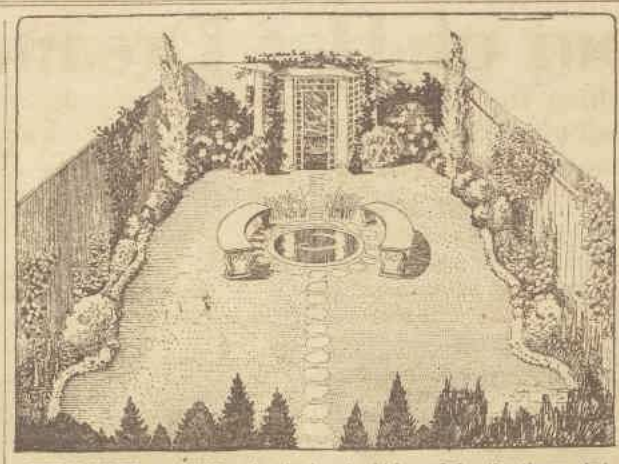
BY MODERN MEDICALLY-SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

Write to L. B. DOBSON (M.P.S. Ph.C., Sydney University, M.T.O., M.O.O.A.) late Staff H.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals, 35A BURWOOD RD., BELMORE, N.S.W. Specialising in Stammering, Stuttering, Nervous Impediment, and other speech defects. Valuable information (free) explaining the Physical and Psychological causes, effects, and cure of Stammering. Expert instruction by postal or personal course, exactly how to speak instead of stammering. Your life's handicap permanently banished and SELF-CONFIDENCE REGAINED.

J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD.
ROYAL ..... at 8
MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.
Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott
in "GAY DIVORCE"
With Gus Bluett, Leo Franklyn, Madge Ashley, Frank Leighton, Isabelle Mahon.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-



THE GARDEN possibilities of a backyard which explodes the theory that pleasant vistas and a wealth of bloom are restricted to broader areas. Anyone could follow the above plan and turn an otherwise dreary spot into a bower. Note the summer-house—what a haven on hot afternoons!

A STROLL Through ... the GARDEN!

Spring Days, Bringing Promise of Abundant Flowers, are upon us, and Now's the Time to Care for your Plants

... says the OLD GARDENER

EVERY garden should be reviewed in its entirety ever so often, and August is the month when special attention is required... You must weed out your lawn, clean up and prune the shrubs, and plant trees. August is the time for planting dahlias, gladioli, daphne, and Sturt's desert peas... But let the Old Gardener tell you in his own way just what you must do to make your garden beautiful in the coming months.

HOW time flies, Miss. We are halfway through August already, so we have a great deal of work before us!

This morning, Miss, I am going to take a ramble over your garden, and give you some good, sound, practical advice.

Take the lawn, for instance—it needs treatment. The cold weather has left us, or very nearly so. Hook out the weeds, give a top-dressing of fine, well-sieved, loamy soil, a scattering of blood and bone, with a little sulphate of ammonia thoroughly mixed through. Rub the soil well in, until the blades of grass appear through the surface. Then water well, and in a few weeks your lawn will be perfect.

The shrubs, too, need attention. The care and treatment they receive now will do much to help them during the flowering season later on.

The stem portions should be looked over and all dead and useless wood removed. It does not help the plant, and only harbors all kinds of diseases, and insects.

All those shrubs that flower should be pruned immediately after they have finished flowering. Remember—flowers always come on the new wood. So, judicious pruning not only keeps them in good flowering condition, but also keeps them symmetrical.

Plant a Tree

NO landscape is complete without a tree—so plant one whilst the time is ripe, and get your friends to plant one also.

Prepare the beds for dahlias. Most people grow them year after year in the same bed. Give them a change if possible this season, and the results will justify the trouble. Those who have not the room to change should immediately dig the plot and leave in the rough state. Give a good dressing of lime, and leave for a week or two. Then work the lime well into the surface. Sow a crop of peas, barley, oats or anything that will grow quickly. Then at dahlia planting time, turn all that green crop in for manure.

This method has two effects: Firstly, it really acts as a change crop, and, secondly, adds humus to the soil; it also feeds on any manure which is in the ground, and prevents it from being leached out by rain.

By immediately turning the whole crop in, as you can quite understand, there is plenty of plant food for the dahlias and, believe me, they are very hungry plants, and will eat all the food you can give them.

YES, plant all those gladioli now, and they will begin to flower when that other bed you have over there is finished. Always have a follow-on bed of gladioli. When planting them for an early summer display, have in mind a color scheme—for example, yellow and blue, or pink, yellow, and blue would look delightful.

Nip off the tops of young snapdragons when about three inches high. This produces good, sturdy plants, with plenty of side limbs to carry the flowers.

I HAVE often been asked if daphne would grow from cuttings. Just come here, Miss, and I'll show you how it's done.

I'll take a cutting from this daphne bush. Watch.... Split the stem with a sharp knife, and be sure to make a clean cut about half an inch in the end. Now I'll insert this grain of seed to keep the two parts separate—oats, wheat or any seed of similar size will do. I will then place it under this glass frame, and in a few weeks it will root.

Plant out that bed of nemesia in a good, sunny position. They revel in lime and sunlight.

IN the many gardens which I have seen, I have never come across Sturt's Desert Pea. The seeds are difficult to germinate, but I have had success with the following method:

Wring a piece of flannel out of hot water, place the seeds on half, then fold the other half over them. Place the flannel on a saucer in a warm position near a stove, taking care, of course, that it is not too hot. Keep the flannel moist by sprinkling frequently with warm water. The seeds will germinate in 24 hours.

Then get some half eggshells, make a hole in the bottom for drainage, and fill with sandy soil. Place one seed in the soil in each shell, then shell and all in the bed where you require the plant to remain. As the plant grows, the roots burst the shell.

KEEP lime away from azaleas and rhododendrons, for it is fatal to them. Both these thrive in acid soil, and unless you are willing to comply with their needs, the leaves will soon turn a sickly shade of yellow-green, and die. If the soil is not of an acid nature, sprinkle epsom salts or aluminium sulphate liberally several times a year. Deep mulches of peat moss and oak leaves should be kept around them always.

Happier Meals at Less Cost

EVERY woman knows the relief of being able, once in a while, to sit down to a meal she has not had to cook herself. She knows the joy of reading through the menu which is not indelibly stamped on her memory because every item thereon is part of her daily life. If only that "dining out" sensation could be brought into our homes, how much more real domestic happiness there would be!

Until quite recently, there were two or three factors which made such a desirable state of affairs practically impossible.

But times have changed, and the "dining out" atmosphere has been brought within the domestic circle by the increasing use of electric cooking. Recipes which were previously passed over because they took so long to cook are now as simple as the poaching of an egg. So speedy and certain is electric cooking that constant and exciting variations in the bill of fare now present absolutely no difficulties—either from the point of view of time or cost. Remembering that electric cooking costs less than one penny a person per day, and that, in addition to being practically automatic, it is the fastest cooking method known, more and more women are now having electric ranges installed in their homes. Every type of approved electric range can now be purchased on easy terms and (within the supply area of the Municipal Council of Sydney) the Electricity Department bears the cost of installation, up to £5.

With an electric range even the most diffident of amateur cooks can prepare a really new menu. It is only a matter of following the recipe—and turning a switch!

Are your hands petal soft, white, smooth . . . the kind of hands that linger in men's dreams? They can be if you use Hinds Cream daily! Smooth it on every time your hands have been in water. Watch how all that rough, lined look disappears! In 3 *days* your hands will be satin-soft, smooth. All the roughness will be gone. Start to-day to have lovely hands.

1/- and 2/6 everywhere.

Sole Agents: HILLCASTLE LTD.

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM

Buy the 2/6 economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.

Write for free booklet, enclose 3d stamp, or call Nigris Comb Co., National Buildings, 250 Pitt St., Sydney.

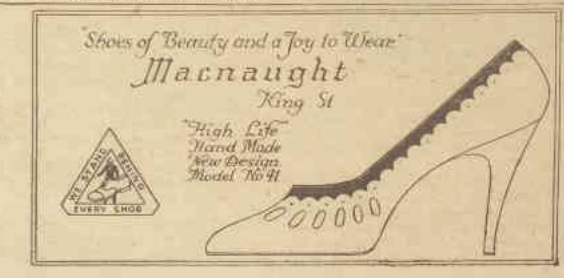
GREAT DISCOVERY
IN CONNECTION WITH
GREY or FADED HAIR

Color can be restored and maintained in the privacy of your own home without the use of dangerous dyes with

Dr. NIGRIS COMB

Enclose 3d for postage, or call NIGRIS COMB CO., NATIONAL BUILDINGS, 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
MA1426.

"Shoes of Beauty and a Joy to Wear"
Macnaught
King St



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604942

AROUND THE HOME

Help for Housewives

IN many of our little homes and flats the kitchen serves two purposes—that of kitchen and breakfast-room. Naturally it is desirable to keep as attractive as possible this dual room, so a little cupboard has many uses. And one that can go under the table when not needed is very useful.

Any handyman can make the one shown in the sketch above. It is of hardwood, 21 inches high, 15 inches wide, and 15 inches back to front. There are four grooved legs, 1½ x 1½ inches; rails are pegged in at top and bottom, and sheets of 3-ply wood form the panels. The drawer at the base and the cupboard above will hold a lot. Add castors to the legs for easy running, and finish the little chest with a coat of stain or paint.

To Iron Pleats

PLEATS demand a lot of one's time and patience, not to mention skill. The garment in question should be ironed flat out, but before it is absolutely dry arrange the pleats, fixing them at the ends with small pins. Then press carefully with a moderately hot iron.

To Clean Ivory

IVORY should be well washed in warm soapy water first, in order to clean it, and then placed in the sunlight, keeping it wet with the soapy water; then wash and dry. It can also be rubbed over with a little whiting, moistened with lemon juice. Leave the paste on until it dries, and then brush it off.

Fur on Kettles

A SMALL stone marble kept in the kettle will prevent fur forming. If you have a water-softener this trouble will never arise.

For Cracked Ceilings

MIX water, glue, and whiting, or water and calcined plaster, together into a paste, and apply to the cracks like putty.

Cleaning the Sink

THE sink should always be cleaned after washing up. Empty the sink basket, and then pour some hot water and soda down the waste-pipe to prevent any grease remaining to clog the pipe. Do this once a day, and in hot weather pour a solution of disinfectant in hot water down the waste.

How to Take Rusted Screws Out

IF a piece of red-hot iron is applied to the screw head until the screw is hot, it will unscrew more easily.

Cleaning Sponges

ADD a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of boiling water, and soak the sponge therein for about an hour. Then squeeze out your sponge, put into fresh hot water and ammonia, squeeze well in the water, and rinse well in cold.

Olive Oil for Mother-o'-Pearl

WHEN cleaning mother-o'-pearl, do not wash it. It is best cleaned by rubbing it with a soft rag dipped in olive oil. When cleansed, polish with a silk handkerchief.

Leaking Pipes

WHILE waiting until the pipe may be mended by the plumber, make a paste from a mixture of powdered whiting, yellow soap, and water, and apply it to the leak.

To Clean Windows

USE tepid water and a little ammonia. Wring out a chamois-leather or sponge in water and wash over the window. The corners should be carefully dried with a dry chamois-leather or duster. There are various window-cleaning powders that are quite satisfactory. Another method is to rub over the glass with a soft rag dipped in paraffin, and then rub dry with a clean duster.

To Remove Mildew

IT is best to wash the article in soap and water, and leave it in sun and fresh air to dry.

Quicklime for Mending China

THERE are many china cements, and liquid glues, but, unfortunately, very few of them will stand washing. The best thing with which you may mend china is a little quicklime beaten lightly with the white of an egg, and slightly warmed.

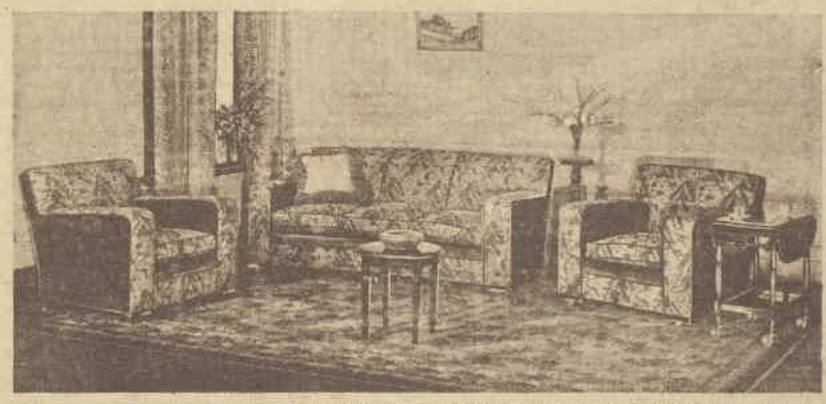
Milady is bearing her china with care—but should she trip she'll find egg and quicklime will stick the pieces together.

PULSFORDS

Established for over 50 YEARS in Sydney

119 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY
BETWEEN PITT AND GEORGE STREETS

QUALITY FURNITURE
AT SYDNEY'S LOWEST PRICES!



£17/17/-
THE "WOODLYN" LOUNGE SUITE

A very attractive and bright setting for the modern home. The design is neat and smart in its straight lines, and the combination of patterned tapestry, showing blue tones, with the sides and backs in plain blue velour is very pleasing. The cushions have inner-spring construction for extra comfort as well as longer wear. Special value!

ALSO SHOWN IN PHOTO: Coffee Table, full-polished, 29/6. Flag Traymobile, 49/6. Pedestal for Palms, flowers, etc., 19/11. Axminster Carpet, 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 4in., with rose, blue and green, £11/10/-.

Pulsfords' Easy Terms arranged on any purchase.

Amazing Value at this Price:

£22/10/- BEDROOM SUITE

This smart suite is guaranteed by Pulsfords. There are four pieces in maple, full-polished in dark walnut colour. The wardrobe is 4ft. 6ins. wide, two-thirds hanging space, one-third fitted sliding trays; dressing table is 3ft. 6ins. wide with well centre and large mirror; loughboy is fitted with sliding trays, etc.; 4ft. 6ins. bed, with nicely shaped low foot.

ALSO SHOWN IN PHOTO: Smart Bedspread and Bolster in satin, gold, blue, rose or green, 75/-. Axminster Carpet, 10ft. 6ins. x 9ft., in brown, with rose and blue, £7/17/6. Cut Crystal Dressing Table Set, 6 pieces, £5/15/-.

Write for Free Catalogue!

Pulsfords have issued the first section of their new Catalogue of Lounge Suites, Bedroom, Dining and Breakfast Room Furniture, etc. Send your name and address, mentioning the particular furniture you are interested in, and we will send you your free copy at once.

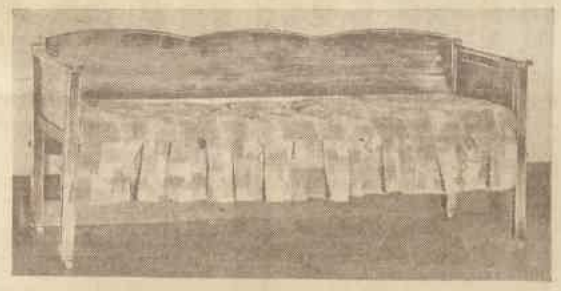
10% Saving on LINOS & Floorcloths

All new shipments of British Linos, and Floor-cloths are priced 10% higher, but Pulsfords bought their new stocks just in time, and so pass the saving on to you. Our prices are on the same low level as previously for these guaranteed quality Floor-coverings.

BRITISH FLOORCLOTHS are obtainable in big range of new patterns and colours, to suit any room. 72ins. wide. PRICE, yd., 3/9.

BRITISH LINOS also showing in new designs as well as the old favourites, guaranteed qualities in various colour schemes, 72 inches wide. Prices, yard .. .. .. 5/6, 6/11.

Felt-paper Base for linos and floorcloths, heavy quality. 72 ins. wide. Price, yard 1/2



A BED AND SETTEE IN ONE!
—and Very Special Value!

Every home can use this smart Bed-Settee; with one of these in the house there is always a spare bed available, without the need for a spare bedroom. The cushion is comfortable, filled with kapok, and covered with attractive shadow cretonne. The back folds down when in use as a bed.

57/6
Complete With Cushion

PULSFORDS
(T. WILLS PULSFORD)
We Pack Country Orders Free! Write for Country Terms.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604943

KRAFT CHEESE

MADE FROM FINEST AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR.

K30/12/34

Make Your Stockings Last

Care for them — follow these suggestions — and you will be better off by pounds in the long run.

Stockings these days are the most important item in a woman's wardrobe. No matter how pretty your costume, nor how fetching your hat, it is your stockings that give the necessary finish to a smart turn-out—that trim, spruce, slim-ankled effect. So you must buy your stockings carefully—and then, look after them!

THERE are girls who buy a new pair of stockings every week, they don't get several at the same time, but buy, wear almost to a rag, and then throw them away. But there are certain things of which you must have a good supply to be comfortable—stockings among them.

It is much less expensive in the long run to buy half a dozen—more if you like, or if you can afford it—than to buy a pair every now and then. Stockings, like shoes and clothes, wear longer and look better for a rest between wearing. And if you can buy a good, guaranteed brand, they will serve you well as long as you treat them properly.

It is always wise before the stockings are worn to soak them for five or six hours, or even overnight, in a bowl of cold water to which has been added a handful of cooking salt. Then, without wringing or squeezing them, peg them up by the toes in the air until they dry.

Mark each pair of stockings 1, 2, 3, etc., in different colored silk, according to the date of buying. This will give you an idea of how your stockings are wearing and what brand to buy in future.

Wash your stockings after every wear, in warm water made lathery with the best soap-flakes; do not rub or wring them, but just squeeze them in the hands. Never wear a pair two days running. The ideal thing is to wash them out each night; then the little bits of grit and acid from the skin are eliminated at once and cannot do their deadly work of destroying the fine threads.

Be careful to choose your time for wearing your stockings. Don't wear your best for gardening, or your thinnest for hiking or walking. You will be just asking for trouble. It is, mostly, not the fault of the stockings when they wear out quickly, but is due to the hard wear they have received.

GOOD STOCKINGS mean much to your appearance—and appearances count!

When you are putting your stockings on always sit down first. Unroll them gently up the leg. If you drag them on any old way, with the seams all askew, the threads will be strained and pulled out of alignment, and so break.

Be careful with your suspenders. The metal should be smooth, and those with all-rubber "buttons" will be less likely to wear the silk or cotton tops thin than those with rubber-covered metal ones. Once the rubber goes a bit the metal will grate on the metal loop.

There are many in-between shades that you may buy to go equally well with brown or black shoes. These are remarkably good all-purpose stockings.

There is little advantage in the old idea that if you buy three pairs of the same color at once, and one stocking ladders, you can interchange a single perfect stocking to make pairs. Stockings always seem to change tone slightly with washing.

DON'T... FORGET

Over 500 pupils from the Patricia Page Studio will take part in the Annual Physical Culture Demonstration at the Conservatorium on Monday, August 27, at 7.45 p.m. The programme will include dances in costume, wand drill, deportment, Schubertiana, and Groupe Classique a Tschaikowsky. Cups and medals won in the school championships will be presented during the evening.

Proceeds will be in aid of the Red Cross Funds.

☆ ☆ ☆

The music Week "lounger set, of which Lady Gordon is the Patroness and Miss Gwladys Evans the President, have arranged a concert which will be presented at the Conservatorium on Tuesday, August 28, at 8.3 p.m.

Several of Sydney's leading artists are to take part in the programme which will include orchestral items, instrumental trios, vocal quartet and solos, also pianoforte, violin and violoncello solos.

Proceeds from the concert are to be devoted to the Music Week Fund.

☆ ☆ ☆

J. C. Bancks, creator of "Ginger Meggs," will speak at the Business Girls' Luncheon, to be held in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on Wednesday, August 22. His subject will be "My Musical Comedy."

☆ ☆ ☆

All ex-students of St. Thomas' High School, Lewisham, are to be present at the meeting on August 23. Final plans will be made for the Ex-Students' Ball, which will take place at Mark Foy's on September 28.

☆ ☆ ☆

"We, Us, and Co.," present "Quality Street" at the Killara Soldiers' Memorial Hall on August 20.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. Margaret's Hospital committee are arranging a bridge party at the Carlton Hotel on August 22, at 2 p.m. In aid of the hospital funds. Reservations may be made by ringing BW2051. (Miss M. Dunn.)

☆ ☆ ☆

Classes in first aid, home nursing, hygiene, and invalid cookery are commencing shortly at the new lecture room of the head office of the St. John Ambulance Association at the Assembly Hall, 44 Margaret St.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Bon Esprit Players are presenting "Intruding on Horace" at the Macnabean Hall, Darlinghurst, on August 22. Part of the proceeds will aid the Dalwood Health Homes.

☆ ☆ ☆

The first annual ball of the N.S.W. Hardcourt Tennis Association will be held at Mark Foy's on August 23.

SAVE BABY'S SKIN from SORENESS . . . IRRITATION . . BLEMISHES . .

USE THE NEW REXONA MEDICATED SOAP (Containing Cadyl)

—its soothing, protective medications make it The IDEAL BABY SOAP.

9d. PER TABLET IN CITY AND SUBURBS

8.131.32

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

'ASPRO' WITH A HOT LEMON DRINK

WILL QUICKLY SMASH AN INFLUENZA ATTACK

YOU need not fear Colds or Influenza because 2 ro 3 'ASPRO' Tablets every three hours with a hot lemon drink at night will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours, and all the weakening "gone at the knees"—feverish—aching and sniffling sensations will vanish. The reason why 'ASPRO' gives these results is because it is, firstly, an anti-pyretic or fever reducer and secondly, when ingested in the system, it is a powerful internal antiseptic and germicide. Furthermore, you are taking no risks when you take 'ASPRO' because it conforms to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (The guiding authority of the Medical Profession.)

Thanks 'ASPRO' FOR CLEARING RHEUMATICS

Stanley Street-East, EAST BRISBANE. 13/4/34.

Dear Sirs,

I was one of few people who doubted the claims made for 'ASPRO,' before I developed a severe attack of RHEUMATIC FEVER some little time ago. My friends advised me to take 'ASPRO,' but it was not until my doctor prescribed it for me that I gave it a trial. I had quite a severe attack, being confined to bed for some time, and undoubtedly I can thank 'ASPRO' for clearing up my RHEUMATICS and restoring me to normal health. Occasionally I feel a slight attack coming on again, but invariably find that 'ASPRO,' taken early, wards it off.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) E. COUPER.

SPh/34

GOING BALD

STOP THAT DANDRUFF!

Dandruff is a germ disease that attacks the hair glands, causing eczema, falling hair, and baldness. To check infection and stop dandruff use Valanol Scalp Pomade twice a week. Valanol contains antiseptic and healing Beach Tree oil and keeps the hair glands normally active, tones up the scalp, and promotes vigorous growth of healthy, lustrous hair.

Mothers will find Valanol Scalp Pomade a quick and easy way to remove Cradle Cap.

Price 3/6, obtainable all stores and chemists or direct, post free, from the manufacturers, Box 3338PP, G.P.O.

VALANOL SCALP POMADE

Clyde

BATHS, BASINS & SINKS

LAST A LIFETIME

Obtainable from leading hardware merchants, or

THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO., LTD.

GRANVILLE and SYDNEY.

1 BILE BEAN —each night PREVENTS CONSTIPATION

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604944

2UW HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10, Myra Dempsey, 2 to 3, Dorothea Vautier.

Child Psychology, Music, Plays & other Good Entertainment

Child psychology is a never-failing topic of interest to mothers, so Mrs. Littlejohn's talk on Friday at 11.15 should appeal. "The Child in the Family" is the subject and the line to be followed in this, the second of a series, will be, how the child, at first, accepting the parent as a kind of demi-god, gradually but subconsciously attempts to try and make the precept he is taught by parents coincide with the actions he sees around him.

FOR instance, a child sees its parent smack his brother. Yet that same parent admonishes the child, when fighting, to "hit someone your own size!"

The danger of the possessive attitude which so many parents adopt, especially towards their girls, will also be stressed.

"Digging Up the Past"

THIS title sounds as if all sorts of skeletons are to be dragged out of the cupboards, but nothing alarming is really indicated. One of the pursuits, to-day, in which women are taking a prominent part, is that of archeology, finding out all about the mode of living and implements used by those in past ages. Several of them have ventured out accompanied only by natives, and spent months in these lonely and weird surroundings wresting secrets from the soil.

When excavating, often, it has been discovered that two or more cities have been built one upon the other. Perhaps one was plundered and, instead of clearing away the debris as we would now do, the rubbish would be just levelled

MR. NORMAN LYONS.

off and the new city begun. The excavated ruins in North Africa show this to have been the case there for tesselated pavements have been unearthed one over the other. Mrs. Littlejohn will tell of other interesting finds on Monday, at 4 p.m.

A newcomer to the microphone will be heard on Friday at 2.40 p.m., when Miss Frances Lane will speak.

Other talks for the week will be one on Wednesday at 2.10 by Mr. X, the lawyer who solves the women's problems, and one by Mrs. Littlejohn on the same afternoon at 4 o'clock on the tragic story of Marie Antoinette: the little Austrian princess, married at 15, taken from a homely Austrian Court to a formal French one. Listeners will hear of the sufferings of this queen, who met a cruel death on the guillotine—a victim of the French Revolution.

Music

HOW much more interesting is a work of art if one knows the circumstances under which it was created. Explanatory notes are a feature of 2UW productions. On Sunday, always at 11 a.m., Mr. C. N. Baeyertz interprets the music of the masters. This hour of music is always enjoyable.

Next Sunday at 3 p.m. a special feature will be the "Symphonie Fantastique" (Berlioz) played by the London Symphony Orchestra.

The "Symphonie Fantastique" is one of the milestones of musical history, for it is the first real "programme symphony," that is to say a symphony that musically illustrates a story.

In 1839 Berlioz lost his heart to an Irish girl, Henrietta Smithson, a member of an English Shakespearean company playing in Paris. Almost at the same time he discovered Beethoven's symphonies. Fired with the desire to carry on the great work of Beethoven, and to write something expressive of his love for Henrietta, the "Symphonie Fantastique" came into being. Soon after this Berlioz heard that Miss Smithson had become engaged to another man. In a frenzy of rage, he resolved to kill her, and commit suicide; but, before doing so, he altered the story of the symphony so that, instead of being a song of praise of his Henrietta, it became a condemnation of her perfidy.

Fortunately his friends dissuaded him from this course, and Henrietta's engagement to the other man was broken off, thus bringing the lovers together again.

This "Symphonie" in its many movements depicts this scene from the artist's life and concludes with a finale which describes a witche's Sabbath, in which witches dance around his coffin, winding up with a burlesque funeral service and a diabolical dance.

America is particularly rich in subsidised orchestras, whose performances are world-famous. One of these, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, will be heard at 8.30 p.m. on Sunday. This orchestra is sponsored by an orchestra association composed of about 300 men and women prominent in social and artistic circles who annually guarantee the cost of the enterprise. It also gives five concerts yearly in New York. When will Sydney have such an orchestra? We surely have sufficient music-lovers to guarantee such an undertaking.

Mr. Norman Lyons

MR. NORMAN LYONS, supervisor Station 2UW, came into broadcasting during 1929 and remained with the National stations until the Australian Broadcasting Company purchased 2UW in 1933. Main interest in life—making the youth of Australia "air" minded.

In 1929 model aeroplanes were almost unknown in Australia, and when he brought this hobby before the lads he realised that it would be an avenue through which he could achieve this object. So rapid has been the growth of model aeroplane organisations that today young Australians know as much of aeroplanes as fathers do of motor cars.

Dorothea Vautier

TO have lived among the negroes is to know them as America's kindliest race, says Archibald Rutledge. Rutledge came in close contact with these people, for over sixty of them worked on the borders of his plantation. Their ready compassion and sympathy is a lesson to the rest of humanity, he avers. Negroes make it a point never to leave a sick friend solitary. Perhaps no other people realise so clearly that life, with its varied joys and griefs, is distinctly a mutual thing. The negro's philosophy of life makes "the milk of human kindness" a natural product of his heart.

Negroes have delicate perceptions; they know the virtue of reticence; their feet may trudge, but their souls are winged. The fact that he is not industrious, lacks the virtue of thrift, and is ever ready to relax, is only further evidence of the negro's philosophy. To him the end of existence is not the accumulation of wealth, but the enjoyment of life. The Epicurean said "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The negro says, "Eat, drink, and be merry." His faith in an after life is so complete that he does not add the latter phrase.

This topic will be discussed at greater length on Wednesday, 22nd, at 2.40, by Dorothea Vautier, in her Australian Women's Weekly Session, which is broadcast from 2UW every day, from Monday to Friday, at 2 p.m.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between 2 and 3 o'clock, Dorothea Vautier reads letters from the "So They Say" entries. The subjects chosen for each of these days are different from those published in The Australian Women's Weekly each week, but equally vital in importance. Interesting personalities of the day are introduced on Mondays and Wednesdays, and on Fridays "Gems of Verse" occupy a few moments on the programme. Wherever possible the musical atmosphere is supplied from 2UW's extensive library.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604945

CHINESE *exclusive* *colorful and new* RUGS

at GRACE BROS.

Super Quality
CHINESE RUGS *and* CARPETS
Personally selected by our buyer who has recently returned from the weaving centres of China.
Just Arrived!

PEIPING WEAVE
Super Quality Mats in odd shapes. The fan shape in rose, jade, fawn or beige.

Size	Special Purchase Price
1.7 x 3 . . .	**32/6**
1.6 x 3.6 . .	**39/6**

PEIPING WEAVE
The Circle shape, in rose, beige, blue, green or fawn.

Size	Special Purchase Price
1.3 x 1.3 . .	**12/6**
1.6 x 1.6 . .	**15/-**
2 x 2, from .	**22/6 to 32/6**

TIENTSIN WEAVE

Super quality washed Chinese Carpets, with permanent lustrous pile, woven in a heavy quality, featuring the most exclusive colours ever introduced into carpets. Included are rare shades of jade, moss and amber greens, royal shades of Chinese blue and a beautiful two tone gold effect.
The designs feature an evolution of native craftsmanship, the ground being tapered down to meet a life-like spray of Chinese floral markings, which give further charm to the world's most beautiful carpets.
Size 12ft. x 9ft. Usually priced at £59 10 -. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE
£45/-/-

Finest Peiping Weave

Super quality rugs in beautiful shades of beige, jade, blue, fawn, pink and grey, trimmed with a rich yet soft collection of colours, and can be supplied in sets of either oval or rectangle shapes in the following sizes to match, at special purchase prices:—

Size	Special Purchase Price
8ft. x 5ft. FROM	**£11/5/- to £14/10/-**
7ft. 6in. x 4ft. 6in. FROM	**£10/12/6 to £11/19/6**
7ft x 4ft. FROM	**£8/10/-**
5ft. x 3ft. FROM	**£4/2/6 to £5/5/-**
4ft. 6in. x 2ft. 6in. FROM	**£3/15/-**

The Basket of Flowers Shape,
in fawn ground with black, blue and rose trimmings.

Size	Special Purchase Price
2ft. x 1ft. 8in.	**27/6**

FINE FURNISHINGS *at* FINER PRICES

Curtain Net

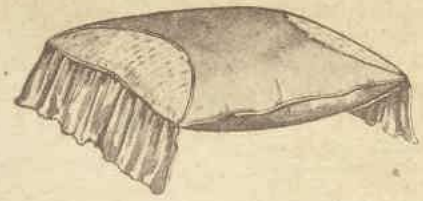
Artificial Silk Curtain Net (Fisher type), good heavy weight. Colours: rose, green, fawn, beige, blue or gold. Fast colours, suitable for short or long curtains.
PRICE, ONLY, PER YARD,
1/9

Curtain Sets

Princess Madras Curtain Sets—20 sets only to be cleared at 30/- set. 2 Curtains 6ft. drop, 1 valance 9ft. long. Cream ground with gold, rose, blue or orange effects.
WHILE THEY LAST, SET,
30/-

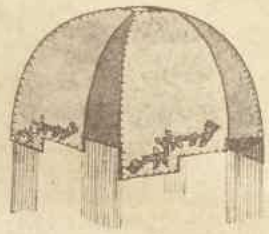
Two-tone Net

Coloured curtain net 1/6 per yard, for short or long curtains — 36in. wide, new two tone effects, featuring blue and orange, green and gold, red and green, etc. Fast colours. While it lasts. PRICE, per, yd.
1/6



SATIN CUSHIONS

With frills (as illustrated), in plain or two-tone effects. Colours of rose, blue, gold, orange, brown, green, etc. Kapok filled. Limited quantity at this price.
6/9



SHADES

Two New Styles.

At left. A delightful 12ins. Parchment Shade in new semi-moderne effect. Hand painted, hand laced.
Price, each **4/11**

At right. Available in all colours, this Parchment Lampshade has a 10ins. diameter, is hand painted, hand laced.
Price, each **4/6**

Grace Bros. Ltd., BROADWAY, SYDNEY. **M 6506**

The Gay Informality of the Cocktail Hour

. . . and Some Ideas to make The Party go with a "Swing."

MADE OF burr walnut, this handsome cocktail cabinet is procurable in Period oak, modern bleached walnut, Spanish mahogany, and is on view at Grace Bros., Broadway. The clear cut crystal is by Webb and Corbett.

THE cocktail party has come to stay, its chief charm being its informality, the very casualness of the invitations... "I'll be home from 4 till 7, drop in for a cocktail" sets the tempo and the party goes with a swing! Only pure malevolent mismanagement can make it a failure.

NOTHING more beautiful than this cocktail set of imported crystal in the very latest design. Decanter and glasses on view at Grace Bros., Broadway.

WHAT a boon it is in this hurrying age of ours. We no longer, except on rare occasions, entertain formally, with an "At Home" or musicale. When we do, there are wearying hours spent sorting out our many friends, wondering if so-and-so will get on with so-and-so. The issuing of invitations, and then days of preparation, and with all that no real certainty of success. How much more convenient the cocktail party.

No doubts assail one, for in this cheery atmosphere, amid ceaseless chatter and laughter, everyone mixes in. Besides, one may extend hospitality to ever so many more guests, as most people just stand around gossiping, or wander about at will.

Such a party means time and labor saved. The food is usually served buffet fashion, everyone helping oneself, or one's neighbor, no "sit down" affair this —lower laundry bills—and, as these bright people generally subscribe to the belief that fingers were made before forks, there's not a great deal of washing-up to be done.

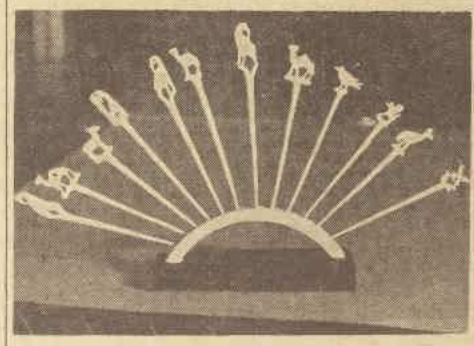
Some original person, deploring the general mix-up of glasses after the second round of spots, conceived the idea of having each glass of a set showing a different colored or shaped motif—in some cases a number—so now no more frantic dashes to the kitchen every little while for a hurried wash-up. Of course, after the sixth or seventh round one's sense of color or memory for shape may become a little vague, but after the sixth or seventh round, who cares?

The cocktail set (illustrated on this page) complete with chromium-plated tray and shaker, sports on each crystal glass a gay, fighting cock, in various colors. The other one is a beautiful imported crystal set in the very latest design.

A cocktail cabinet is indispensable, and this one, shown on the page, is both beautiful and compact. With the lifting of the lid a glass-lined serving table is lowered, revealing a scintillating array of crystal, 12 cocktail glasses, 12 goblets, six wine glasses, and six liqueur glasses, three decanters, a cigarette box, and an olive dish of clear cut crystal, and, finally, a chromium-plated shaker.

Hidden by the serving table is a bow-fronted drawer, hand carved in a sun-ray design. Below this is a spacious cupboard for liqueurs and smokes.

ON the second round of "spots" whose glass did you pick up? This unusual cocktail set removes all doubt with its fighting cock on each glass a different color.



EVERY hostess of a cocktail party likes to have something just a little different. Mrs. Mabelle Harris, of Neutral Bay, achieves this with her hand-carved ivory picks, with which to spear the illusive olive or cherry. This set was brought as a gift from the Soudan.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604946